

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

SEPTEMBER



Nancy
Carroll

IS
HOLLYWOOD
FATAL?

THE TRUTH ABOUT NANCY CARROLL

for *ANY shade of* HAIR



These three charming girls are Laura La Plante, Esther Ralston and Patsy Ruth Miller, all featured in the Pathe' Feature Film, "Lonely Wives".

Quick, New Beauty!

NO matter what your shade of hair, you can quickly give it new charm and beauty by caring for it the Jo-cur' Way. It can *always* be soft, silky and lustrous—clean, fragrant and absolutely free from dandruff, with a lasting finger-wave that is simply fascinating! And you can do every bit of it at home—quickly—easily—and what's more, economically. First, a Hot Oil Treatment, that discourages dandruff, gives new health to the scalp—new life and youth to your hair. Then a fragrant, luxurious shampoo with Jo-cur' Shampoo Concentrate* gives your hair the fluffy softness, the satiny sheen that mean perfect cleanliness. Then a lovely, lasting wave with Jo-cur' Wave-set—the finger-waving liquid that sets alluring, natural-looking finger-waves for over a million women. And finally, a touch of Jo-cur' Brilliantine to bring out the captivating loveliness of every wave. Each of these marvelous preparations can be used easily at home—each is composed of the best material money can buy, regardless of price—and each can be obtained in generous sizes at most 5 and 10c stores. 25c sizes at your druggist's. Try Jo-cur' Beauty Aids tonight!

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At most 5 and 10c stores

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Jo-cur'

*Beauty Aids
For The Hair*



*Entirely different! After wetting your hair a spoonful will give you a luxuriously lathering shampoo.

DISCOVERED . . .

BY A DEBUTANTE

"pink tooth brush!"

"I AM rather alluring when I'm all dressed up! Even father opens his eyes a bit when his grown-up daughter comes into a room! And mother, of course, is proud of me, too, but she takes in the details that father never gets. Said this morning that my teeth were not as white as they used to be and that she'd better marry me off quick! Oh well. It's so darn discouraging. I give them splendid care,

brush them regularly without fail. And now I'm headed to be a famous old wall-flower.

"Now, could that 'pink' upon my brush have anything to do with the dullness of my once-famous smile? Gums shouldn't bleed—they shouldn't be allowed to—I know that. I ought to do something about 'em—massage—stimulation—a little daily care. I had lessons on that back East in school. And I'm



going to begin again with Ipana. I'm going to go in for gum massage—and we'll see then who'll knock the stag line dead!"

"Pink tooth brush" can happen to anybody—at any age. Its cause? The foods we nowadays prefer, foods so delectable and soft that they give the gums almost none of the exercise needed for healthy hardness. Lacking stimulation, gums become listless, lazy, touchy—until at length there's "pink" on your tooth brush, pretty regularly.

And "pink tooth brush" may prove rather serious if allowed to go on. It may not only spoil the polish of the teeth, but may lead to any one of a group of gum troubles—to gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or the less frequent but more serious pyorrhea.

Neglected too long, "pink tooth brush" may even threaten some of your otherwise sound teeth through infection at the roots!

And the best time to get after "pink tooth brush" is *today*. There is a simple, inexpensive way to defeat it.

Get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But each time you clean them, put some fresh Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *gently, thoroughly massage it into your inactive gums*. The ziratol in Ipana, plus the twice-daily massage, stimulates the circulation and firms the gum walls. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush"!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-91
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" • BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH

MODERN SCREEN

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Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor*

Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative*



She thought:

"I'd like you a lot if you weren't so careless about 'B.O.'!"

Yet, to be polite,

She said:

"You must run along now. I've got a letter to type."

An office romance nearly broken...*was the cause* 'B.O.'?

(Body Odor)

A PRETTY TYPIST. An attractive junior clerk. Work threw them together—and Cupid did the rest!

But their romance wasn't all plain sailing. Much as she liked him, he had one fault she couldn't overlook. It wasn't until he finally discovered the easy way to end "B.O."—*body odor*—that she finally said "Yes." Now they're joyfully planning a wonderful future together. Thanks to Lifebuoy's sure protection "B.O." no longer bars the way to their happiness.

Danger days for "B.O."

These hot days when we perspire more freely demand *extra* care not to let "B.O." offend. Remember, our sense of smell seldom warns us when we're guilty because we quickly get used to an ever-present odor. But others instantly

notice "B.O." in us—just as we do in them!

Play safe—always. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. This delightful toilet soap gives quantities of rich, creamy, purifying lather—even in cold or hard water. This searching lather penetrates pores—*purifies*—removes all odor—leaves you glowing with freshness and new vigor. Lifebuoy's pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you're safe from offending.

Great for the complexion

No need to buy costly "complexion" soaps. Lifebuoy will do all *they* can. Its bland, deep-cleansing lather gently loosens and removes clogged impurities—lets the pores "breathe"—brings fresh healthy radiance to dull sallow skins.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



New!
LIFEBUOY
Shaving Cream

New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. At your druggist's

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor—

The MODERN SCREEN Directory (PICTURES)



Norma Shearer and Clark Gable in a scene from Norma's tremendously successful picture, "A Free Soul." Norma's portrayal of the girl who has been taught to be free from all conventions has met with enthusiastic approval.

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS (Fox)—A farce comedy with Jeanette MacDonald, Victor McLaglen and Roland Young. **Very good—fair for children.**

BACHELOR APARTMENT (RKO-Radio)—A sophisticated comedy of a man-about-town and his difficulties with his past when he falls in love. Lowell Sherman and Mae Murray do very well. **Good—but you'd better send the children to the movie around the corner.**

THE BACHELOR FATHER (M-G-M)—Marion Davies in a highly sophisticated story which gives her plenty of opportunity to be funny. **Good—but don't take the children.**

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS (RKO-Radio)—The working girl marries her boss again—but after that it's a little different. Robert Ames and Mary Astor do good work. And Ricardo Cortez shines, too. **Very good—but children won't care for it much.**

BIG BUSINESS GIRL (First National)—A tale of a young couple who get very successful and what happens to their marriage because of their success. Loretta Young and Frank Albertson handle the leading rôles well. Joan Blondell is grand in a character part. **Very Good.**

THE BLACK CAMEL (Fox)—Reviewed on page 84. **All right for children.**

BODY AND SOUL (Fox)—Elissa Landi and Charlie Farrell in a war story with Elissa being mistaken for a spy. Landi and Farrell do good work. **Good—the kids will go for the airplane battle.**

BORN TO LOVE (RKO-Pathé)—Constance Bennett as a nurse during the war whose love life gets tangled up with two officers. Joel McCrea is good and so is Connie. **Good—but not for children.**

CHANCES (First National)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Anthony Bushell and Rose Hobart in a war story, the romantic theme of which is two brothers being in love with the same girl. **Good—children will like the battle scenes.**

CIMARRON (RKO-Radio)—The famous epic of American life with Richard Dix and hordes of extras. One of the best films of the year. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

CITY LIGHTS (United Artists)—This film speaks for itself. **Excellent—both for children and grown-ups.**

COMMON LAW (RKO-Pathé)—A story of modern studio life with Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea. **Very good—but not suitable for children.**

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED (Paramount)—A pretty weak story of college life. More or less the usual stuff. Sylvia Sydney, the talkie newcomer, does as well as she can with the meager material. **Poor.**

... WE are continuing our method of classifying pictures which we started some time ago. Those pictures which are particularly suitable for children we are marking accordingly. And those which are unsuitable for children—either because the subject is not desirable or merely not interesting to young ones—we are also indicating. This ought to be an excellent guide for anybody who is interested in finding satisfactory and pleasing entertainment for children.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (Fox)—Will Rogers in the famous Mark Twain story brought up to date. The yarn still has its delightful humor and Will's wise-cracks add an additional kick. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

DADDY LONG LEGS (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in the famous story of the little orphan who falls in love with her guardian. Janet does some of the best work of her career. **Excellent—little girls will like it.**

DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford as a society girl who has to turn reporter in order to earn a living after the family fortunes have vanished. There is a great deal of counter plot which involves a brother. **Good.**

THE DEVIL TO PAY (United Artists)—A charmingly imaginative trifle with Ronald Colman and Loretta Young. Ronald does some of his most delightful whimsical stuff. **Excellent.**

DIRIGIBLE (Columbia)—Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Fay Wray in a story of two aviators and the wife of one of them. There are some exciting air shots but Jack Holt's self-sacrificing rather gets on your nerves at times. **Very good—the kids will like it.**

DISHONORED (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich as a spy who has all the men this, that, the other and what all way about her. Victor McLaglen is miscast opposite her. Marlene is grand. The story is rather spotty but excellent in places. **Good—but children won't understand it.**

EAST LYNNE (Fox)—The famous old melodrama comes back to life with the addition of voices. Ann Harding and Clive Brook acquit themselves in grand style in the leading rôles. Conrad Nagel does his bit, too. **Very good—suitable for children.**

EAST OF BORNEO (Universal)—Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford in a story which has to do with a wife's search for her husband in the wilds of Borneo. **Very good.**

EX-BAD BOY (Universal)—Robert Armstrong in a comedy about a chap who falls in love with a girl who doesn't like him because he hasn't got a past. He manufactures one with genuinely amusing results. Jean Arthur is the girl. **Good.**

THE FINGER POINTS (First National)—Richard Barthelmess in the rôle of a reporter who becomes mixed up with some gangsters and accepts their money in return for not uncovering their nefarious schemes. Regis Toomey's acting helps. **Good—not suitable for children.**

FIVE AND TEN (M-G-M)—Marion Davies as the daughter of a wealthy store owner whose wife is trying to crash society. There are some excellent comic and dramatic moments. Leslie Howard is in it, too, and both he and Marion give good performances. **Very good.**

(Continued on page 8)

Your THIN Friends

*Can Tell You the
Right Way to Fight Fat*

So Can Your Doctor—Ask Them About It

Reduce in the Right Way—Now

You can easily learn, if you will, the right way to fight fat. It does not involve starvation, or any other old-time method, always hard and often harmful.

All physicians know this modern method. Multitudes of people have come to accept it. People all about you show the delightful results. May we tell you the facts about it?

The Gland Cause

Medical science, in the past few years, has found a major cause of excess fat. It lies in a defective gland, which largely controls nutrition.

One purpose of this gland's secretion is to turn food into fuel and energy. When that secretion is lacking, too much food goes to fat, too little to vitality.

So modern physicians, the world over—in treating obesity—now feed that lacking factor. They simply help Nature to restore a normal condition. To-day there are millions who know why and how excess fat disappears in this natural way.

Heavy reductions—up to 4 and 5 pounds a week—without any self-denial. Solely by combating a cause.

The Easy Way

This modern method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. This prescription is compounded by a world-famous medical laboratory, to combat the average case of obesity. The complete formula is stated in every box. A certain physician may advise more of this or that. But Marmola is made to combat in the best way the average over-fat condition. Marmola has been used for 24 years—not only in America, but in many foreign countries. The results are seen in every circle. All styles are now adapted to the slender. All ideas of youth and beauty, health and vigor, contemplate normal figures. Marmola has contributed enormously to the youth-extension ideas of our times. Nearly all of you have friends who can tell you the delightful results.

Start Marmola Now

Some of you rebel at abnormal exercise and diet. Some of you have tried impossible ways to keep your figure normal. Why not now accept the way approved by modern science?

It means simply to supply a needed gland food—four tablets daily—until weight comes down to normal. The other amazing results—new beauty, new youth, new vigor—are complimentary.

When you see the results, please tell others. That is how Marmola has rendered such enormous help.

Please don't wait longer. Start to-day on the right way to new youth, new vim, new beauty.



Look About You

You can see that excess fat, in late years, has been fast becoming obsolete.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce
At All Drug Stores—\$1. Book and Formula in each box

inconspicuous



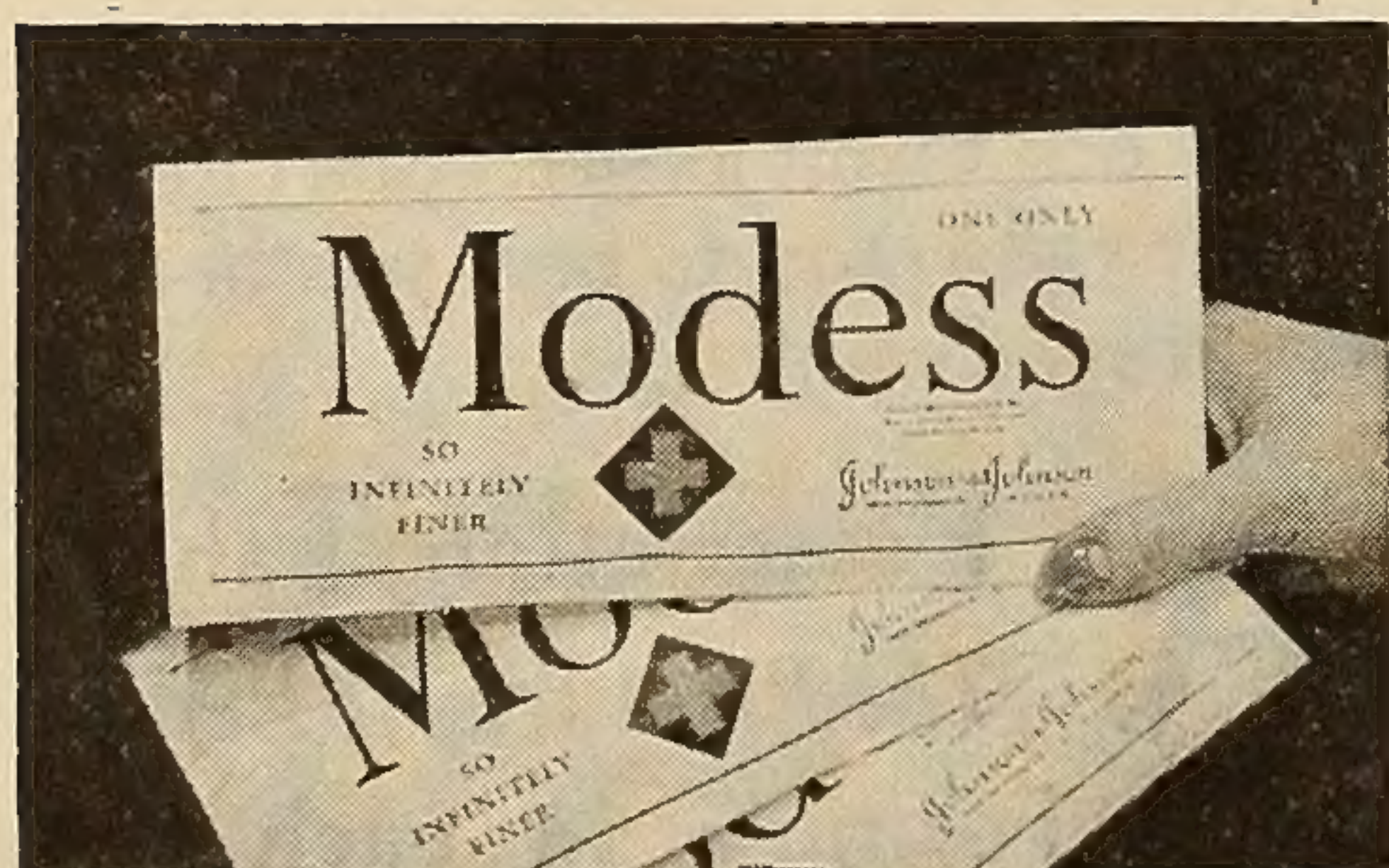
TRY MODESS THROUGH THIS 10¢ PURCHASE

WOMEN who use Modess say that they would never return to any other form of sanitary protection. An inexpensive way to try Modess is to buy three of the individual napkins for 10 cents in five and ten cent stores. You'll like the convenience of these single napkins for emergency use and for packing in a week-end bag.

Modess gives complete protection with the greatest possible comfort. The softly fluffed, evenly absorbent filler is five times as absorbent as it need be. Modess shapes itself to the natural lines of the figure, making it inconspicuous, even under the thinnest dresses. It is deodorized—easily disposable.

If you prefer to buy Modess in packages of twelve, you will find them in department and drug stores everywhere.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.



The MODERN SCREEN Directory (Pictures)

(Continued from page 6)

A FREE SOUL (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer as a modern young person whose father has always taught her that complete freedom from convention is necessary to happiness. The results of this teaching are dramatic in the extreme. **Very good—children won't like it.**

FIVE STAR FINAL (First National)—A splendid picture which exposes ruthlessly the methods of yellow journalism. Edward G. Robinson, Marian Marsh and Anthony Bushell give fine performances. **Excellent—not for the kiddies.**

GENTLEMAN'S FATE (M-G-M)—John Gilbert is rather miscast in this story of prizefighters and racketeers. The late Louis Wolheim does well in his last rôle. **Fair.**

THE GIRL HABIT (Paramount)—In this one Charles Ruggles is the bachelor on the eve of marriage who gets in dutch trying to recover some letters to a former flame. The former flame happens to be a gangster's moll so you can imagine the fun. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN (Warner)—Frank Fay as a heartbreaker. Several beautiful young ladies add to the lure of this picture but there is not enough of Frank's own particular brand of humor. **Good—not suitable for children.**

GOOD BAD GIRL (Columbia)—A so-so film about a gangster's moll who falls for a good boy and tries to quit the gang. **Fair.**

HELL BOUND (Tiffany-Cruze)—One of those noble-hearted gangsters who is in love with a girl who admires him but does not love him. They marry, but for a reason which will surprise you. That starts the complication. **Very good—more suitable for children than most gangster pictures.**

HELL TO PAY (Fox)—George O'Brien and Sally Eilers in a fast moving western. The big moment is when the hero's plane crashes into the heroine's bath-room when said heroine is making her ablutions. **Very good—children will love it.**

THE HOT HEIRESS (First National)—A comedy with some music (very little) in which Ben Lyon, as a tough riveter, falls for Ona Munson, as a pampered society dame. There are some very funny moments and also some unfunny ones. But the funny ones are in the majority. **Very good—children will like it.**

HUSH MONEY (Fox)—Reviewed on page 83. **Not very suitable for children.**

I TAKE THIS WOMAN (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 84. **Kids won't care for it.**

ILLICIT (Warner)—A story of two moderns who believe that happiness is achieved by practising free love in preference to marriage. Barbara Stanwyck and James Rennie do well; particularly Barbara. **Very good—but not for children.**

INDISCREET (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson as the girl who loved too well and regretted it afterwards when she met the real man of her heart. There is a little sister in it, too. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

INSPIRATION (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo as the woman with a past who falls for a nice young man with heart-rending results. Robert Montgomery is the nice young man. Greta is splendid. **Very good—children won't go for it.**

THE IRON MAN (Universal)—Lew Ayres and Jean Harlow in a story of prize-fighting and love. **Very good.**

IT'S A WISE CHILD (M-G-M)—A somewhat risque comedy with Marion Davies in the leading rôle. Marion will keep you a-giggling. **Very good—but keep the children at home.**

JUST A GIGOLO (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 84. **Not suitable for children.**

KEPT HUSBANDS (RKO-Radio)—Joel McCrea and Dorothy Mackaill in a story of a poor chap who marries a girl with money and lives to regret it. **Good—but children won't like it.**

KIKI (United Artists)—The famous story of the little French chorus girl with Mary Pickford as the chorus girl. It's a surprise for Pickford fans. **Very good.**

LADIES' MAN (Paramount)—William Powell in a pretty sad story about a chap who is such a devil with the ladies. The sophistication is laid on thick. **Fair—not for children.**

LAUGH AND GET RICH (RKO-Radio)—All about a middle-class family who, in order to scrape along, take in boarders. Dorothy Lee, Hugh Herbert and Edna May Oliver are good. **Very good—suitable for children.**

THE LAWYER'S SECRET (Paramount)—A weak story about an attorney who has to see an innocent man convicted because the guilty party

is one of his own clients. Clive Brook, Buddy Rogers, Richard Arlen are in it but they don't help much. **Poor.**

LITTLE CAESAR (First National)—Edward G. Robinson in an excellent underworld story. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., contributes an excellent characterization, too. **Excellent—but better not let the children see it.**

LOVABLE AND SWEET (RKO-Radio)—A sophisticated little thing about a wicked young man-about-town who tries to ruin the pure little chorus girl. But she gets even. **Good—but not for children.**

LOVER COME BACK (Columbia)—Pretty ordinary triangle picture with Jack Mulhall, Constance Cummings and Mary Brian. **Fair.**

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—John Barrymore as a crazy dance instructor. It seems as if Barrymore is bound on becoming the new Lon Chaney. **Good.**

THE MAN IN POSSESSION (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 82. **Not suitable for children.**

MILLIE (RKO-Pathé)—The well-known novel on the screen with Helen Twelvetrees as the little kid who gets mixed up with the wrong kind of men. **Good—but buy the children ice cream instead.**

THE MILLIONAIRE (Warner)—George Arliss as the multi-millionaire who retires on account of his health only to discover that idleness does not improve his condition and furnishes his own remedy. David Manners and Evalyn Knapp play the young lovers. **Very good—suitable for children.**

MILLION DOLLAR SWINDLE (RKO-Radio)—Richard Dix's latest screen effort. Melodrama with plenty of action and suspense. A welcome relief from gangster films. **Very good—children will like it.**

MIN AND BILL (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in a corking comedy-drama. Min is a waterfront boarding-house keeper and Bill is one of her roomers. **Very good—children will like it.**

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE (Fox)—El Brendel in a comedy of gangs and gangsters. **Good.**

MY PAST (Warner)—A wicked woman with a very rosy past falls in love with the upstanding hero. Bebe Daniels is the wicked woman and Ben Lyon is the noble hero. Lewis Stone does well in rather a silly part. **Good—better not take the children.**

THE NIGHT ANGEL (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 82. **Not suitable for children.**

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN (Warner)—This is a railroad story with love interest supplied by Grant Withers, Mary Astor and Regis Toomey. **Very good—great for the kids.**

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton's latest. Buster is a poor chap who unwittingly gets a reputation for being a lady-killer. Charlotte Greenwood is in it, too, and does wonderfully. **Good—suitable for children, despite bedroom scenes.**

THE PUBLIC ENEMY (First National)—James Cagney in a gangster film with an ending which will make you gasp. **Excellent—but don't let the kids see it.**

RANGO (Paramount)—Jungle stuff with some excellent photography. **Good—particularly for children.**

REACHING FOR THE MOON (United Artists)—Douglas Fairbanks as a modern Galahad who hates women—until Bebe Daniels comes along. There are a lot of expensive settings and it's all very grand and gorgeous. Fairbanks and Daniels are both good and Edward Everett Horton all but steals the picture. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

REBOUND (RKO-Pathé)—Reviewed on page 83. **Children won't like it.**

REDUCING (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in another team comedy. This time most of their antics occur around a beauty parlor. **Excellent—the kids will love it.**

RESURRECTION (Universal)—The somewhat dreary Tolstoy story with Lupe Velez and John Boles in the leading rôles. **Fair—not suitable for children.**

THE SECRET SIX (M-G-M)—A new kind of gangster picture with Wallace Beery as the thick-witted muscle man and Lewis Stone as the brains behind the gang. **Excellent—but better send the children to the church social.**

SHIPMATES (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery's first starring picture. It's all about a gob who tries to put on the dog with amusing results. **Very good—all right for children.**

THESE BRIEF REVIEWS WILL SAVE YOUR VALUABLE TIME
AND MONEY—THEY ARE A REAL GUIDE

SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY (RKO-Pathé)—The stenographer who marries her boss is here again. This time it's Constance Bennett. **Good—but children won't like it.**

THE SKIN GAME (British International)—A drama of English life, most of which does not touch you or me at all. **Poor—the kids will be bored.**

SKIPPY (Paramount)—The adventures of the famous cartoon strip kid. Jackie Cooper, Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green. **Excellent—couldn't be better for children.**

SON OF INDIA (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 83. Children will like parts of it.

THE SQUAW MAN (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 84. Children will like parts of it.

SMART MONEY (First National)—Reviewed on page 82. **Not for children.**

STRANGERS MAY KISS (M-G-M)—The novel in decidedly changed talkie form. Norma Shearer and Neil Hamilton earn laurels. **Very good—not for children.**

SUBWAY EXPRESS (Columbia)—All about a murder in a crowded subway train and the efforts to get the murderer. Jack Holt is good. **Good.**

SVENGALI (Warner)—The ancient story revived with John Barrymore as the face-making Svengali. Marian Marsh, a newcomer, is excellent as Trilby. **Very good—but children won't know what it's all about.**

TARNISHED LADY (Paramount)—An attempt at sophisticated drama with Tallulah Bankhead, Clive Brook and others being very Park Avenue. **Poor.**

TABU (Paramount)—Excellent picturization of life in the South Seas. Welcome relief from triangle dramas, gang films and unfunny comedies. **Very good—the children will eat it up.**

THIS MODERN AGE (M-G-M)—Just what the title implies with Joan Crawford back to her old tricks of being the oh-so-modern young miss. **Fair.**

THREE WHO LOVED (RKO-Radio)—A rather interesting story about two bank clerks who both love the same girl. Some new and unusual angles are developed. Betty Compton, Robert Ames and Conrad Nagel have the leading rôles. **Very good—but the children will get restless if you take them to see it.**

TRAVELING HUSBANDS (RKO-Radio)—About the adventures of a group of traveling salesmen at a hotel. Don't laugh, it's not that kind of a story. Evelyn Brent is in it and does some grand acting. **Very good—parts of it will amuse the kids.**

TRANSGRESSION (RKO-Radio)—Reviewed on page 83. Children won't like it.

TRADER HORN (M-G-M)—Excellent drama of the African jungle based upon the best-selling novel of some seasons ago. **Very good—great for the kiddies.**

THE VICE SQUAD (Paramount)—This started out to be an exposé of the underworld activities of certain politicians. But it ended up by being just another movie plot with plenty of hokum. Kay Francis and Paul Lukas do their best, but it doesn't help much. **Fair.**

THE VIKING (Independent)—Reviewed on page 82. Children will like it.

WHITE SHOULDERS (RKO-Radio)—All about a man who marries a girl who does not love him. The developments are unusual, indeed, including a form of revenge that is unique, to say the least. Jack Holt, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez do their best in this somewhat improbable story. **Fair.**

THE WOMAN BETWEEN (RKO-Radio)—An interesting fable of a son who falls in love with the young second wife of his father. Some tense drama is developed. Lily Damita and O. P. Heggie do excellent work. **Very good—but not for the tots.**

UP POPS THE DEVIL (Paramount)—Greenwich Village as Hollywood imagines it. **Fair.**

WE'RE AWFULLY SORRY—

but owing to the inclusion of several last minute articles we were forced to leave out our Directory of Players this month. We simply hadn't room for it.

But it will be in our October issue and if you can't wait you can get a copy of the latest Directory in our August issue by mailing us your request with 10c in stamps.



Oh! the Catty Things!

... but
French Ecru RIT
saved the day!

She'd heard them... talking about her when she left the room! Calling her a careless housekeeper. Of course, the curtains *were* drab and faded... looked simply awful. But *what* could she do? She couldn't afford new ones now! It was mean of the girls to be so catty!

And Then,
RIT to the Rescue!

Rescuing pride... as well as saving the situation! French Ecru Rit... in a bowl of water. Quick as a flash the bleached, streaked curtains were Rit-tinted a bright, glinting French Ecru. Just like new, so fresh and cheery.

Always Keep
Your Favorite
Shades Handy

Thousands of good housekeepers wouldn't

be without a supply of Rit colors for renewing dresses, lingerie, stockings... everything! White Rit for removing colors... even black. And Rit's famous French Ecru will keep curtains bright and colorful through at least 100 days of bright sun and more than 30 washings! Use it for your curtains.

NEW RIT is NOT a soap

You may have used Rit time and time again... but this New Instant Rit is different. It requires no rubbing. Dissolves completely in 40 seconds. Therefore, no streaks, no spots. Rit has 33 very smart colors. Try Rit at our expense... let us send you FREE, a full-sized packet of French Ecru Rit. Just write to Miss Rit, 1402 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, and get a packet absolutely FREE. This free offer expires October 1st, 1931. Rit in all colors at your druggist or notion counter 15c.

NEW Instant Rit Tints
Orange Packet tints or dyes all fabrics perfectly.
Green Packet tints silks but leaves lace white.
White RIT... Color Remover.



TANGEE



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1931 a year of depression? Not for TANGEE, the World's Most Famous Lipstick! More lips than ever before were made lovely with the natural color that TANGEE gives! More TANGEE was used in 1930 than in the prosperous days of '29, and even more this year than ever before!

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Because it is based on a marvelous color principle, entirely different from any other lipstick... TANGEE actually *changes color* after you apply it, and blends perfectly with your own *natural, individual* coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head!

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BEAUTY ADVICE

By MARY BIDDLE

Questions answered—problems solved and helpful information given for the asking in this department. Mary Biddle is always glad to help our readers

WILL you kindly select for me the necessary cosmetics needed for my coloring?" writes Catherine McC., and she describes herself in the following manner: "Hair, reddish-blond; eyes, dark brown; eyebrows, well arched; skin, very pale, more yellowish than white or olive; shape of face, oval and rather small; lips, small and thin." And the sweet child adds, "Kindly suggest something that will improve my looks. I'm considered plain-looking." Well, Catherine, you've certainly got the materials for being anything *but* plain-looking. The thing for you to do is to emphasize that very attractive combination of hair and eyes. Comb your hair in such a way that the brightest lights in it will show. Use a tiny bit of brown eye-shadow at night. Make up your eyelashes, if they are not naturally long and dark, with brown mascara. Use a bright, light lipstick—one with plenty of orange in it and emphasize the curve of your upper lip. I would suggest no rouge, but you can judge best about that yourself. If you feel that you need it, be sure that it matches your lipstick. Now, you say your skin is yellowish. I can't tell whether you mean the natural, perfectly healthy yellowish tinge that many fair peoples' skins have, or whether you mean the unhealthy yellow that comes from a bilious condition. A doctor can tell you best about the latter, and how to get rid of it. At any rate, use a light powder with a pale tannish cast—not a pink powder. Light rachel or banana or beige would be good. By the way, let me say that I think you have an awfully distinctive handwriting. I certainly envy you. Mine looks like a twelve-year-old's.

I'VE noticed," says Lucy M., "that many girls' legs as well as my own are covered with small pimples or a rash. At least, they're far from smooth-looking. Can you tell me what causes this and how one can get rid of it?"

I think I can, Lucy. I think it's a question of not thoroughly drying the legs after bathing. I know that I used to be a bit lazy about using the old towel. I just wanted to stand around and evaporate, as it were. And the legs suffer from this—they get chapped and rough, which is very hard on stockings and very unattractive when one dons a

bathing suit in the summer time. I began last winter, not only to give my legs a good hard rubbing with a Turkish towel, but to apply a soothing skin lotion afterwards. And on real cold nights I wore an old pair of silk stockings to bed. Of course, you won't want to do that at this time of the year. But you can apply the lotion or rose water and glycerin after bathing. It really helps a lot.

Several girls have written to ask me how they can lose weight—oh, not a great deal—fifteen or twenty pounds at the most. Well, I should say that fifteen or twenty pounds is quite a lot to take off. It should be done gradually, to safeguard the health. Here's one simple diet formula that's safe, healthy and simple: give up white bread, butter, cream, potatoes and all sweets. You will never lose five pounds in two days on that diet, but at the end of six months you'll look and feel a different person. And to any girl who wishes it, I'll be glad to send a complete diet formula for eight days, three meals a day, which was prepared by the home economics department of a large food concern. This formula even includes occasionally, potatoes—and cereal with cream! So you see you needn't suffer to lose weight if you're willing to be patient about it.

ANNIE L. tells me that she's having an awful time with dandruff. She says she's been using a preparation to get rid of it, but it has a terrible odor. "I wash my hair every week or ten days, she adds. "It gets so oily. It's dark brown, naturally wavy and looks lively and healthy, but I sure have to keep at it." Well, Annie, "keeping at it" is the only way to be sure that our hair will always look its best. And you've been rewarded, you see, by a lively-looking and healthy topknot. You might try some other treatment to eradicate that dandruff. I see no reason why a beneficial scalp preparation should smell bad. Why don't you try hot, pure olive oil? Or write for the name of a prepared hot oil treatment that I know about. And I'd advise less frequent shampoos. Too much washing dries the scalp and aggravates dandruff instead of curing it.

"What makes the powder on my nose and above my upper lip become caky and scaly towards the middle of the day?" asks M. K. I should say, M. K.

that you're just one of those people who are using the wrong powder base. You say you use vanishing cream; try a thin lotion. One thing you must not do and that is keep applying more and more powder to improve the scaly appearance of your nose. *Always put make-up on a clean face.* And about that lemon juice you say you're using to bleach the freckles—perhaps it is irritating your skin a little—making it rough, so that the powder looks speckly. Why don't you try a cream bleach for a change? I'll be glad to give you the name of one if you'll write again.

THEN there's Miss K. Fitzgerald of Boston, Mass., who wants to know what to do about too-thick, too-curly hair. The first thing to do is to have it thinned out a little. The second thing to do is to buy a bottle of waveset lotion and discipline those unruly curls into smart waves. One visit to an expert hairdresser in order to learn how to set the waves wouldn't be a bad investment. And then, for a coiffure, she might try the method I described in the June issue of MODERN SCREEN: the front arranged to suit your face, the back divided in two twists, and worked neatly into a horizontal figure eight. Or, if her hair is very long, she might try this for evening wear: roll the back hair in two twists, cross them at the nape of the neck, and arrange them around the head like a coronet. And here's a tip for the every day, in-a-hurry-to-get-to-the-office coiffure which I have adopted with my own hair which is inclined, too, to get too thick: I comb all the back hair from the left side to the right, straight across the back of my head (holding the front in place, of course.) Then I start to roll the hair 'way over by my right ear, twisting it down, never up. I continue the roll across the nape of my neck to the left ear, and then back to the right ear and tuck the ends in. That spreads the hair out in a low, flat roll in the nape of the neck. It looks neat and practical and stays "put" all day, if securely pinned.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Be as definite as you can about them. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Next month, in the October issue of MODERN SCREEN, Mary Biddle will discuss with you the important problem of caring for your skin after the ravages of the summer months. Don't miss it.

The QUICK *delightful* way to keep your skin SOFT SMOOTH *and* SILKY...



Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary, as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking and eliminates "shine" on body, hands and face.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin.

LINIT

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THE BATHWAY TO A
SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN



THE MODERN HOSTESS



You've no idea how important salads are for summer days. Fredric March herein gives some excellent advice as to how to make this sort of dish appeal to the men

"A good salad," says Fredric March, "must always be cold, crisp and slightly sharp in flavor." Fredric always has a lunch the main dish of which is salad, but—it isn't a salad of an old bit of lettuce and some questionable mayonnaise. Salads can be works of art.

MY husband doesn't like salads!" So many times have we heard women voice this complaint that we began to wonder if there could be anything in the idea, and we hastened to the Paramount Studios in Long Island City to talk to that famous and fascinating screen star and husband, Fredric March, in order to find out just how much truth there might be in the rumor.

We found Mr. March hard at work on his new picture which, we were told, is to be called "My Sin," and in which he plays opposite Tallulah Bankhead.

"Well," said Mr. March, smiling delightfully, "this man likes salads very much. It's my private hunch that women who claim that their husbands won't eat salads are just giving themselves away and admitting they don't know how to make a good salad. You know a woman will set in front of a man a plateful of warm fruit smothered beneath a mass of whipped cream, or a plateful of wilted lettuce swimming in tasteless dressing, and when he doesn't eat it she thinks it is because he doesn't like

salads! It's a crime to call such messes salads."

"In other words, Mr. March," we interrupted, "you think it isn't so much that men don't like salads as that they don't like poor salads?"

"Exactly," said Mr. March. "No man is going to eat something just because his wife tells him it is good for him. It must look good and taste good and if women will just take as much pride in their ability to make good salads as they do in their ability to bake good biscuits, they will soon find the men absorbing their daily quota of vitamins and mineral salts without a struggle."

"Just what do you consider the first essential of a good salad, Mr. March?" we asked eagerly.

"A good salad must always be cold, crisp and slightly sharp in flavor."

"And what about salad dressings?" we inquired.

I THINK that the first law of a good salad dressing is that it should taste good by itself. Not that anyone is going to sit down and eat a bowlful but it should be tasted and found good before it is poured over perfectly good salad greens. Ordinarily I believe men prefer a French dressing on greens, vegetables and fruit salads, but on chicken, fish and meat salads a dash of mayonnaise is usually desirable." (Mayonnaise or boiled dressing we mentally annotated, realizing that the average man does not discriminate between them.)

"Do you like your salads to be served to you with the dressing already mixed in or do you prefer to add your own?" was our next question.

"That depends on the salad," smiled Mr. March. "In the case of plain salads such as lettuce and tomato and cucumber, I prefer to add my own dressing, but I like the more complicated varieties, such as chiffonade or fruit salads, to come to me all ready to eat."

"Do you ever order a fruit salad for dessert?"

"Indeed I do," he replied, "but I don't want it to be too sticky-sweet. You know, women should never serve

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for September for which I enclose 4c in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Name
(Print in pencil.)

Address

FASHIONS

are again feminine

MARY ASTOR, charming Radio Pictures player, knows the value of sophistication in an evening gown. She chooses black, cut on simple flowing lines. Black again is her choice for town in this smart dressmaker suit, banded in flat fur.



men fruit salads which are all full of marshmallows and whipped cream and candied cherries. Let them save these confections for their lady friends. Tell them to give the men nice big slices of grapefruit and pear and such and to serve the fruits with a little French dressing or mayonnaise and let it go at that. Or at least," he added with a smile, "that's the way I think fruit salad should be served."

"And now tell us what you like to eat with your salads—cheese crackers, toasted English muffins, hot biscuits, whole wheat crackers or what?"

"I like them all," replied Mr. March, "and did you know you left out hot fresh rolls? And I like some kind of cheese to go along with them. Cheese and crackers or cheese and hot breads just naturally go with good salads, a fact which few women seem to realize. Or if they do realize it they just pay no attention to it for they very rarely serve them together."

"And now just one more question, Mr. March. Do you consider substantial salads such as lobster or chicken an adequate main dish at dinner?"

"During the hot weather, certainly. And of course they make ideal luncheons. In fact I have already ordered one for my lunch to-day."

"Oh," we exclaimed. "Will you let us have a picture of you eating it?"

"Gracious!" he answered. "You are out collecting evidence with a vengeance, aren't you?" But he let us take the picture and there it is at the beginning of this article.

NOW you know what a man really thinks about salads, and if your particular men folks are given to shying at the sight of a lettuce leaf maybe it is because they haven't been introduced to the right kind of salads. You know, of course, that the importance of salads in the daily diet has been very definitely proven. Eating them will not, as we once heard a mother gravely assure her child, make your hair curly, but it will help you to keep well, look well and feel well. Furthermore, a family which eats salads is a far easier family to feed through the summer.

The first step towards making successful salads is to pick over and wash all salad materials as soon as they come from the market, and to store them in the refrigerator at least for several hours before using them. Do not remove them from the refrigerator until the last possible moment before serving them, for remember that the quicker the journey from the refrigerator to the table the better the salad will look and taste. Salad dressings, too, should be kept cold.

Salads that have a gelatine base are most attractive when set in a fancy mold. Use one large mold or several individual molds—very nice and inexpensive ones can be found in the Kress and Kresge stores. Tea cups may be used instead of the individual molds if you prefer. Unmold the salads, just before serving, onto a bed of lettuce leaves, garnish with mayonnaise or boiled dressing and serve at once. To unmold gelatine mixtures first loosen

(Continued on page 97)

CURRENT STYLES are built on youthful contours. Curves are the mode. But they must be delicate, graceful—and combined with rounded slimness.

So we hurry to diet and exercise. But you should have plenty of "bulk" to complete the adequate reducing diet. For without this vital necessity, improper elimination soon develops.

When that happens, poisons remain in the body. Complexions become sallow. Eyes are dulled. Wrinkles and pimples appear, together with headaches, loss of energy, and even serious disease.

Yet there's no need to run this risk. Two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily will guarantee proper elimination. Isn't this much safer than dosing

your system with pills and drugs?

Far more pleasant too. Because you'll never lose your appetite for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Serve with milk, in fruit juices, clear soups, etc. Use it as a cooking ingredient. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening.

Look for the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.



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MODERN SCREEN

WILL GRETA GARBO QUIT THE SCREEN FOR THE STAGE

MODERN SCREEN has another news scoop for its readers. And it concerns the great Garbo, no less.

Although, of course, present plans do not always materialize exactly as they have been laid, we have it on good authority that negotiations are under way between Greta Garbo and Max Reinhardt, the famous German stage producer, for the appearance of the Swedish actress on the Berlin stage.

Amazing as this news must be to all Garbo fans—and the great movie public in general—there is considerable evidence which points undoubtedly to the truth of this apparently extravagant rumor.

When Max Reinhardt was in New York not so long ago, his first wish was to see an early Garbo picture (one of her silents). A print of "The Torrent" was shown him and over a period of three days he saw and studied the film six times. This great genius of the theater was fascinated by Garbo's artistry. He remarked to his companion:

"I would give anything in the world to be able to direct her in a stage production."

It is definitely known that the German producer has begun negotiations with the sixteen-thousand-dollar-a-week mystery woman of the American screen. It is also known that Garbo looks favorably on the idea and is communicating with the German director about the possibility of his realizing his ambition.

If these plans are successful, the play which Garbo will appear in—at present undetermined—will be presented first in Berlin and later, if satisfactory arrangements can be made, it will be brought to a Broadway theater with Garbo still in it.

Garbo's present contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expires in the fall and if she did not desire to renew it Greta would be entirely free to accept Mr. Reinhardt's offer.

Greta Garbo has also had an offer from a Swedish movie company which would allow her to make as little as one



RUMORS FROM RELIABLE SOURCES INDICATE
THAT GRETA GARBO MAY NOT RENEW HER
MOVIE CONTRACT WHEN IT EXPIRES THIS FALL.

picture every six months at a salary of fifty thousand dollars. This salary would enable her to live luxuriously in her native land and—you remember from an early issue of MODERN SCREEN—Garbo's greatest desire is to go home.

But if the Garbo-Reinhardt professional relations are cemented we prophesy that thousands of people from all over the world will visit Berlin to see the Swedish star on the stage—and, among them, will be the editor of this magazine.

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

WE read the other day that Wynne Gibson "... isn't married, hasn't been married and wasn't considering marriage..." So it gives MODERN SCREEN the opportunity of correcting another error in the minds of fans. Wynne Gibson was divorced two years ago! She was married to an actor... and separated by an actress. But since Wynne doesn't even mention the fact, it is easily understood how the mistaken information got around. We promised we wouldn't bring in the name of the other actress... but maybe you already know.

WE kinda had an idea that John Barrymore would always hold the record for nutty tricks while being interviewed... you will recall that he frequently makes funny and grotesque faces at gushing lady writers (especially fat ones) who come to interview him.

But now the old record has fallen. Another great stage actor has received the championship. Richard Bennett, of THE Bennetts, is the new record holder. A young lady from one of the magazines called to interview him the other day. He received her in a turkish towel and asked if she wanted to come up on the roof of his apartment while he took a sun bath.

And so, while the old boy lay exposed to the elements (almost) he talked of fools and Hollywood and fools. It must be great fun to be that nonchalant. The nice young lady created a record too: she only turned her back once.

Now Clara Bow says that she will marry Rex Bell next year... but true to form, she will probably wed this year--or year after next. You know Clara.

IT'S pretty definite that Richard Dix will leave RKO after doing his next picture, "Secret Service." And if you think Rich isn't sorry you don't know the tale back of his affiliations with that studio.

When he was in the hospital in the East a couple of years ago, Dix received a wire from Paramount terminating his contract with them. Naturally, he felt pretty bad—he was not only sick but out of a job as well. It was while he was still in the hospital that his friend, William Le Baron, president of RKO, visited him and offered him a contract. Under its terms, Dix was to get a comparatively small salary plus a percentage on the returns from his pictures. "Cimarron" made the average pretty high.

Now, on the strength of "Cimarron," Dix wants an increase in salary. Le Baron and he are still good friends, but they can't come to terms in regard to the actor's new contract. Hence the break up—professional, not personal. And, as things now stand, Ricardo Cortez will go into "Marcheta" with Irene Dunne, replacing Dix.

Hollywood heard that Cecil DeMille was to direct a picture in Russia but they wouldn't believe it. What would DeMille do for a bathtub?

WE'VE been hearing so many rumors about Doug Jr. and Joan that we'll have to print at least one just to show we're as smart as anyone else. It seems that Joan, who has never looked at another man twice since her marriage, is showing noticeable interest in her leading man of late. Gossips have it that Doug has been doing some stepping out himself....

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Nancy Carroll, who recently divorced Jack Kirkland, has eloped with Francis Bolton Mallory, a New York editor. (See stories on pages 32 and 33).

Tom Mix is coming back to the screen. He will do six Westerns between his circus engagements.

Connie Bennett had to postpone her annual European holiday on account of an intestinal operation.

Although Joan Crawford denies it, the rumors go on that the Fairbanks, Jr., family is expecting the stork soon.

Sue Carol is coming back and will play opposite Regis Toomey in "Graft."

Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) won the contested divorce from his wife but lost the alimony decree. Where does he stand? A winner or loser?

Lionel Barrymore will do a lot more acting for M-G-M. His work in "A Free Soul" caused this.

Jack White received a divorce from Pauline Starke. He is now reported romantically interested in Blanche Mahafey.

A young German girl, on vacation in Hollywood, heard of the story shortage there and wrote a story. And the story will be used for Pola Negri's first comeback vehicle.

Marie Dressler and Jackie Cooper will team up in a comedy when Marie returns from her European vacation. At least, that is the report.

LITTLE JACKIE COOPER is M-G-M's fair-haired boy. At \$1,500 a week he should be! Recently, a producer asked him if there was anything he particularly wanted that they hadn't already given him.

"I want a badge like the messenger boys," Jackie quickly answered. "And will you make it No. 2 'cause that's my lucky number."

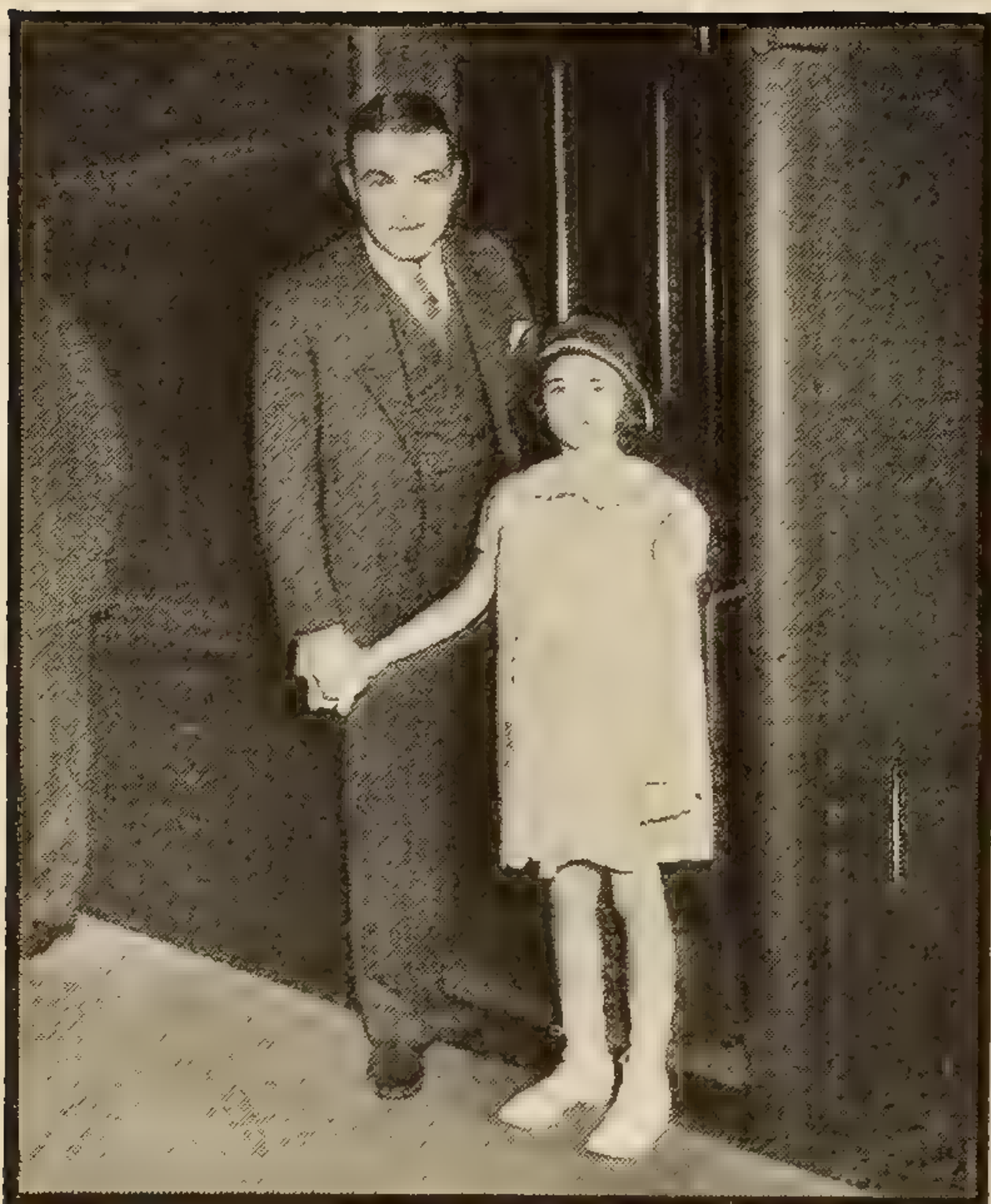
The studio messengers wear the numbered badges so they won't have trouble getting past the gateman, while all the actors, including Jackie, must carry blue identification cards. But Jackie is afraid he'll lose his card and the gateman won't let him into the studio.

ANNA MAY WONG plans to sneak a few weeks off from the studio to appear on the Los Angeles stage in

"On the Spot." This is the play that brought her from the New York stage to a long-term contract at Paramount. Although Anna May is an American, born and raised, she wears beautifully brocaded pajamas in preference to dresses. Or on the rare occasions that she must don an evening dress there is always a touch of oriental embroidery on the garment.

Uncle Carl Laemmle claims that he hurried back from his combination business and pleasure trip to New York because of the press of studio activities. But we have a hunch he was just homesick for his little granddaughter, Carol. Ah well, granddaddies are apt to be that way.

You can relay this gossip to your friends over the bridge table



Richard Barthelmess recently took Mary Hay Barthelmess to Hollywood for a six months' stay.



Acme

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels spent a belated honeymoon in Hawaii. They had a grand time swimming.



Alice White is back again—working for Columbia. Where has she been? See the story on page 56.

NEIL HAMILTON took a casual hike the other day . . . just to the top of Mount Wilson and down again! He and a writer friend of his, Dick Mook, made the trip. The ascent took six and a half hours, but the descent was naturally easier, taking only a little over three hours. Once atop the mountain the two climbers went through the Observatory there.

Incidentally, Neil took a camera along. If we're lucky you may see some of the pictures in MODERN SCREEN.

Evidently Neil and his wife, Elsa, don't want their adopted baby girl to be an only child—so next year, says Neil, they're going to adopt a little boy. Guess he must like being called "Da Da!"

SYLVIA SIDNEY shattered a small bone in her foot and as a result had to rehearse for her leading rôle in "Street Scene" from a wheelchair. This distinctive newcomer, until then, had been getting all the breaks. First, she was chosen to pinch-hit for Clara Bow in "City Streets"—and she went over big. Then Nancy Carroll, who had been slated for "Street Scene," couldn't finish another picture in time—so it was Sylvia whom Sam Goldwyn picked for the part.

And some people don't believe in Santa Claus!

ALTHOUGH Lew Ayres has gone around with Lola Lane pretty consistently since they first met, he never would admit that she was *his* girl. When asked about it, Lew would always say: "Lola's a marvelous girl—but there are other marvelous girls, too." Now Lew stoutly maintains that Lola is *the* girl in the world for him.

He's been on location at Sacramento for several weeks and it was pretty lonesome . . . until Lola went up to visit him. Lew and Lola will probably follow in the wake of Carole Lombard and Bill Powell—and tell it to the parson!

BLASÉ Hollywood had a good laugh the other day. Although Carman Barnes hasn't done any work as yet she's been receiving her weekly pay check from Paramount—and the checks are four-figured, too. So it was

only natural that when Carman waltzed into her manager's office and asked when her vacation started the poor man was too flabbergasted to answer.

Since Director Mervyn LeRoy and wife, Edna Murphy, have separated permanently, Mervyn has been going places with little Ginger Rogers. We understand that it won't be long before Edna files suit for a divorce—and in the meantime, she is living at their Malibu house while Mervyn has the Beverly Hills place.

JOAN CRAWFORD has a new dressing room on the studio lot—and what a dressing room! It has three rooms, and that fact puts Joan on a par with the great Garbo. They are the only actresses at M-G-M who have more than two rooms.

Bill Haines gets credit for the decorating—it's all Early American and done in royal blue and glossy white. The wall paper of the first room flaunts huge vari-colored flowers that seem to be bursting from the wall. The piano is a small-sized one painted white. Just above the keyboard there is a row of flowers pressed under glass.

In the bedroom a huge couch with the most vivid royal blue velvet spread makes you gasp. The couch is about eight by twelve feet. The blue wall paper in this room is spattered with great big white stars. One corner is filled with a "whatnot" glass cabinet containing vases, miniatures and things like that.

The third room is Joan's dressing room proper. It is also done in blue and white. There's a luxurious glassed-in shower and a brilliantly lighted dressing table.

This seems to mark a new Joan Crawford. Only an exotic personality could wish for so bizarre and colorful a studio abode. And Joan's new dressing rooms are certainly bizarre and colorful!

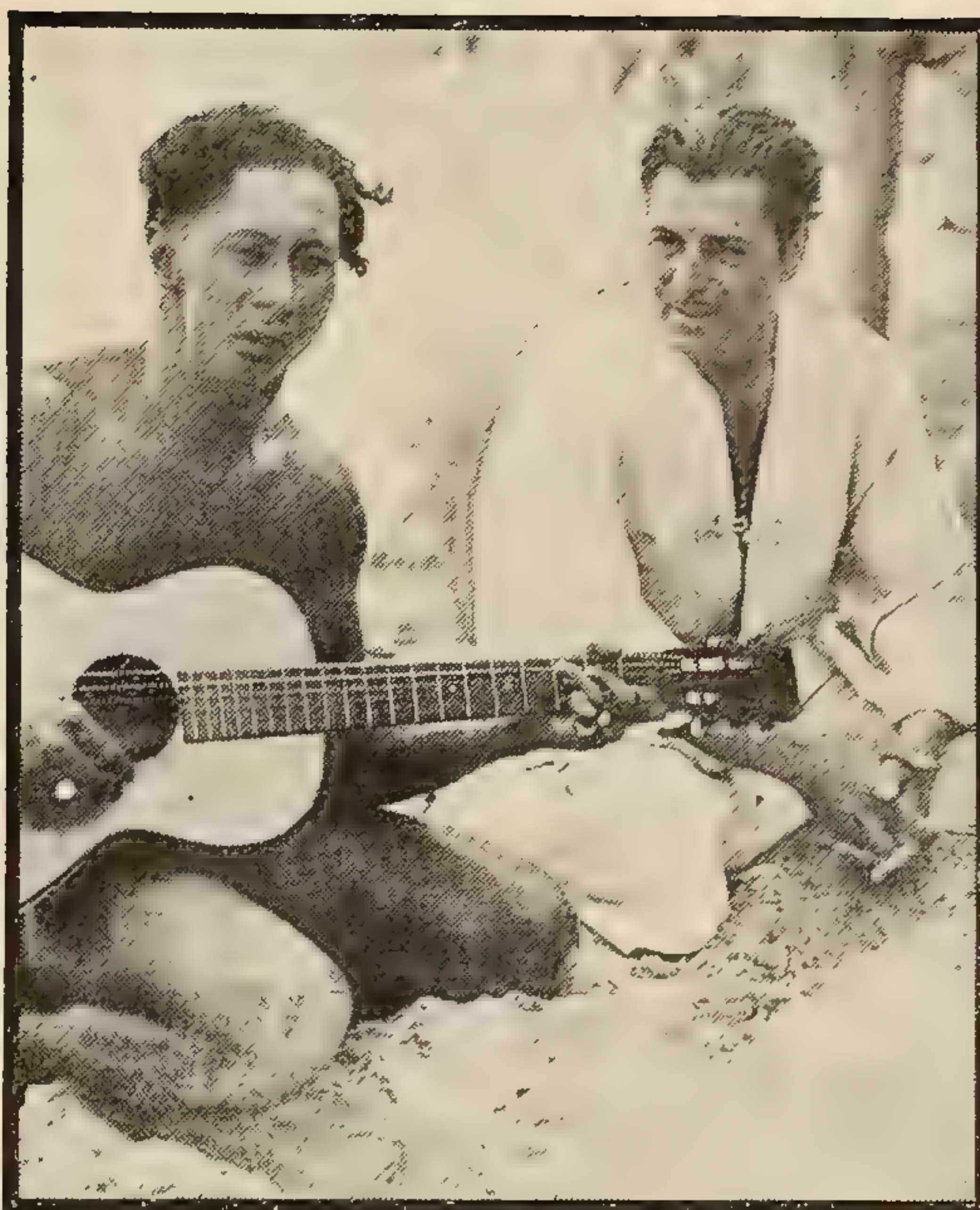
LOCAL gossips were all agog when they glimpsed Mae Clarke lunching with Russell (Don Juan) Gleason at the studio commissary. But those who really know say that Mae's real romance is with Henry Freulich, Universal's ace photographer.

Mae is the girl, you remember, who was engaged to

There are rumors about Doug and Joan. Is it possible they're true?



William Powell and Carole Lombard sailing for Honolulu on their honeymoon after their recent marriage.



Acme

Another movie star vacations at Hawaii. Warner Baxter with Hawkshaw, famous Honolulu beach boy.



International

Winnie Lightner and her three-year-old son, Richard Barthelmess Holtrey, passing through Chicago.

Colleen Moore's ex-husband, John McCormick. But they broke up, and now John is the husband of a Pasadena society divorcée after a Honolulu wedding. Mae made one try at the age of seventeen when she married Fanny Brice's brother, and she isn't anxious to step to the altar again in a hurry.

JOHAN BOLES is Hollywood's latest recruit to the Grand Order of Bicycle Riders. Every morning that he doesn't have to report for work he climbs on his \$75 red bicycle and peddles along the road at Malibu Beach for about six miles. "Just in case of an unruly waistline," John explains.

NOW it's Marie Dressler who has the pajama craze! For a long time Marie shunned them, doubting that her well-padded figure would become pajamas. But the other day she brought home eight pairs. Her best or *Sunday* pair were made from cloth of gold, which was sent Marie by the late Lillian Russell's husband from Indo-China. Before the beautiful Miss Russell died, she and Marie were fast friends—so naturally Marie cherishes this pair of pajamas above all others.

SLIM SUMMERVILLE is mourning the death of his dog. Slim's pet was the son of "Bummer," Arthur Lake's canine pal who died not so long ago.

When Arthur was first starting in pictures over at Universal, it was Slim Summerville who coached him. Arthur never forgot the comedian's interest in his career, and when "Bummer" became a proud parent, Slim was presented with the choice of the litter. "Bummer's" death left Arthur heartbroken. And when Slim's dog was killed by a passing auto, the comedian wouldn't make publicity "gag" pictures for a week.

Abe Lyman tells the best Austin joke of the month. According to the orchestra leader, someone parked a green Austin at the curb, and people were dropping letters into it!

Honest—we mean it—that's positively our last Austin joke. (Until someone turns up with another good one.)

JOHNNY MACK BROWN pulled a fast one on the moguls of Hollywood. Johnny learned that another studio was negotiating to buy up the remainder of his contract from M-G-M, so right away he asked for a release from Louis B. Mayer—and got it. And now he has an offer from another studio at several times the salary he was getting under his old contract.

These Southern boys certainly have an eye for business—rumor the contrary.

Blond Una Merkel and John Arledge are this, that and the other way about each other. You'll remember that they played together in "Daddy Long Legs." Careful there, children!

GRETA GARBO is still using the same limousine that she bought when she first became a star. And that was years ago! It's still a good car and Greta can see no reason for changing one's auto every year, just to outshine someone else.

HOLLYWOOD'S *Dove* has taken the well-known air—literally. Without telling even her closest friends, Billie has been taking flying lessons from the fellow who was chief of aeronautics for Howard Hughes' "Hell's Angels." And to throw into a tailspin all those tales about the gorgeous Billie being beautiful but dumb, her flight instructor says that she was one of the most apt pupils he ever had. While she is waiting for a full-fledged pilot's license and also the starting of her new picture for Hughes, Billie's flying high.

And—speaking of Billie:

Billie Dove and Howard Hughes have had a serious quarrel! Looks that way. We saw Billie down at the beach all alone—and what's more, rumors have been flying fast and furiously about young Hughes stepping out with a Los Angeles society girl.

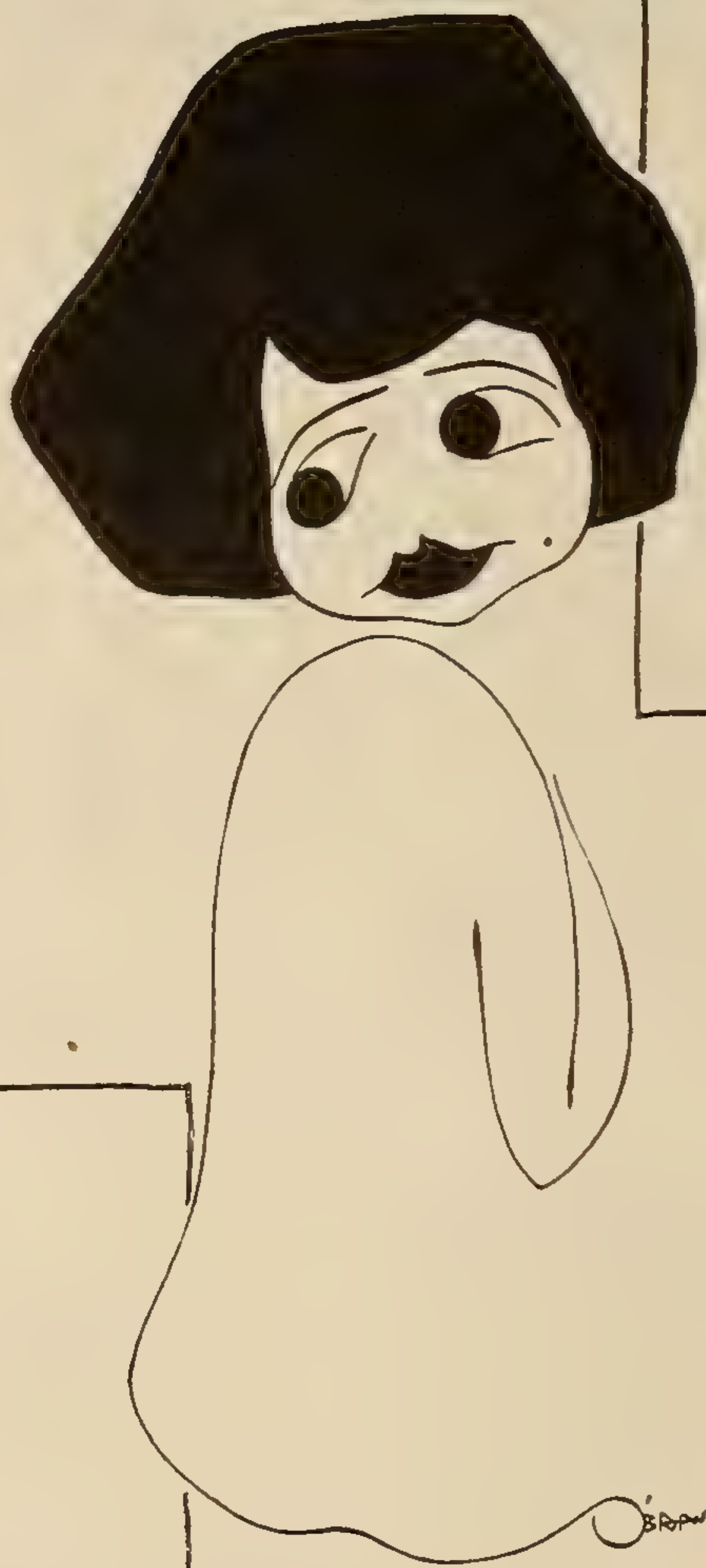
Buddy Rogers returned to Hollywood and work all enthused about little Harriet Lake, who is appearing in a musical comedy in the East. She's a redhead and a great pal, according to Buddy . . . er, we mean Charles.

It seems that Buddy Rogers fell hard for a New York stage actress

KNOW THEM?

Our caricature page this month—drawn by O'Brian—is easy if you're a real fan

This lady has a penchant for landing in the newspaper headlines more often than even she likes. She recently had a breakdown on the set, due to the effect of extremely adverse and unjust criticism by certain unscrupulous people, and is now recuperating at the ranch of a very good friend of hers—whom she may marry next year.



The lady above has been in the movies since the Keystone comedy days. She's one of the best comediennes on the screen today and has teamed up with another famous comedienne in a couple of the most hilarious comedies on record. She is considered one of Hollywood's most regular persons and she is a great friend of a chap whose initials are W.H. Now do you know?



This chap has only appeared in a few pictures but his work in those alone has made him one of the outstanding comedians on the screen. His comedy is very different from the usual type of stuff. It's delightfully cuckoo and he says the most ridiculous things with a perfectly straight face which simply slays you, my dear. His first name is Charles.

P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Hurrell

Joan had no end of trouble with retakes on her last two pictures, "This Modern Age" and "Laughing Sinners." As a result, that long-awaited European tour with husband Doug Junior had to be cancelled. Joan has acquired a simply stunning coat of tan. And she's begun to visit Hollywood's dance Meccas again—but now she always goes with Doug, of course.

Her next picture will be "The Mirage."



Photograph by Hurrell

Neil Hamilton, on the screen, has changed from the conventional noble hero chap to a devil-may-care person who kisses strangers and rides away. But in real life Neil hasn't changed at all. The Hamiltons have kept their old car, even though that new contract of Neil's is very lucrative. Neil's next will be "Lullabye" with Helen Hayes of stage fame.



Photograph by Ritchie

Ruth Chatterton is due to work at the Warner studio when she finishes her Paramount contract. But Paramount may make some agreement with Warner. If so, she won't change lots. Her next two pictures will be "The Magnificent Lie" and "Stepdaughters of War." Between pictures Ruth gets a hotel suite under another name and reads! She is able to fall asleep anywhere.



Photograph by Hurrell

Irene Dunne, having finished "Bachelor Apartment," will now do "Consolation Marriage." Irene has recently taken to commuting regularly to New York between pictures to visit her husband. The studio airmails to New York the script of her forthcoming talkie, which she studies en route. Irene lives with her mother in Hollywood, in a house which Irene designed.



Did you know that Conrad Nagel has made more talkies than any other player? Although he's under contract to M-G-M, he's continually being borrowed by other studios. You'll see him in Novarro's "Son of India" and in "Pagan Lady" with Evelyn Brent. He cruises about on his yacht between pictures. He says he's That Way about Mrs. Nagel.



Photograph by Otto Dyar

Gary Cooper hasn't been feeling a bit well lately, as you've probably heard. He's worked so hard that he's a positive shadow. So, after he'd finished "I Take This Woman" in which Carole Lombard plays with him, he just up and packed two suitcases and left for Italy and Africa. Wonder how the Gary-Lupe romance will fare at long distance?



Photograph by Hurrell

Lupe, having finished "The Squaw Man" for M-G-M, is doing a turn in vaudeville. Then she'll go on the stage in "La Argentina," for which she'll get fifteen hundred a week, plus half the sum of the picture rights, plus first chance at the title rôle in the picture. Lupe likes an occasional drink of tequilla—Mexican style, with salt.

HELEN'S SHADOW OF TRAGEDY

Hollywood treated Helen cruelly until she got the lead in "The Grand Parade." From then on her career was assured. And when she met Frank Woody (below), her life started to be happy for the first time.



International

NOT so long ago a frail, wistful, sad-eyed little ingénue suddenly blossomed into an emotional actress of power, depth and character. Slim, fragile and appealing, she had been stamped as a Gish type—but without the Gish genius. Seemingly she lacked the vivid qualities that make for stardom. Then along came "Her Man," that gusty, heart-tearing melodrama. Playing the feminine lead was an exciting girl who knocked your emotions into a cocked hat. And Hollywood sat up, blinked its eyes, and decided it had been wrong—dead wrong—about Helen Twelvetrees.

That pathetic, helpless quality of Helen's has been a curse to her. Even though it gives her beauty a pathos and her personality a poignancy that wrings your heart. Helen looks like a girl who needs to be protected. But she looks like a girl who can be bullied and browbeaten—and that is just what has happened to her. Because she is naturally sweet and gentle, because she wants desperately to make others happy and be happy herself; above all because she cannot bear to cross people and make them angry, she has been a prey to every stronger will



and more selfish nature than her own. I doubt if ever in her life Helen Twelvetrees has put herself first, gone ahead without regard for anyone else, and done things in the way that was most advantageous to herself. That is not the way to be happy in a world where ego is king and self-protection is the first law. It is the way to suffer. And Helen Twelvetrees has suffered bitterly.

UNTIL she was sixteen she had no reason to doubt the goodness of life and the kindness of human nature. Hadn't everyone always been good and kind to her? Her home life had been happy and comfortable. William Jurgens, her father, was—and is—advertising manager of the *Brooklyn Journal*, and the family circumstances had been comfortable if not luxurious. Helen had attended the Brooklyn Heights Seminary. She had lived the life of any normal girl child in any average American family; loved by her mother and father and small brother and loving them dearly in return. Sheltered and protected—knowing poverty, and the bitterness of want only by hearsay. Of emotional turmoil, grief and hatred



Helen Twelvetrees has learned how to portray sorrow so poignantly on the screen because of her own experiences

By HARRIET PARSONS

Helen's life knew nothing of sorrow or heartbreak during her childhood. She was sheltered and secure. How much more poignant her feelings, then, when tragedy did come to her! (Below) With William Bakewell in "A Woman of Experience," wistful Miss Twelvetrees' latest completed picture.



and passionate love—she knew nothing whatsoever. Combine with this sheltered uneventful life of Helen Jurgens', a naturally trusting and gentle nature, and you have the most perfect set-up for disillusionment it is possible to imagine. Life could have been much less cruel to sixteen-year-old Helen and still have hurt her deeply. As it was, she was hurt almost beyond bearing.

In spite of her fragile loveliness she was a normal, healthy girl with all the hopes, dreams and romantic desires of any other girl her age. She liked to dance. She went to college proms and house-parties. She had beaux. And so it was not surprising that she should have fallen in love with Clark Twelvetrees. She was in her first year at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Clark was just finishing at the same school. He was only 19—no older than her college playmates. But there was a glamor about him which college boys do not possess, for he was an actor and was headed for Broadway footlights. His goal, like Helen's, was the stage. He was attractive, intelligent and of good family. What was the difference if he had no money? Even poverty might be romantic

if it were shared with a boy like Clark Twelvetrees.

BUT Helen Jurgens knew little about Clark Twelvetrees and less about life. Five minutes after they were married her young husband disappeared and she did not see him again until two days later. He left her on the steps of the City Hall, went out to celebrate and forgot to come home. For forty-eight hours the sixteen-year-old bride waited for her bridegroom, eating her heart out in solitary grief. Wondering in bewildered misery what had happened to the honeymoon of which she had dreamed. A sordid anti-climax to a romantic marriage, that heartsick, agonized waiting. It was Helen Twelvetrees' first taste of living—and it was only a beginning.

Shortly after their marriage both secured jobs with the same stock company. Helen was the ingénue and Clark the juvenile lead. Their combined salaries amounted to little more than cigarette and stocking money. Certainly, there was nothing to spare for dissipation. When the company went on the road (*Continued on page 94*)

An amazing document concerning the enormous price which Hollywood extracts from its citizens in return for cinematic fame and glory

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER



There is no doubt in the minds of Mabel Normand's many loyal friends that worry—dating from the unfortunate Taylor murder—brought on the illness which ultimately resulted in her death.

Is there something fatal about Hollywood?
Mabel Normand, Lon Chaney, Rudolph Schildkraut, Milton Sills, Lorna Moon, Louis Mann, Alma Rubens, Louis Wolheim, Murnau, Robert Edeson. Hollywood's roster of deaths since February, 1930!

All of them were still young when they died. Not one of them—with the possible exception of Schildkraut—had realized the full extent of life's possibilities when the end came. They were cut off in their prime, when their talents were in full flower, while their greatest successes lay ahead of them. *Why?*

The death list and the list of seriously ill people in the industry grows daily in the most sinister fashion. Hardly a morning that the papers do not carry the account of the death or peril of some member of the colony. Hardly a month that the magazines do not contain obituaries, accompanied by black-bordered portraits, of some picture idol. Even Knute Rockne was on his way to Hollywood to fulfill a picture contract when he was killed!

And the illness . . .

Little Lila Lee has just returned from a sanitarium in New Mexico where she lay for months, fighting to regain her health. Renée Adorée is still there, in the same building, recovering from the same dread disease. Anna Q. Nilsson has been absent from the screen for three years, because of a fall from a horse which broke her hip.



Robert Edeson. A grand old actor who paid the greatest price by overworking for the cause of fame and glory.



No need to recall that Alma Rubens first took to narcotics to kill, while working, the suffering of a painful illness.

HOLLYWOOD

KILLS PEOPLE!

In the past few weeks, Dolores del Rio has been seriously ill and Gary Cooper has suffered a near-collapse. Jack Gilbert was reported in bed with doctors and nurses in constant attendance. ("A bad cold.") Jack Holt has been laid low by influenza. Victor McLaglen has been in the hospital. Marie Dressler is too ill to see anyone. Joan Crawford has been in a state of nervous exhaustion. Mary Philbin has been ill. Harold Lloyd has had an operation for appendicitis. And poor Polly Moran has had a broken nose!

Why? Is there something about success in pictures which is dangerous to the people who achieve it?

ACTORS probably take better care of themselves—guard their health and their physical condition more carefully than any other class of people in the world. They *must* take care of their bodies. It is essential to their success! They *must* watch their diets, take regular exercise and have sufficient rest—else they cannot look their best upon the screen, day after day.

There is hardly a home in Hollywood that has not its own private gymnasium and its swimming pool and tennis courts—to keep its occupants fit. Hardly an actor who does not own a beach house, a yacht, a cabin in the mountains—some retreat to which he may flee for precious rest and outdoor life when he is not working.

They pay enormous amounts of money every year to doctors, dentists, masseurs, trainers, dieticians—all sorts of specialists in the art of *keeping well*.

Yet so many of them die so young. So many of them are stricken during their best years with serious illness. *Why?*

I remember when I was a little girl, hearing a famous

woodsman talk to children about what to do if they were lost in the forest. "Hunger won't kill you," he told us. "You can live for forty days without food. . . . Thirst won't kill you. You can live for days without water. But fear—ah, that is the thing! Fear can kill you in a few hours!"

Fear. They live under such a frightful strain, these people. Fear of the future, fear of the wrong part, the wrong story, the wrong director—the "bad breaks." Fear of not doing their best when opportunity arises. Fear of scandal which may wreck their careers, however undeserved the stories may be. . . .

A young leading man told me the other day that he suffers from constant nightmares—dreaming that he is scared or disfigured so that he cannot work any more. . . .

They use up much vitality and emotion in their daily tasks, perhaps they do not have enough left to meet their own crises when they are off the set. I remember Richard Dix telling of arriving at his home at four in the morning, after eighteen hours of grilling work in death scenes—to be told that a blackmailing woman was threatening suit against him (with most unpleasant publicity) unless he paid her a great deal of money at once! It takes a strong man to cope with such a situation at such a time.

Fear. . . .

MABEL NORMAND'S illness dated from the time of the unfortunate linking of her name with Hollywood scandals. There is no doubt in the minds of her friends that worry over those things induced the illness which finally proved fatal.

Milton Sills' long illness came upon him after a period of strain over difficulties with the income officials—diffi-



Lon Chaney's death came right after his first talkie. He had worried greatly over the effect of talkies on his career.



Milton Sills was killed by worry of losing his fans after he ran afoul of the income tax collectors.



You remember, of course, how Louis Wolheim's death came as he was preparing for a rôle in "The Front Page."

culties caused, it is said, by nothing more than Sills' complete trust in the people who were handling those matters for him. I am convinced that worry killed Milton Sills.

Lon Chaney's fatal illness manifested itself during the time he was struggling against talking pictures—when his contract and his whole future seemed at stake! How much did *fear* have to do with that?

Louis Wolheim was preparing for the biggest opportunity of his career—the part of the managing editor in "The Front Page"—when he was stricken.

Alma Rubens died of pneumonia just after a painful episode in San Diego—and just as she was preparing to make a "come-back" after a long struggle with the narcotic habit. And she formed that habit because she had to work long, long hours on the set when she was in pain! Driven by *fear of failing*. . . .

Anna Q. Nilsson was so afraid that she would grow fat during the long period of inactivity while her broken hip was healing that she denied herself the proper food for building bones and thus delayed her recovery for long months. *Fear*. . . .

GARY COOPER became ill after his great disappointment over "Morocco." Gary, it is said, was to have been starred in that picture. It was to have been his big and long-awaited opportunity. Then came Marlene Dietrich—Paramount's and Von Sternberg's newest and most sensational "find." Von Sternberg was to direct the picture—and so the story was altered to make the woman the important character.

Gary, I am told, refused to make another picture with Marlene and as a result of that rebellion, he was "disciplined" by being cast as Clara Bow's leading man in a forthcoming production. (There may be a little confusion on this point because Clara was later said to have been disciplined by being taken out of the same picture, after her tilt with Daisy De Voe in court. What is one actor's punishment, apparently, is another's great opportunity!)

Anyhow, Gary's illness became known immediately after the unpleasantness over "Morocco"—all of which was doubtless a great worry and cause of distress to him.

I talked with Joan Crawford the other day. She had not been able to eat for days—nor to sleep. She was so weak that she had to hold onto the backs of chairs while she was working. She had fainted on the set a day or so before.

She had been dickering with the studio over her contract which she had just re-signed. There had been strain and unpleasantness. She had been fretting over her stories and over the breaks she was getting. *Fear*. . . .

JACK GILBERT'S illness came on just after the papers carried the story of his separation from Ina Claire. Jack has had other things to worry him, too, of late—professional matters.

Jack Holt's illness came just before the opening, at the Chinese Theater, of his latest big picture. Worry? Over how it would go—over what it would mean to him? He was ordered to the mountains, in the middle of another picture, for a rest. . . .

McLaglen went to bed with an abcess and was removed to a hospital . . . just after the story broke in the

papers about his brother's suit against him. *Fear*? I think I have never seen so frightened a man as Victor McLaglen!

It has been said that Lila Lee's ill health was induced by excessive dieting. I might point out, also, that Lila had been working day and night, at top speed, with all the energy in her, for a triumphant "come-back" in pictures. Moreover, her collapse came just on the heels of her husband's divorcing her and gaining custody of their child. Lila had been struggling with a divorce court, fighting scandal, working at top pitch—had lost her child whom she adored. A girl who was going through

all those things would scarcely need to diet! Dolores Del Rio's illness came on soon after she was named in a divorce suit, with ensuing unpleasant notoriety. . . .

It was whispered that Rénée Adorée had an unfortunate love affair prior to her retirement to a sanitarium.

Marie Dressler collapsed after making a personal appearance and has not been well since.

Tuberculosis and heart trouble are the chief enemies of actors, it would seem. Both are diseases which result from weakened resistance.

They live under a terrible and constant tension. They must drain their emotional reserves—artificially—every day, hours upon end. Their jobs are not like other jobs. To be a successful actor it is not only necessary to be a good actor—it is also necessary to be a good business man and to be a politician of the first water! They must know how to catch public fancy and hold it—how to create glamor and sustain it. All this, in addition to knowing the difficult technique of their profession!

So—always there is fear. Fear of losing what they have gained; fear of their own limitations; fear of the public which is as ready to stone its idols as to exalt them. Fear, after all, of fate.

Small wonder they break under crises! Small wonder they cannot survive facing their own problems.

Hollywood kills people!



Renée Adorée, who has been ill for months with a nervous breakdown brought on by overwork before the cameras. Jack Gilbert was ill following the recent decrease in his popularity.



Almost every day you read of another player who has been taken ill—or even died. What does Hollywood do to them?



Gary Cooper hasn't been well for months. He's lost a frightful amount of weight. Del Rio was so ill she nearly died not so long ago. What is it about Hollywood that strikes people down?





TONGUE IN HIS CHEEK

By CARTER BRUCE

Clark Gable takes his place among the movie famous—but he meets this honor in his own unusual way

Speaking of Hollywood, Clark says: "The only difference between fame and failure is the most casual 'break,' as I see it." He implies that his success is too accidental to get excited about.



RAMON NOVARRO says: "I believe Clark Gable to be the best starring material we've had in Hollywood for several years!"

Joan Crawford says: "He is just about the grandest actor I've ever had the privilege of working with . . . he'll surely hit the top."

A studio hand says: "I've seen 'em all come and go. But I'm willing to bet anyone in Hollywood a ten-spot that Gable will go farther than any other young man on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot if he is given the chance."

A studio typist pleads: "Can't you do something to keep Clark Gable out of sight? Every time he so much as passes through our office my head starts to reel. If I'm ever going to get this work done . . . well, just keep Gable out of here . . . that's all!"

Yes, that's the way they feel about Clark Gable out at his own studio. What's more, almost all of Hollywood feels the same way. And from the fan mail that is already pouring in . . . in spite of the fact that he has only been in a very few pictures . . . one can easily

guess that the entire country is going for Gable in a big way.

But there is one person who is not at all up-in-the-air about the success of Clark Gable—and that one person is Clark himself.

IN face of the fact that Novarro, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and even the Great Garbo are unusually enthused about him, there are a few memories that hold him with both feet on the ground.

Gable worked "extra" on a picture starring Novarro over five years ago . . . and Novarro didn't even notice him!

He sat at the lunch counter (used by the carpenters, laborers and extras) and watched Joan Crawford lunching in the comparative luxury of a table about twenty feet from the counter. She did not look his way during the entire lunch hour.

He once begged a certain influential director on that lot to give him an opportunity to prove what talent he had, and that same gentleman (Continued on page 104)

THE TRUTH ABOUT

By FAITH BALDWIN

On this page:

In her own brilliant and sympathetic manner, this famous writer gives her reactions to Nancy Carroll's separation

A NOVELIST'S OPINION



Acme

WHEN this issue appears, if present plans go through, the divorce between Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland will be made final.

The scratch of a pen across a legal document will write *finis* to a chapter which was, for seven years, shared by two fine, hard-working and successful young people.

It is not my intention to rehash the newspaper reports and gossip; to discuss publicized motives or to speculate on futures.

I know Nancy Carroll; and I have met Jack Kirkland. It is not my mission to play the feminine Paul Pry into their private affairs or to hurt either one of them through speculations and sensational statements.

But it has been impossible for either or both to keep the knowledge of their break from the daily press and the magazines. One of the great penalties paid for success is publicity. It works both ways. Without public interest, motion picture careers would be very brief indeed. Publicity, however, draws no fine line between work and private lives.

I believe that the Carroll-Kirkland marriage was a happy one—as long as it lasted. I believe it was undertaken with mutual love and mutual ideals and mutual understanding and confidence. It was, of course, a very young marriage. In seven years people change, are bound to; viewpoints alter; so do goals. Seven years of love and laughter, poverty and struggle, luxury and success, and a growing from youth to maturity—this was the marriage of Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland.

There was a great deal of courage in those seven years.

Marriage is not, to my mind, a dispensation, a divine institution. It is a human institution and it deals with human beings. It is faulty, it leaves much to be desired

but so far we have found no working substitute. And it grew from dark beginnings, not, as many people think, to sanction the love of two mortals, but to protect property and to insure the continuation of the race. Divorce was less prevalent formerly than it is today because women were more dependent, economically, upon their husbands than they are now.

I FAIL to see why any blame should rest, or any stigma be attached, to either Miss Carroll or Mr. Kirkland because, having come to the conclusion that their marriage was no longer contributing to their happiness or their growth, they decided to end it, cleanly and without recriminations and in the spirit of two excellent friends, who know one another very well; who realize one another's faults and virtues, but who feel it has become essential, as far as marriage is concerned, to part.

All marriage, at any age, is precarious. It is a very delicate relationship, demanding adjustments of the most difficult kind on both sides. But marriage contracted in extreme youth faces even more pitfalls than that undertaken later in life and in a less adventurous spirit.

Young marriages are compounded of glamor and impulse, a wild enchantment and a frantic reaching out of hands demanding . . . "*this I must possess.*"

Young marriages succeed as often as they fail. That they do fail is no brief against them. Every human being walks alone. Every human being is, and remains, a mystery to those nearest and dearest. In every human being life works its miracles of growth and alteration.

In this particular marriage (Continued on page 98)

NANCY CARROLL

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

On this page:

An intimate and helpful criticism
on Nancy's behavior in the light
of recent events written straight
from the heart of this author

AN OPEN LETTER

Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland, her husband, against whom she filed suit for divorce in Nogales, Mexico. For seven years the Jack Kirklands have led an ideal married life; now—it is over. These articles give you an insight into the psychological issues involved.

DEAR NANCY:

Large blackface type leaped at me from this morning's paper, NANCY CARROLL SEEKS MEXICAN DIVORCE. And I read how, after seven years together, you and Jack Kirkland have parted. There were, I know, lean years and years of plenty. Years when there were just the two of you and when two were enough. And then the last five or more years when Patricia has made three and it has been impossible to think of it any other way. I read how you are closing this important chapter in your lives not with the usual bitter recriminations but with sincere regrets. And how you both feel, if for no other reason than your common interest in Patricia, you never can be anything but good friends. And how you are going to part, sensibly and sanely and still good friends, to go your separate ways under the glare of the curious world's publicity.

And I thought, "It's too bad . . . after seven years . . . is it that they could withstand poverty but not success . . . still, when people marry so young . . . the man a girl adores at eighteen isn't necessarily the man for her at twenty-five . . . and the girl a man adores when she is young and looks up to him as though he were some god isn't the same person at all as that girl grown older, matured, and turned into a self-sufficient and famous movie

star. . . ."

And I also thought "*There goes Irish Nancy. She would become a divorcée and risk the Sweet-Young-Thing illusion that's worth a fortune to her. She would live her life her own way. Regardless! A human being first and a movie star afterwards. That's Nancy always. Well, more power to her!*"

There's something rather grand about a person who always has dared to be true to herself. Without counting the cost. The way you have. I dare say it was far from an easy matter for a little Irish girl born and brought up over on Tenth Avenue to face her family with the shocking news that she didn't intend to earn her living being a nursemaid or a salesgirl, a stenographer or a telephone operator, or in any other way approved by her circle, but that she was going on the stage. Tenth Avenue looks with particular distrust upon the people of the theater with their fine ways and costly clothes and painted faces.

HOW the Murphys, the Clanceys and the O'Rourkes must have talked when your mother, doubtful enough herself in spite of all your protestations, finally admitted to them that you had become a chorus girl. A chorus girl of all things!

"That LaHiff girl," I can hear the Irish women, never happier than when their tongues are busy with foreboding, "it's a no good end she'll be coming to."

And later when you were able to take your mother and father and eleven brothers and sisters from that flat, far too small, that shook to the roar of passing trucks, it's likely enough those same neighbors hanging out of their windows on moving day said:

"Sure, isn't that LaHiff girl the grand one? Haven't I



always been telling you Anna LaHiff was blessed by the birth of her. It's a fine new place she's rented for her ma and pa."

Sincere enough both times because they were Irish.

And when you were dancing in the Shubert shows and there were plenty of men who sat in the front row night after night because of your soft red hair and round blue eyes, again you were true to yourself. You didn't want the diamond bracelets and emerald rings, the champagne suppers and trips to Europe that old men's money would buy. You had time for none of them because, just as Jack Kirkland is now no longer the man for you, then he was the only man. Even if he was a struggling young newspaper man with the reporter's inevitable empty pockets.

AND since you've been a movie star with a weekly salary that in the old days would have kept the LaHiffs in comparative luxury for years, you've been just as honest and independent and sincere. Always you've taken the attitude, "I'll do the best job I know how in the studios, but my private life is my very own. I won't have it encroached upon."

There never was any fictitious southern mansion and ruined family fortune in your biography. You were born and brought up in a poor little flat over on Tenth Avenue and you said so.

You've been steadfast, too, in your stand not to have Patricia publicized even at the risk of causing ill feeling in influential circles, even when this determination resulted in rumors as cruel as they were unfounded, rumors to the effect that Patsy was deformed or half-witted and generally unpresentable.

"Let them say what they will," you told me one day. "Their saying things doesn't make them true. I won't have my child's picture plastered over magazines and newspapers. She isn't on any movie company's payroll and she's entitled to a normal childhood. I don't want her pointed out as a movie star's daughter. I want her to be plain Patricia Kirkland. I want her to have every



Adele Whitely Fletcher, in this open letter, says that Nancy is one of the few movie stars willing to disregard their careers in order to be themselves. No matter what the issue is, she'd face it regardless of the effect on her public. (Above) with Ernest Lawford in a scene from "Personal Maid," Nancy's next. Will her divorce diminish her popularity.

chance to be an individual in her own right, every chance to live her own life."

It takes more courage, I dare say, to be true to yourself as an individual now than it did when you shocked Tenth Avenue and your good mother and father by becoming a chorus girl.

Fame is so short. It is understandable that many should cater to it, fearful otherwise their brief halcyon days will pass before they have harvested a satisfactory fortune, forgetting that life itself is too great a price to pay for financial security and a name spelled in electric lights.

THIS divorce, for instance. If you were associated with more sophisticated rôles it would do you no harm. But you must realize that as things stand there is a chance that your popularity will suffer because of it. We both know several stars who have been going through the motions of being happily married for years rather than risk shattering the Sweet-Young-Thing illusion that lines their pockets with gold.

You should have the reputa- (Continued on page 106)

JACKIE SEARL

Jackie Searl is the only boy "heavy" on the screen. He's now doing his celebrated Mama's Boy stuff in "Huckleberry Finn," but he's anything but a Mama's Boy off screen. He's crazy about football, baseball and stuff like that. His favorite foods are chocolate malted milks and dill pickles. Oh yes, and ice cream cones, too, of course; but we don't need to mention that fact if you've got eyes.

Photograph by Otto Dyar



WHY ARE THEY



Even after Janet Gaynor was married to Lydell Peck it was rumored that she was still in love with Farrell. She was supposed to have broken down when she learned of Charlie's marriage.



Lupe Velez got Gary Cooper from Evelyn Brent. And now, in spite of all the talk about Lupe's and Gary's great happiness, June Collyer is credited with being interested in Gary.



Why is it that certain Hollywood men—not always handsome, either—cause the feminine stars to do battle?

WHAT manner of men are these?

I'm speaking of those few young fellows in Hollywood who are continually blasting into the headlines as causes for love's tugs-o'-war and keeping the whole country agog. What is there about them that they should be made the Grand Prize in front-page tussles in which the darlings of the screen pull their darnedest for love?

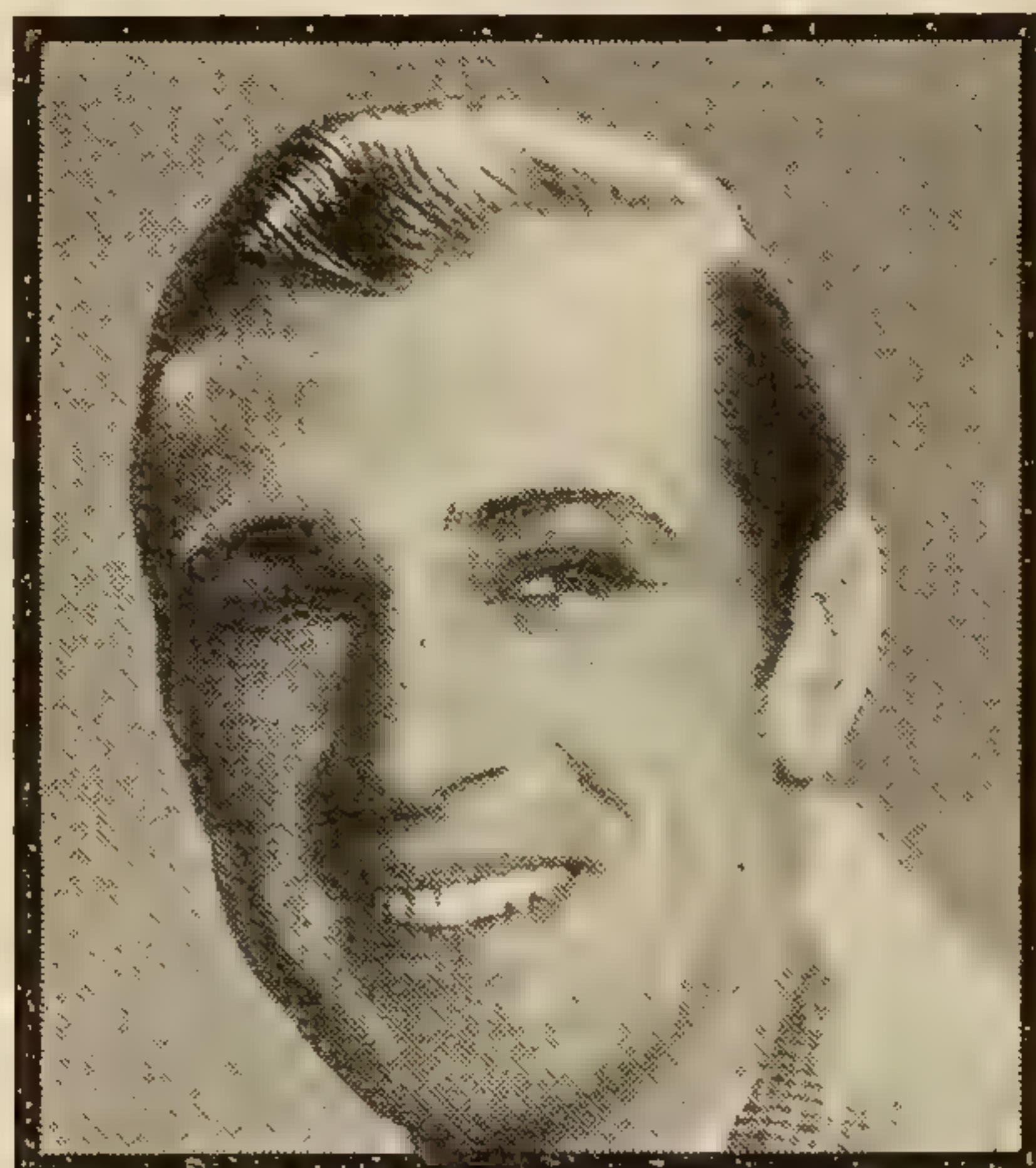
To the average movie fan, who has dreams and hopes of being re-incarnated in the form and face of Gloria Swanson or Connie Bennett, it must be a tough problem. What man could make these gorgeous creatures take sides and argue? "He would have to be at least the best-looking man in creation . . . the most polished and cultured gentleman plus perhaps a bank account that would put him in a class by himself" . . . that's what *you* say!

But—if that is so, what of the Marquis de la Falaise? Joel McCrea? Charlie Farrell? Prince Serge Mdivani? And Gary Cooper?

Of course, it is to be admitted that any one of these gentlemen would cause a fair ripple in most feminine hearts. One or two of them might be the reason for a sub-deb war. But what of such ladies as Swanson, Bennett, Velez, Mackaill and Gaynor?

TAKE our friend, the Marquis. . . .

He's a very quiet, unassuming and charming man. He is the type who much prefers to be called "Hank" than "The Marquis." A nice looking fellow, but one who is far from handsome in the accepted sense. He has a title, yes. But what does such a handle mean to Holly-



First Gary Cooper was reported in love with Clara Bow. Then Evelyn Brent came along and took Gary from Clara. Then Lupe copped him from Evelyn. Is it to be June Collyer from now on?

wood with her fame, wealth and beauty? True, it *did* mean a lot when Gloria first trotted him out for an initial and envious gaze. But then we got used to a flock of titled Russians and what not . . . and before long the *de la* didn't mean so much. Besides, Hank has his own personal and thoroughly charming manner of minimizing the importance of his name and this only tended to lessen its stunning powers the sooner. In fact, I shouldn't be at all surprised to learn that Hank looks upon his appendage as a real hardship in Hollywood where he is trying to live like a human being and work and earn his living.

In the face of such a prosaic demeanor and self-deprecating manner, Hank Falaize was the center of one of the most hectic and hard-fought battles Hollywood has ever witnessed. And the two women who were vying for his heart are none other than two of our most famous sophisticates and beauties . . . Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett. Why did they do it?

The Prince Mdivani was married to Pola Negri when Mary McCormick, the opera singer, bobbed up. It is reported that Mary and Pola fought a classic battle for the coveted Prince.



FOUGHT FOR?

By
WALTER RAMSEY



The battle between Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett over Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye is historical. Just what was it that made these two women so anxious for Hank?

Charlie Farrell is a nice young chap—but Hollywood is full of nice young chaps. Yet it is said that Virginia Valli and Janet Gaynor were rivals—as if he were quite the last man on earth.

Poor, mild little Marquis . . . who wouldn't walk across the street to get his name in the paper, found his full-floating title bandied over the headlines of all the leading news sheets of the country. And he didn't like it! Certainly it isn't the glamor of his royal blood that intrigues two such cosmopolites as these. Certainly it isn't Hank's handsome features or his tall, well-muscled figure.

Because Hank isn't tall . . . or well-muscled . . . or possessed of dazzling features.

AND yet Connie got the kick of a lifetime at a recent Mayfair dance because of the fact that she was there in the company of the Marquis. She thrilled at the opportunity of seeing Gloria at a nearby table. And if our sight isn't failing us, we watched Gloria go out of her way to appear hilariously happy on the occasion, even though she was accompanied by an unknown young broker-about-town. Just what is it about meek Hank that should cause all this showing-off is more than the casual onlooker can fathom.

And when you consider what is *now* taking place, you might even come to the conclusion that it is just a spite war . . . in which Hollywood's famous beauties try to put each other on the well-known spot.

For no sooner did Connie have the Marquis safely in her grasp . . . than there were rumors that she was throwing him over for Joel McCrea.

Joel is said to have a fine family background and a good education. But couldn't as much be said of Hank?

Why this sudden change of heart on the part of Connie? Was her idea to just hold this swell guy (who by some unfortunate chance happens to be a Marquis, and who is doing his best to make us forget it) long enough to put him out of Gloria's reach? It is a well-rumored bit of information that Gloria Swanson divorced the man she was really in love with. Is this the reason for Connie's interest? If it be some other reason, why throw him over so soon?

And the real sting in this Connie Bennett-Joel McCrea romance is that Joel was reported engaged to Dorothy Mackaill just prior to coming under the spell of the elder Bennett daughter! Do you suppose that Connie likes to "show the girls a thing or two" . . . or was it just the atmosphere of spring that made her change her mind?

And the fact that he was engaged (or at least so it was reported) to Dorothy Mackaill . . . and now is seen occupying the chair at the right hand of Connie . . .

puts Joel in the same class as Hank. Nor does he have so much more in the way of heart-breaking appeal than does Hank. In fact, his position as the prize package is a bit hard to understand. What is there about him that places him on the "especially attractive and worthy of fighting for" table. Is he such a bargain?

And look at Charlie Farrell. . . .

FOR years the public has been associating his name in a romantic way with that of Janet Gaynor. Even after she was married to Lydell Peck, Hollywood and the rest of the world kept up a steady line of "Farrell." From an insider, it was even learned that (Continued on page 121)



Henri de la Falaise was the last person on earth who wanted to become a headline figure. But Constance Bennett's sensational battle with Swanson over him made him a national figure.



Joel McCrea was reported engaged to Dorothy Mackaill. Then along came Constance Bennett and rumors flew thick and fast that she and Joel were engaged. What makes him so very popular?

LEW AYRES HAS CHANGED

He admits it himself—willingly, anxiously. And whether you agree with him or not you've got to admire his honesty



(Left) With Greta Garbo in "The Kiss." This picture gave Lew his chance for big success. In those days no one ever said he was upstage. (Above) The Lew of today whom so many people seem to think has gone Hollywood. Lew admits that he's changed—but his reasons are not those of his critics. They're his own—and they're logical.

By S. R. MOOK

A YEAR and a half ago, during the making of "All Quiet On The Western Front," I sat in the Brown Derby with a friend one night. Across the room sat Lew Ayres. I had recently met him and had been vastly impressed with him. He was a quiet, diffident chap—well mannered and uncommunicative. I had seen some "rushes" of the picture, knew he was going to be good and I was enthusing over him.

The "friend" with me was Dorothy Manners, a writer who has been in this business a good deal longer than I. "He's new to pictures, isn't he?" Dorothy responded. "Wait until he's been in it a year or two. Wait and see how he behaves if he clicks. I've seen them come and I've seen them go. Lots of them are swell guys while they're floundering at the bottom, but it's a different tale when they reach the top."

As I came to know Lew better and better I was vaguely disturbed by the memory of what Dorothy had said. It

seemed hard to think that this wholesome, unspoiled kid was some day going to be just another Hollywood actor.

"All Quiet" was released and Lew made a great hit. He made "Common Clay" with Constance Bennett and scored another hit. Then Warner Brothers borrowed him and starred him in "The Doorway to Hell."

Watching him, I knew there had been absolutely no change in him up to then. It was after the latter picture was completed that ever-eager Hollywood was regaled with stories of how Lew had gone "the way of all flesh."

THEN he had another of his famous heart attacks and became interested in a new girl. I left town about that time and was gone for several months. On my return, his "flame" hailed me one day in the Brown Derby. "Have you noticed the change in Lew?" she asked as I slipped into the seat beside her.

"Why, no."

"Well, you will. He's changed more than anyone I've ever seen. He's hard now where he used to be sweet and he's inclined to be selfish where he used to be thoughtful.



Although he knows nothing about astronomy, says this author, Lew loves to get out his telescope and study the stars. It is his way of getting away from things—a habit that is becoming necessary to all of us during these hectic and continually rushed days.

"When we started going together," she continued, "he'd take me out here and there, but now all he wants to do is to sit home at nights."

What she didn't realize is that Lew is in no way different from any other man. When we're trying to impress a girl we are all thoughtful and unselfish, often going places we detest simply to be with them—and because we want to please them. Having got them interested, we revert to type and think it's our turn—that we'll do the things *we* like for awhile.

But her list of grievances grew. There was more to the change than that. In justice to her, she wasn't only looking for sympathy—she was really distressed about it.

As we sat there various pictures of Lew flashed across my mind.

There was the time when he was awakened in the middle of the night by the wailing of a lost kitten in the patio beneath his window. He lay listening to it for a few minutes, got up, went downstairs, got the kitten and took it back to bed with him. As he petted it the wails grew fainter and it finally went to sleep on the pillow beside him.

THERE was another time when he was awakened by the ringing of his doorbell in the early morning. "Who is it?" he called sleepily. Receiving no answer he dozed off. A few seconds later it rang again. He jumped up and opened the door. A young chap stood there beaming. "I'm from the Blank Cleaning Co.," he explained. "Any clothes you'd like taken care of?"

"No," snapped Lew, "and if you ever ring my bell at this hour of the morning again, you'll go out on your ear." He banged the door shut.

"Oh, yeah?" came in muffled tones through the closed door, with something about "you and who else?"

Lew yanked it open. "Yeah!" he said angrily. "Do you think I don't mean it?"

"You might at least give a fellow a chance to apologize without jumping down his throat the minute you see him," said the man. "I didn't know you were asleep."

And Lew stewed around all day until he remembered the name of the cleaning company so he could call the driver up and apologize to him. Needless to say, the boy gets his work now.

REMEMBERING those little incidents, it seemed impossible that a few months of success could have made such a change in him.

One night not long after that we sat before the fire in his living room. "Lew," I asked suddenly, "do you think you've changed much in the past year?"

He regarded me for a moment and then burst out angrily, "Of course I've changed! Nobody stands still. Everybody changes. You outgrow people, as well as conditions and surroundings. If you're a stenographer



or a clerk in a store you don't keep the same friends year after year. Your circle of acquaintances changes and nobody accuses you of becoming high-hat. *They* grow tired of *you* the same as *you* grow tired of *them*. You may change jobs, take up a different line of work and find you have nothing in common with them any longer. There are only a few friends who last.

"Well, it's the same with me. I changed jobs and I haven't anything in common any more with the people I used to know when I worked in an orchestra. Recently people began saying I'd 'gone Hollywood,' so I spent a whole afternoon calling on fellows I'd known in orchestras—just to show them I didn't consider myself above them and that I still liked them, etc.

"They had just two things to talk about. They wanted the low-down—the 'dirt'—on all the big people in pictures and I *couldn't* talk about that. The other thing they had to discuss was the various orchestras in town—who was playing where, what jobs were open, who'd be apt to get them and all that sort of thing. The afternoon was a failure.

"If they want to think I'm high-hat, they'll just have to think so.

"Look here," he went on, "you're a friend of mine—I still see you as much as I ever did—and Russell Gleason and Bennie Alexander. Do *you* think any little success I've had has gone to my head? If I were trying to associate only with 'big shots' it would be different. I'm not. I know some but I'm not intimate with them. As I said a while ago, a person only has a few friends and they don't change. It's only our acquaintances that change—people who, at best, have only known you slightly and they're the ones who go around talking about you. Under ordinary circumstances the acquaintanceship could die and they'd never give it a thought."

EVERY word of which was true. That Lew has changed there can be no doubt. Yet they are natural changes, changes that the immutable laws of living and, particularly living within the confines of the picture industry, bring about in one.

He *has* hardened—but so has everyone else out here I know, including myself. A year and a half ago Lew was ready for a serious pow-wow any time—a confab on

"the serious things of life." Try to get him into a serious conversation today. He only wants to joke and laugh—to laugh above everything. But it is a hard, metallic laugh.

Just after "All Quiet" was released I went with him to have some pictures made. "Smile, Lew," pleaded the photographer. "All we've got are 'straight' pictures."

"I can't smile," Lew protested. "I don't know how. I don't feel natural when I smile."

He smiles now, all right, but it is the bitter smile of disillusionment.

On the night we sat in front of his fire, he suddenly picked up a telescope he had recently bought.

"Come on," he said and led the way upstairs to a balcony from which we could look at the stars. He knows nothing of astronomy but will sit for hours gazing at the heavens.

"In tune with the infinite?" I mocked, as he cocked the telescope against his eye and squinted.

"Confound it, leave me *something*, won't you?" he retorted. A few minutes later he turned to me again. "You can laugh and sneer all you want to, but after a time, out here, you come to realize that the only peace you get is from association with nature—not people."

Oh, yes. Lew has changed. He used to be uncertain of himself. When you asked him a question he had a habit of running his hand in his hair, looking at you in a bewildered sort of way and answering, "Oh, I don't know" as he groped for words with which to express himself.

He doesn't ruffle his hair any more. Neither does he grope for words.

Yet with the changes there are certain fundamental traits in his character which remain unchanged. He expects very little from his friends—neither great loyalty nor service. He and another juvenile were under contract to Pathé at the same time and they used to go around together a bit. Then this other chap got a break and started forging ahead, while Lew was let out by Pathé. The first one promptly forgot Lew—or pretended to.

Shortly after the opening of "All Quiet" he called Lew on the 'phone and they spent an evening together. Knowing something of this other juvenile I remarked to

Lew that if he hadn't scored such a success I doubted that he would ever have seen the chap again.

"Oh, I'm aware of *that*," he answered, "but it doesn't worry me. Few people cultivate you unless you amount to something. If I can spend an evening with someone and get a few laughs out of it, I've got no kick coming."

Ayres at twenty-two has the outlook on life that a successful business man of fifty or sixty might have. A realization of the fact that each is entirely on his own—of the futility of expecting help or genuine friendship.

Small wonder that he turns to the stars and woods and mountains for companionship and understanding.



Lew is not the naïve young chap he was a couple of years ago. And no wonder! His rise to stardom has opened his eyes to many phases of what we call human nature of which he was ignorant before.

"Of course I've changed! Nobody stands still. Everybody changes. You outgrow people as well as your surroundings."



CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS NAPOLEON—A REAL SCOOP FOR MODERN SCREEN

This picture of Charlie has never before been published. The story is that one afternoon Charlie's whim was to see himself in the habiliments of the man of destiny and immediately secured the services of a photographer—with the above result. The pictures were made for his own amusement—not for publicity—and, as far as we know, the original of this reproduction is the only one in existence outside of Charlie's possession. In Adele Whitely Fletcher's story on the following page there is an interesting reference to Chaplin's fondness for comparing himself to Napoleon.

HAVE YOU AN



Joan Crawford owes her success to her inferiority complex. Chaplin has a Napoleonic complex (see the preceding page). Harold Lloyd's inferiority complex has helped him put over his tremendously successful screen character. And thus it is with many of the stars.

As exemplified by the stars
an inferiority complex can
help instead of hinder you

By ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

THIS is a story about that blessing in disguise, an inferiority complex. A complex, according to the psycho-analysts, from which just about fifty per cent. of the population suffers. In Hollywood where you might reasonably expect to find a surfeit of the superiority complex instead, it runs riot. In spite of their great fame and their self-made fortunes, the stars enjoy no serene confidence in themselves. Many of them are over-sensitive, with feelings that are easily hurt. Others suffer from fear that they will not appear to good advantage. And time and time again I have heard the screen's loveliest ladies admit to having been miserable after some party at which they felt they had said the wrong thing or in some way acted inadvisedly.

If the movie people were otherwise, it is fairly safe to say they wouldn't be stars. For all these unpleasant experiences are unmistakable symptoms of an inferiority complex. Without this, however, no one is likely to be



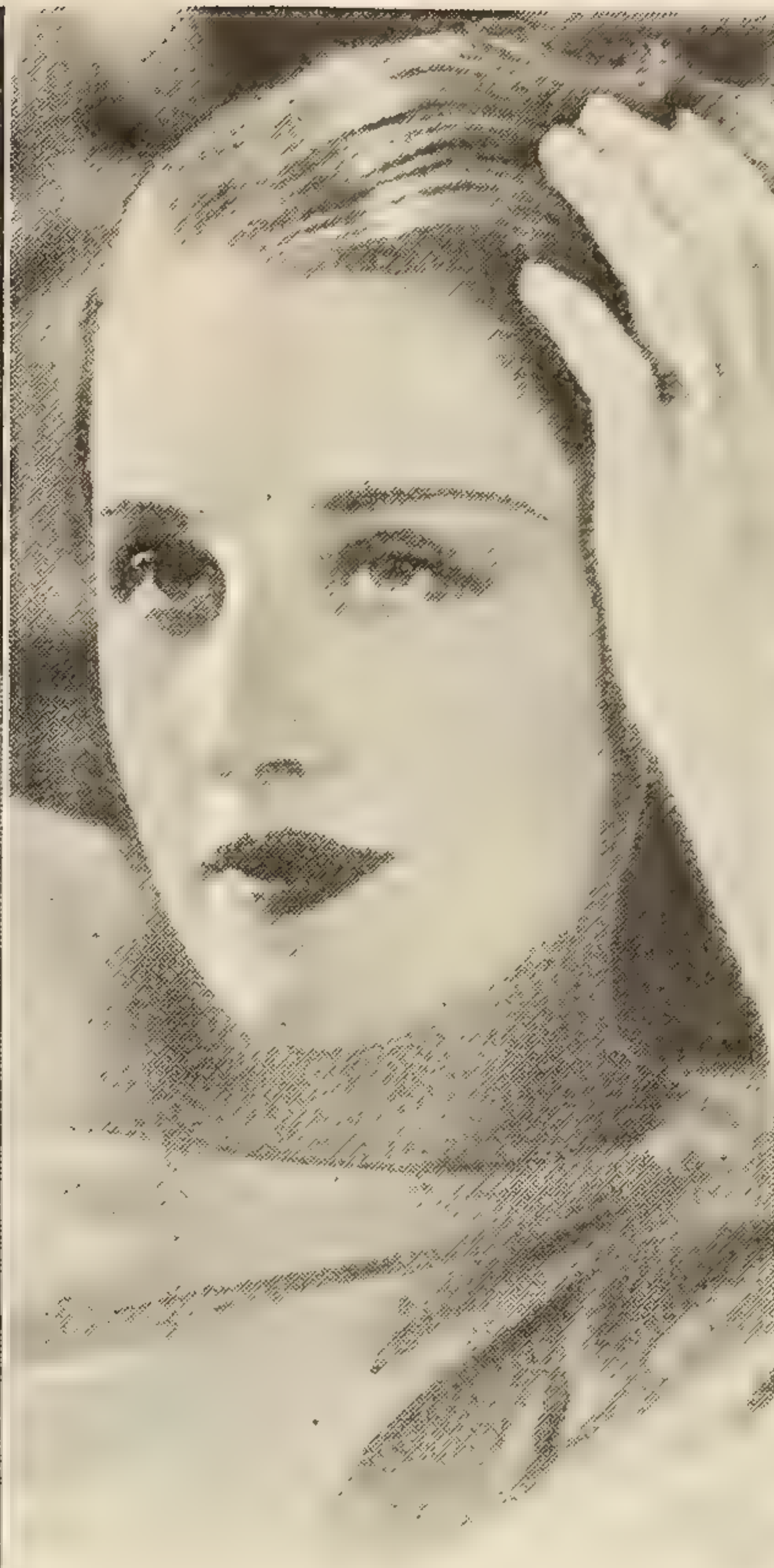
spurred on to reach for success. "I'll show the world" is the battle cry of those who feel under-rated. And it is, often enough, in the process of "showing the world" that they make good. That is where the blessing part comes in.

Let us consider some of the stars.

There is, for instance, Harold Lloyd. Even today, with his position assured, Harold is very shy. He wouldn't think of getting up at a party and doing stunts. And when anyone else performs he frankly admits that he sits back and sort of prays they will come through all right. He is ever conscious of peoples' disposition to criticize and what people say matters to him tremendously. You can almost tell by Harold's sensitive face how easily his pride would be hurt. Not for anything would Harold risk making himself a target for verbal barbs such as he has heard directed at others.

I REMEMBER when Harold was planning the home he now occupies and many architects had submitted designs. One evening after a dinner party at the Lloyds a group of us were considering the blue prints which were spread before us on the library floor. With a delightful young enthusiasm Mildred Lloyd pointed out

INFERIORITY COMPLEX?



Garbo is one of the few screen stars who apparently is not bothered by any complexes whatever. Charles Ray, on the other hand, actually ruined his career because of an inferiority complex which warped his judgment and distorted his vision.

Norma Shearer was smart enough to realize that her inferiority complex was becoming a liability and to do something about it. Charlie Farrell, too, is one of the screen people whose success has been helped by that blessing in disguise, an I. C.

the different features . . . the double curving stairway which led to a balcony overlooking the spacious entrance hall . . . the private stairs from the master's suite to the nursery . . . the flower room with shelves for bowls and vases and a long built-in counter for the assortment of the day's supply from the gardens.

Later Harold and I were alone for a few minutes. He nodded at the plans and asked, apparently casually, "Do you think it's too much?" Which is typical of Harold. Too much elegance would be the last thing in the world of which he would wish to seem guilty. Without an inferiority complex, of course, Harold wouldn't give a darn what people thought or said. It never would occur to him that he might be criticized. He would go ahead and have what he wanted and be entirely satisfied that what he had was perfect. But Harold, like all people with an inferiority complex, is eager for the approval of his fellow-men.

Sometimes, as might be expected, such a complex retards progress. I happen to know that it did with Harold. When he was trying to get started in pictures he was given a letter of introduction to Alan Dwan. It was, he admits, days before he found the courage to present this letter. He says he could imagine Dwan looking at him and wondering what made some people think they would be good in pictures. And although Dwan was very cordial when Harold did meet him and although he explained that while there was nothing open at the time a new picture was to be cast in three weeks and suggested Harold return then. Harold never went back. He says he couldn't bear to place himself in the ignominious position of having Dwan do something for him merely because he had brought a letter from a mutual friend.

HOWEVER, even though Harold's complex has at different times retarded his progress it is probably the most valuable asset he possesses. Besides having forced him to get out and prove that he is good it is, I am sure, responsible for his great attraction off the screen as well as on. Everyone expresses the warmest regard for Harold. From his fear of pushing himself where he might not be wanted comes his charm. In his spirit of humility lies his appeal. Because of these things, when Harold faces tremendous odds on the screen his audience always is one hundred per cent. for him, the women mentally mothering him while the men mentally champion him.

Then there's Douglas Fairbanks. Doug displays the symptoms of a social inferiority complex. He is ever conscious of caste. To Doug is attributed the exclusiveness of "Pickfair." And it was Doug who agitated for and particularly enjoyed the European vacations during which he and Mary were entertained by kings and queens and lords and ladies. Invariably Doug fusses about in his pocket for a letter from Don Alfonso, ex-King of Spain, or tells about the time he and Mary visited Lord So-and-So at his hunting box in Scotland.

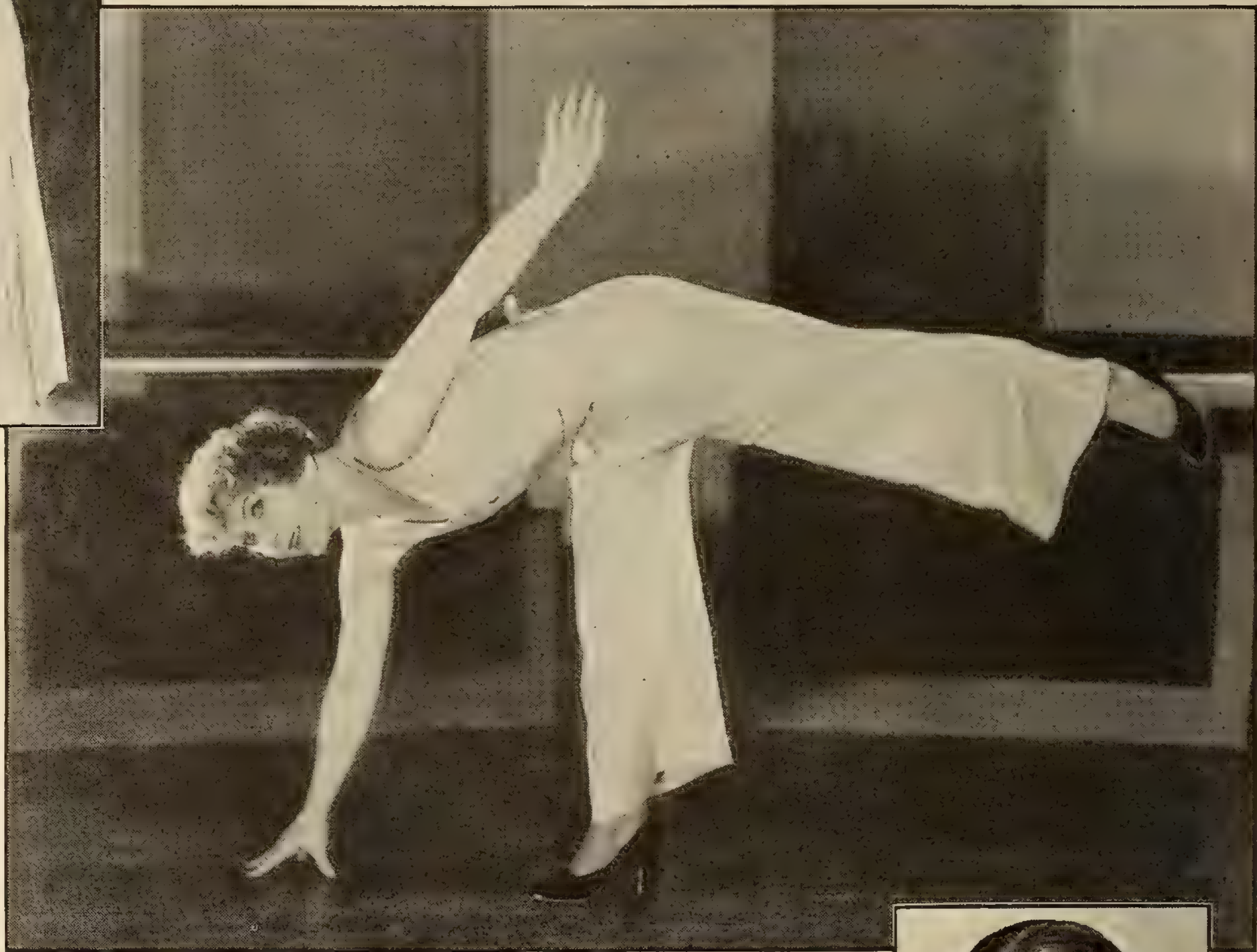
It may have been to make up for the lack of any listing in a Social Register that Doug, in his youth, set out to develop his physical prowess and his brain and imagination to a point where these things would merit admiration and bring him a superiority. There is, you see, a mechanism deep in all of us that automatically goes about making up for our deficiencies or what we believe to be our deficiencies. When we have an inferiority complex our struggle for esteem and our desire to impress the world is never ending. (Continued on page 99)



HOLLYWOOD'S BEAUTY CZARINA

By FAITH BALDWIN

Sylvia gets her amazing results of slim forms and slender waists by her own method of slapping. She knows how to give the girls—and the men, too—a firm hand, but not a great big one. She bullies and rants at the stars and has no fear of any of them—no matter how famous and stellar they may be.



WHO is Sylvia? This question, asked so melodiously by the song, has never been answered. But as far as I am concerned, I can tell you all about one very special Sylvia, once of Norway, and now of Hollywood.

She is Madame Sylvia Ulbeck, the small and vibrant lady who takes a sock at the Hollywood stars—literally, not figuratively, or perhaps in one sense I should say figuratively, also—and *makes them like it*.

They must like her, too. I don't see how they could help it.

I don't know exactly what a sockdolager is, but if it is what I think it is, so is Sylvia!

Sylvia's clientele reads like the Blue Book of Hollywood, for it is Sylvia who polishes the stars until they



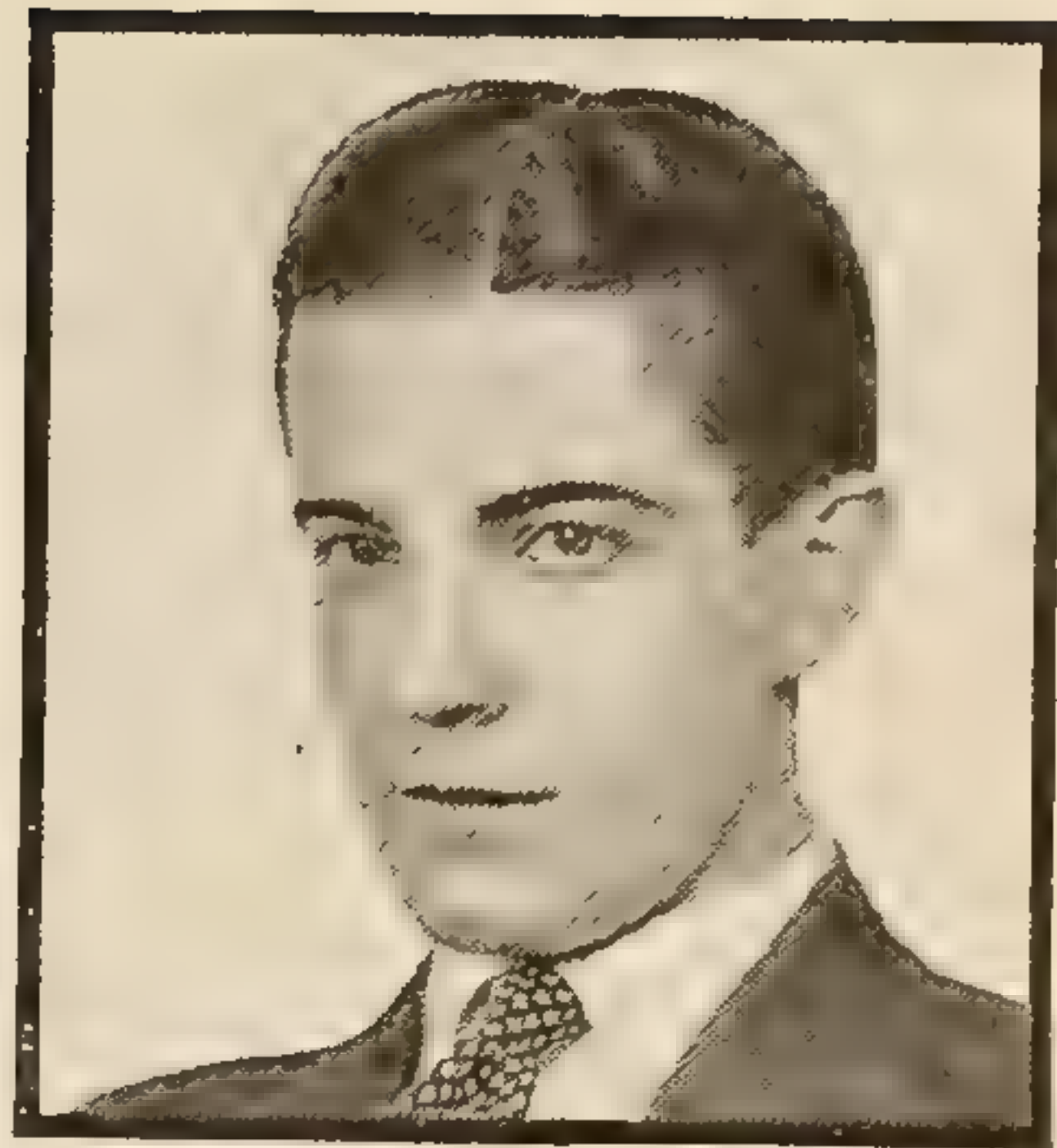
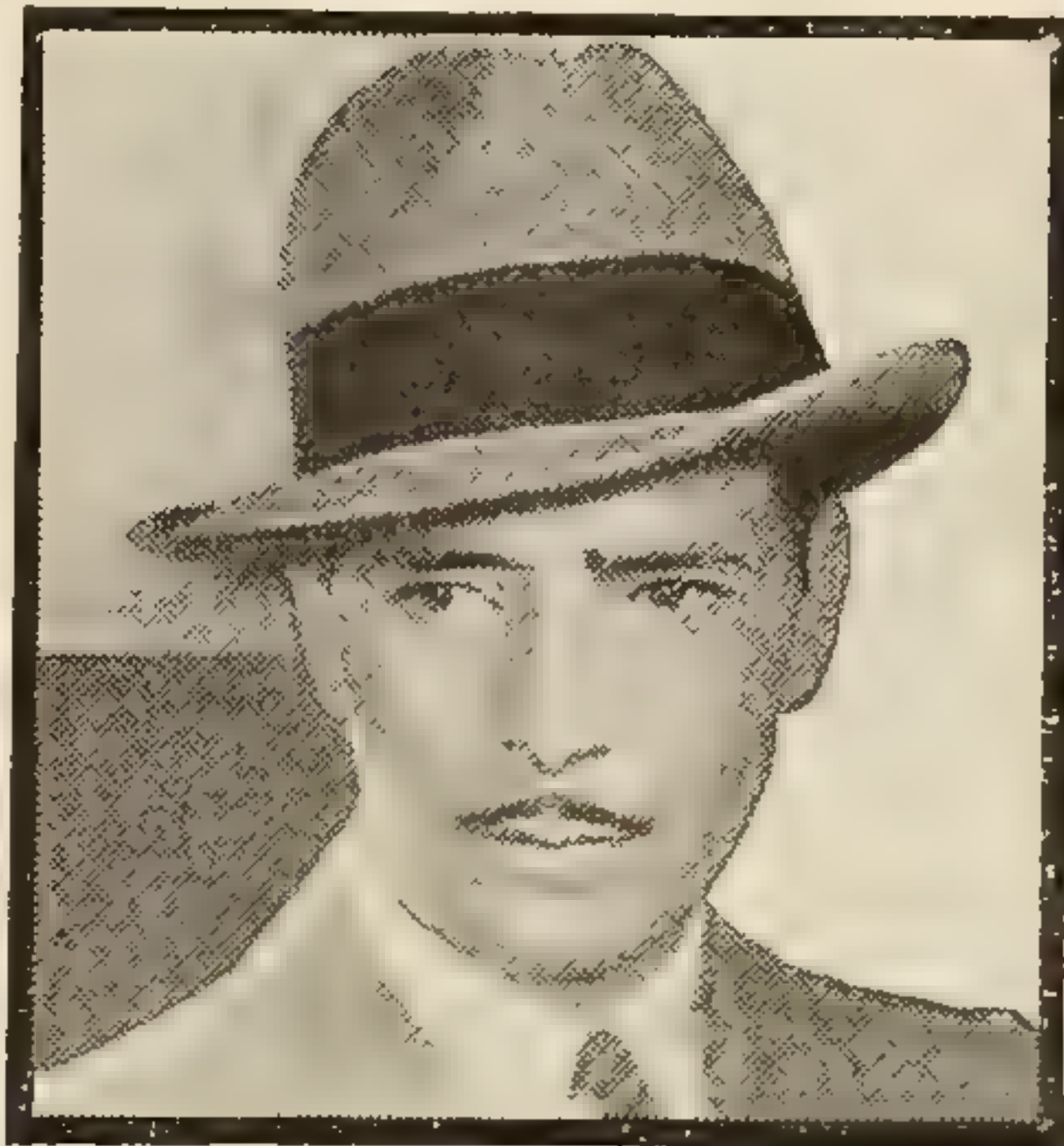
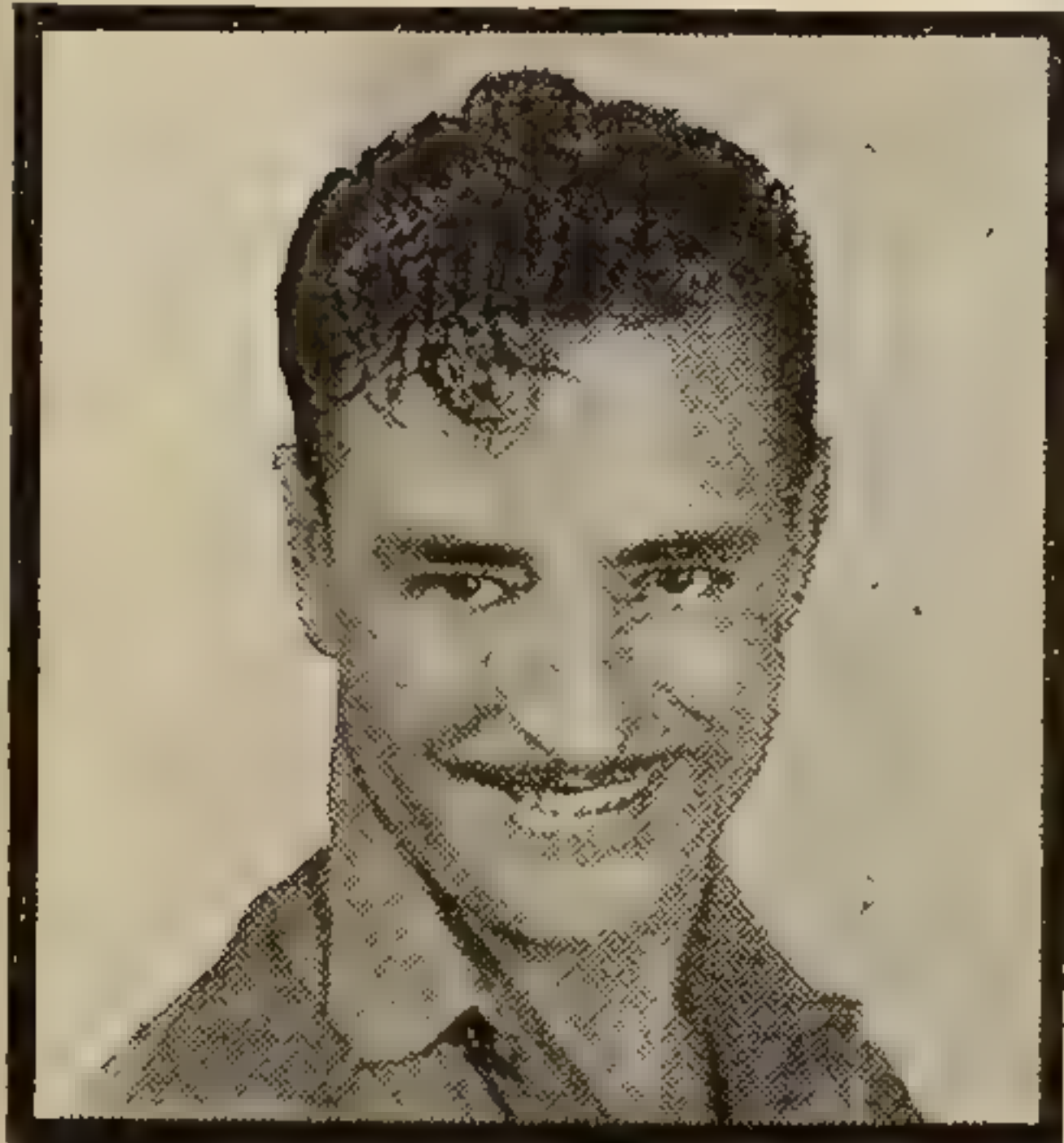
Every one of the people in these small pictures across the page are clients of Sylvia's. She keeps their weight down and their spirits up.

The movie industry not only has a czar but a czarína—a czarína of beauty. Sylvia Ulbeck is her name and she rules her subjects with a will that brooks no disobedience

really twinkle. It is she who puts them on their feet and keeps them there. It is she who makes them fit, and if, as has been suggested, she is a Norwegian feminine Simon Legree, then to be slave-driven by Sylvia must be a pleasure!

Among the women and men of the screen who go regularly to Sylvia for her treatments are the Bennett girls, Ann Harding, Gloria Swanson, Helen Twelvetrees, Mary Lewis, Norma Shearer, Carmel Myers, Carmelita Geraghty, Rod Colman, Eddie Lowe, Ernest Torrence, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro and many others.

SYLVIA has recently been in New York. Over a luncheon table she expounded to me some of her philosophy of life and her psychology of beauty. She is her



own best advertisement. She has a son twenty-eight years old, so you can see she must be over thirty! She is very tiny, she weighs one hundred and two pounds, she has small round wrists exactly like steel, and great blue eyes like flowers.

She has corn-colored hair, cut short, a slender, unlined neck, a smooth blond skin, and a dear little pointed face. And she radiates health and enthusiasm and optimism.

In the first place, Sylvia's famous treatments *are not* massage. She has been much publicized as a super-masseuse. This is not true. Her treatment includes no massage as we know it. "Massage relaxes," says Sylvia, "my system tones, stimulates, lifts the muscles, sets the glands to functioning properly, assists the circulation and puts you up on your toes."

In order to illustrate how the glands must be waked up from their torpor, she leaped over toward me at the luncheon table, and to the astonishment of Park Avenue spectators and head waiters, struck me a mighty blow between the shoulder blades. It did not disconcert her that I was eating stewed cherries at that time. It didn't me, either. I have, as I informed her, perfect nerve control. I merely removed a pit and thanked my stars that I hadn't swallowed it.

Whereupon Sylvia seized me by the arm. I felt the pressure of her strong little fingers for ten minutes after she had removed them. "Flabby," she said, sorrowfully—and truthfully.

You see, she tells everybody the truth. She says, "I insult them. I appeal to their vanity. I say to them . . . you're just a slug. How do you expect me to get you fit

for the new jobs in ten days? Am I a miracle worker? Very well, I'll try, but you'll have to mind me. Do you hear?"

They hear. And as in old China "listen is obey" when Sylvia speaks.

Her first rule for general health, as well as for reducing, is to put her clients on a three day liquid diet. This diet is carefully worked out to the benefit of the red corpuscles. It is indulged in every two hours and includes lemon or grape fruit juice in water, meat or vegetable bouillon, strained, clear tea or coffee, tomato juice and liquid gelatine. When the three days have passed—and quickly, too, reaching for a glass at two-hour intervals—her clients are allowed a heavier diet. This one includes two salads a day, one with tomato and with cottage cheese, the other with pineapple and cream cheese, a small baked potato, and a thick round of whole wheat toast as well as three vegetables, carefully selected, and plenty of fresh fruit save in cases of colitis patients who are permitted stewed fruit only.

SYLVIA'S treatments, as I have said, are not massage. The only massage given is that of the abdomen and stomach muscles. The rest of it is a rotary, kneading movement, a lifting of the muscles and a very sound slapping. This slapping has, I assure you, all the old-fashioned technique of the woodshed, or the felt slipper in the nervous hand. However, Sylvia's hands are not nervous, they are strong, they are sure, they are scientific and they are deadly to flabby, superfluous flesh, for her entire treatment is based upon a breaking up of the fat cells.

You may think I know not whereof I speak. Oh, but I do! In the interest of my readers—to say nothing of my figure—I have taken a treatment. Or rather, I have been given one. "Be at my hotel at nine o'clock tomorrow morning," said Sylvia to me at the luncheon table and fixed me with an enormous blue eye, "without fail. And I'll show you."

She did.

I took it on the chin—and liked it. No, not exactly on the chin but on most of the rest of my anatomy. Sylvia sings while she works. She sings because she likes to work. I also think she sings to drown out the screams of her prone victims. They tell me in Hollywood she keeps a phonograph going.

Well, she didn't make me scream. I saw to that. I grinned and bore it. I've been spanked before—although not for a number of years. For the honor of the literary profession I said no word. Sylvia was proud of me. She told me so.

Moreover, I felt grand. And I had just met a friend of Sylvia's who had lost four (Continued on page 112)



A young man who wanted to become a business man—and became an actor simply because his father happened to be a famous theatrical figure. Wherever he went, Phillips was always called upon to appear in theatricals. He never really cared about them. And so today we find him one of the screen's most successful young leading men who is a little bored and fed up with it all—and that's no pose on his part.

THE SADDEST YOUNG MAN IN TALKIES

Phillips Holmes is "enjoying" a fame in the movies which he does not want. Inexorable circumstances made him an actor

By CHARLESON GRAY



As Clyde Griffiths, the unfortunate young murderer, in "An American Tragedy." Sylvia Sidney plays opposite him. Many a movie hero would be glad to play this coveted rôle.

TWENTY-THREE years old, and perfect health. A head that might have been created by Praxiteles, greatest of Greek sculptors. Money. Automobiles. Clothes. A lovely home. A fame which in two brief years has developed so amazingly that he might have been written about by the poet Cowper, well over a century ago:

"Some shout him, some hang upon his car
To gaze into his eyes and bless him. Maidens wave
Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy."

And yet—

And yet, to me, the possessor of all those pleasant things—and more—is the saddest of all Hollywood's innumerable sad young men.

So I write in all sincerity, for I have a genuine inter-

est in Phil Holmes. We met when first he came to Hollywood, and I suppose we became friends partly because we both recently had left our respective universities, partly because he was as anxious to get back to Europe as I was, partly because in the movie babel we spoke more or less the same language, partly because I was able to give him some advice of rather dubious value during the lonely and heartsick period which followed his arrival.

PHIL had no wish to be in Hollywood, of all places—to be a movie actor, of all things. He never wanted to be an actor of any kind, and if he had been the son of a butcher or broker or automobile maker, I'm sure he never would have become an actor. But it happens that he is the son of Taylor Holmes, and all his life he never has been allowed to forget that he is the son of a famous trouper.

THE elder Holmes had little to do with this fact, directly. While the usual player-father possesses the evergreen hope of establishing or perpetuating a great theatrical name, Taylor Holmes was both considerate enough and wise enough to let the boy select his own life work. But Phil's school friends were not so inclined. At every institution he attended he was faced by the belief that the son of a good actor must be a good actor. And because in this case the assumption happened to be true, it is that attitude on the part of his classmates which today causes Phil to be perched atop the Hollywood ladder—discontented and bored by the whole glittering show.

Phil's friends started early to shape his career. Impressed by his adolescent good looks, and crediting him in some mysterious way with the thespian abilities of his father, the dramatic students of his high school persuaded



With Buddy Rogers in "Varsity," the film which was made at Princeton and in which Phillips Holmes made his bow before the movie public. It was his first step in his unwanted success.



The young Phillips with his mother and father long before the movies hailed him. Taylor Holmes, Phillips' dad, has lately been appearing on the stage in "The Real McCoy." See any resemblance between them?

him to take the leading parts in their productions. This was repeated when he entered the Newman School to prepare for Dartmouth.

But before he entered the New Hampshire college his mother, a most intelligent as well as gracious woman, observed that he was gradually being forced into activities for which he had small taste. So instead of enrolling at Dartmouth, Phil was sent to Henley House, at Tunbridge Wells, England, as a preliminary to attending Cambridge. Concluding his studies at this school, he for a time attended the French university of Grenoble, and registered at Cambridge in 1927.

Phil came to love the great English university. He appreciated its ancient buildings and ivy-covered walls. He liked the soft voices, the dry humor and polite manners of the people. He liked the habit of undergraduates entertaining with dinners in their rooms. And soon he found himself a part of the life which moves at a leisurely pace suited to his temperament.

OF all the young Americans who have gone to school in England, I do not think there is one who enjoyed more of a social success than Phil Holmes. Sensing his inherent refinement and delight with their calm manner of life, the English opened their hearts to him and accepted him as one of their favored own. The slow days cruised by, each scrolled with a charming pattern of beauty and learning, and Phil was immersed in the happiest time of his life.

It came to the end through the illness of his mother. Although Mrs. Holmes' malady was not serious, Phil returned to this country and, once here, he thought that for the time he had better remain. To finish the year he entered Princeton University—from whence, it is interesting to note, not long before, the young man who guides the editorial destiny of this magazine had departed.

At Princeton, Phil was once again the victim of his good looks and famous name. The Triangle Club promptly chose him as the "leading lady" for "Napoleon Passes," the 1928 show. Princeton, not being a co-educational school, all of the feminine parts in these shows are

taken by boys. Phil gave promise of being the swellest leading lady in the Club's history.

So he proved; and "Napoleon Passes," during its Christmas vacation run through eighteen Eastern cities, was a huge success. For Phil, however, the notoriety which he received in connection with his performance was of a rather uncertain value. True enough, he had won the distinction of having played a Triangle lead while still a first year man—but he also had called a marked attention to his extreme good looks. He became afraid that this latter, coupled with the fact of his great success in a girl's rôle, might cause him to be considered somewhat less masculine than was actually the case.

THERE is an inevitable course open to a perfectly normal youth who fears being thought effeminate, and naturally Phil adopted it. He got very, very tough. A member of the 150 pound

crew, he became even more athletic than before. He drank twice as much as the university's most zealous elbow-bender. When he spoke, it was out of the corner of his mouth—after having removed a long black cigar. He was seen only in the company of the institution's so-called more hardened characters. An over-sensitive boy working hard to be looked upon as a rough and perhaps sinister individual.

It would all have been rather laughable. Except for one thing.

And then the gentlemen of Paramount Pictures had an elegant idea. They wanted to make a collegiate picture, and they decided that they would go to a real college to make it. When approached on the subject, the authorities of Princeton were rather dubious, but at last they agreed to let their campus be used as the locale of the production. In gratitude the company offered to give the school's best actor a part in support of the cinematic efforts of Charles "Buddy" Rogers.

Phil Holmes promptly was shoved forward. His physical suitability was easily apparent, and his flair for things dramatic was related to the director at great length. Frank Tuttle, who was handling the megaphone, was given to understand that the late star of "Napoleon Passes" was one of those theatrical events which happen but once in a lifetime. Mr. Tuttle, being a Yale man, may have been a trifle dubious. But in the end Phil was cast as Rogers' room-mate in "Varsity."

THE results were swift. Phil screened well, his voice came through excellently, and his poise was unmistakable. When the campus scenes were concluded he was asked to go to Hollywood to make some final shots. He was to return to his classes by airplane. But he never did.

I suppose that Phil will always regret that, caught by the glamor of the film city, he did not return to Princeton when "Varsity" was completed. But Hollywood was new and fascinating, and his work in the picture had been so outstanding that he was offered a contract to become one of the company's featured (Continued on page 120)

DYNAMIC DOLORES

A startling angle on the woman who has made a devoted husband of the once riotous Barrymore

By WILBUR MORSE, Jr.

THE Madonna of the Screen," they used to call Dolores Costello—her press agents and the public. MODERN SCREEN has a new name for the youngest Barrymore's bride . . . "Dynamic Dolores."

Whether or not the public will accept this new label on an old favorite remains to be learned following the general release of "Expensive Women," Dolores Costello's



Dolores Costello is not only the sweetheart of John Barrymore, she's his housekeeper—the first who has ever featured his favorite dish at supper. And a nurse—the first who has ever been able to shoo away bothersome "boogies" and tuck him into bed to sleep serenely. Dolores is dynamic in a quietly powerful manner.

first picture in two years—her first movie since she became the mother of Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore.

For if "Expensive Women" is a success, Dolores Costello, film favorite of the silent days, will resume her picture career as a star of the talkies with all the "petty round of daily duties and concerns" such a status demands.

If "Expensive Women" is what they call a "flop," Mrs. John Barrymore will resume her rôle of wife and mother and give her undivided attention to the rearing of one Barrymore and the shearing of another.

For shorn—clipped close, close to his bony shoulder blades—are the wings of profligacy which once were the boast of John Barrymore, the toast of his feminine



friends and the talk of the whole nation.

That's why MODERN SCREEN has a new slogan for gentle Dolores Costello. His third wife has turned John Barrymore from a prodigal playboy into a proud papa. A quiet voiced, clear eyed young girl, who used to hear her mother and "the great lover of the screen" roar over tempestuous tales of the theater, has domesticated Don Juan.

"Dynamic Dolores . . ."

JUST how completely John Barrymore has reversed his philosophy since his marriage was told in MODERN SCREEN last month. In the first interview he has given since his wedding, John Barrymore, whose fence jumping used to be a tradition of club bars, talked on modern morals. His theme was "Chastity Is Exciting."

Hollywood holds Dolores Costello responsible for the domestication of Don Juan. But Hollywood has heard little—first hand—from the lady herself on the subject. Dolores Costello, in recent years, has been as loath to give "love life" interviews as her husband, who hates them.

Without the aid of any discharged servants, forcing no kitchen doors, using no half-hinted threats of blackmail, your correspondent was recently complimented by being invited to write the first magazine interview Mrs. John Barrymore has given since she held her baby up to be christened and answered a priest's catechism.

Not many weeks ago, I spent (Continued on page 110)

ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH



JOHN BARRYMORE ONCE ASKED
A FEMININE INTERVIEWER TO DARN
HIS SOCKS WHILE HE DRESSED.



WILL ROGERS WANTED TO BE
A MINISTER — UNTIL HE GOT
THE GUM CHEWING HABIT.



PAUL LUKAS LEARNED HOW TO TALK
ENGLISH FOR THE MICROPHONES BY
LISTENING TO PHONOGRAPH RECORDS



THERE IS A THEATER SEAT FOR EVERY 10 PERSONS IN THE U.S.
(YOU STAND IN LINE BECAUSE ALL 10 WANT IT AT ONCE.)



THAT BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD,
MARY ASTOR, PROBABLY HAS
MORE FRECKLES THAN ANY OTHER
FEMININE STAR

THE STARS PATRONIZE THE STARS

Many Hollywood players own a business as a side-line—and fellow players are often their best clients

By HARRY D. WILSON

HOLLYWOOD is the seventh heaven for the celebrity chaser. He's rubbing elbows with the stars at every turn. There was a time when the mere mention of a movie star dining in a popular boulevard café, or shopping in a smart store, meant a riot call and the police rushed to the scene to clear traffic.

Those days are over. Now when Mr. Chaser stops to buy a loaf of bread or pulls in to have his gas tank filled, he is likely to find some celebrity-owner of the place

checking the day's profits and putting the shop to rights.

The stars have a finger in every kind of business venture imaginable, from a hamburger stand to an antique shop. It might even be said that a person could actually live and keep house by shopping at the establishments owned by movie notables.

There's a reason for this. Old man depression threw a bad scare into Wall Street backers of big picture corporations. In turn, the studios began to cut down salaries and let options drop. Something just had to be done.



Raymond Griffith's market is one of the show-places of Hollywood. It's a drive-in affair, done in modernistic style, and was designed by Lloyd Wright. It is composed entirely of sheetmetal. (Right) Customer Louise Fazenda buys some tomatoes from owner Ray Griffith. (Above) Panorama view of Ray's market.



The pictures on these pages were especially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by Bert Longworth, Jack Van Kuper, W. J. van Rossem and Keystone Photo Service

The stars are no longer reckless with their money—they re-invest in Hollywood enterprises

(Right) Marion Shilling, who works for RKO-Pathé, enjoys the pool in Esther Ralston's beauty salon regularly. Esther's salon is considered one of the finest equipped in the country. Any number of the stars patronize it.



(Above) Marian Marsh gets her car washed at William Beaudine's car laundry. Bill's place is the receiving station of many of the stars' cars which arrive in pretty messy condition and depart in spotless and shiny state.



(Left) Many of Hollywood's laundries are owned or part-owned by Hollywood movie people. Charlie Chaplin is said to own one of them. Neil Hamilton takes his laundry personally to the store and gets the benefit of that not-to-be-sneezed-at 20% discount.

Noah Beery's Paradise Trout Farm is a regular hang-out for the motion picture people who are looking for a little relaxation. (Lower left) Don Dillaway, Fox player, Noah and C. Henry Gordon, noted character actor. (Below) Noah and his son, Noah Beery, Jr.

Those who knew the value of a dollar began to look around for other sources of income. Thus sprang up a regular crop of star-owned enterprises. In some instances business ventures were hobbies. In most cases, hobby or otherwise, they proved profitable.

Charlie Chaplin was one of the pioneers in venturing into the sideline racket when he helped stake Harry Bergman, a comedian pal, to a high-class delicatessen-restaurant. Henry started modestly with a few tables. It was not long before he expanded into larger quarters. Now Henry's is the celebrated place to see, eat, and be seen in Hollywood. A modernistic laundry also proudly claims Chaplin as one of its owners.

Just around the corner from Henry's is the El Portal baby golf course—one of the few survivors of the craze.





Charles Bickford owns a chain of gas stations in and around Hollywood and once in a while personally superintends the sale of gas to passing motorists. That's Dorothy Jordan who is about to say, "Five, please—how much?"

Fritzi Ridgeway, film actress, owns the Hotel del Tahquitz at Palm Springs. Loads of the film people go there when they want to get away from things for a spell. There are over a hundred rooms in the building and it's a poor week-end indeed when the SRO sign is not being used. In the front row you'll find Sally Blane. In the second row, Rosita Duncan and Dorothy Janis. Among those in the back row is Gwen Lee.



William Haines' antique shop in Hollywood is well patronized by the stars. Hedda Hopper recently bought some things there. At the right is the exterior and below is the interior. Miss Hopper is talking to Larry Sullivan, Bill's secretary, who runs things when Bill is at the studio.

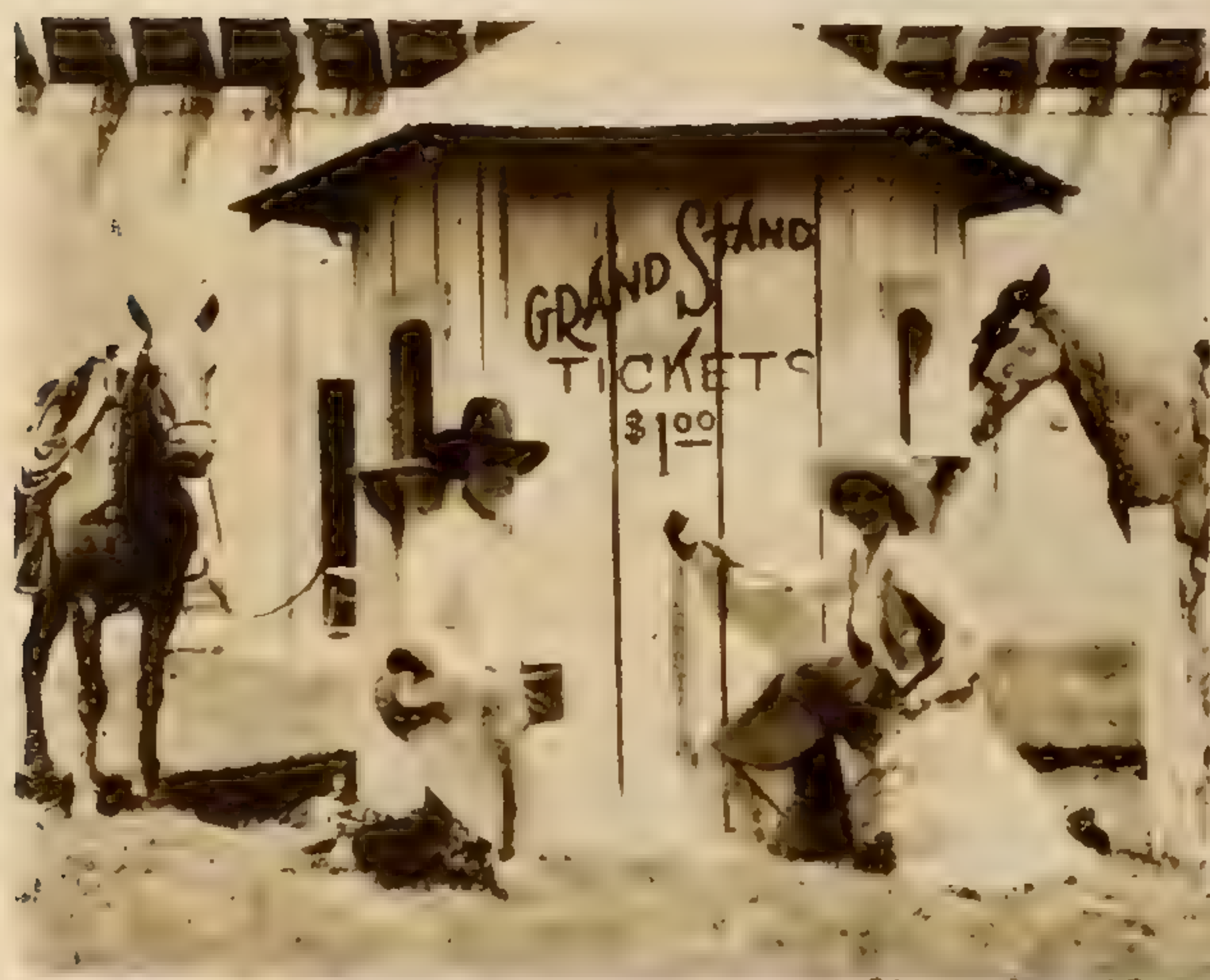


William Seiter and Laura La Plante are the lucky owners. Bert Wheeler, Bob Woolsey and many other familiar screen figures are daily seen putting around or munching sandwiches on the café verandah adjoining the swanky course.

Up the street is Hollywood's latest institution for health and beauty, owned by Esther Ralston. Among Esther's star-patrons are Helen Twelvetrees, Lois Wilson, Marie Prevost, Natalie Moorhead, Mary Brian, Louise Dresser, Fifi Dorsay and others.

There's hardly a block in the business section of Hollywood that doesn't boast a star-owned enterprise. On Sunset Boulevard, near the Chaplin studios, is Vera Lewis' antique shop. Here I found Vera herself, assisted by

It may be a hotel, a beauty parlor, a gas station, or a rodeo—but a star often owns it



At the top, across the page, is a panorama view of Hoot Gibson's rodeo which draws an audience from all over California. Left, going down the page: 1. Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers at their ticket office. 2. Lew Cody watching the rodeo. 3. Bill Hart, Skeet Gallagher and Mrs. Skeet Gallagher also watching the boys do some rodeoing. Enjoying Hoot Gibson's show is one of the bi-yearly events of the stars—and the public. And the public doesn't come there just to see the stars, either. 4. Jimmie Hall, Claudia Dell and Lita Chevret at Jimmie's hamburger stand.

her husband, Ralph Lewis, showing Dolores Del Rio some prized relics from Mexico, but Dolores has changed her taste these days and is interested only in things modernistic. However, when she does make a purchase from Vera, her check is made out on a bank of which C. B. DeMille and Louis B. Mayer are on the governing board. It was like old times watching Dolores and Vera together. You remember? Vera Lewis appeared with her in "Resurrection" and "Ramona."

When Dorothy Mackaill drives out to the First National studios, she patronizes Bill Beaudine's car laundry, leaving her car to be washed while she's busy on the set. Nearly all of Beaudine's patrons are star friends.

Speaking of things modernistic, Ray Griffith has set the pace in drive-in markets. He has startled the conservatives by Lloyd Wright's latest conception of what a market should be, architecturally. This market is an object of curiosity as well as usefulness. It is composed entirely of sheet metal, is absolutely fire-proof and practical in the extreme. Ray drives down every day and his market seems to be developing into a regular rendezvous for his cinema pals. Many of the old Keystone cronies drop in with their baskets. If Ray's around, they indulge in a bit of clowning, much to the edification of the more prosaic shoppers. Louise Fazenda and Ray happened to meet at the vegetable counter last week and indulged in a bit of Keystone by-play.

Out on Wilshire Boulevard is a trout fishing club. Lita Chevret, Dorothy Lee, Joan Blondell, Claudia Dell and others frequently hold the poles. Ruth Roland is the



Many of the stars are not too proud to own some kind of profitable business on the side



At the right, down the page: 1. Dolores Del Rio visiting Vera Lewis' smart antique shop. Dolores is buying a modernistic lamp to decorate the house which her husband, Cedric Gibbons, designed. 2. Leila Hyams getting a lot of attention in Kathleen Clifford's last-word-in-beauty shop. 3. Jean Hersholt owns a camera manufacturing company. He's demonstrating one of the latest models to Marjorie Rambeau who has just bought one. Jean sells a lot of the gadgets to his many star friends. 4. Eddie Nugent is another of the antique shop owners. That customer is Bob Montgomery.



proud owner of this novel business. It is one of the show places along the boulevard with Mary Pickford's and Jackie Coogan's baby golf courses which are a few blocks away.

In Beverly Hills an entire building advertises Kathleen Clifford as its owner. Here she directs the destinies of a cosmetic shop which is a meeting place for the Beverly Hills screen personalities. Jetta Goudal is often seen at her husband's establishment on Robertson Boulevard where smart interiors are planned. Since her marriage to Harold R. Grieve, Jetta's magic touch has brought lovers of the exotic to their shoppe. Their clients read like a movie blue book.

William Haines is another whose exquisite taste in decorating has caused him to enter the list of side-linists. Hedda Hopper, Joan Crawford and others are often seen consulting him on matters of decorative importance.

Charles Bickford owns a chain of service stations. I've traveled many a mile on Bickford gas. Charlie is a wise business man. He always manages to put up a service station near a studio.

Jimmie Hall acknowledges ownership of a prosaic but profitable hot-dog stand. It's not much for show, he told me, but the old cash register keeps busy and piles up the dimes. Once in a while Jimmie, for the sake of a kick, gets behind the counter, dons an apron and turns the hamburgers himself.

Hoot Gibson manages to entice practically the whole film colony up to his ranch when he stages a rodeo. Hoot and his beautiful star wife, Sally (Continued on page 108)



WHAT HAS HAPPENED

By WALTER RAMSEY

The White girl still receives thousands of fan letters—yet she can't seem to get a contract again. Why?



(Above) A particularly interesting exclusive picture of Alice White in the days when she was a script girl. That's she, with the dark glasses. Director Von Sternberg is the chap with the soft hat.



as cleverly as some others who had had the chance to grow into stardom gracefully; because as she went along she demanded more and more of the rights that naturally went with her position . . . *they threw her out!*

Yes, Hollywood is just now beginning to realize what they actually did to Alice White—how they kicked her when she was down—how they laughed at her when she cried. And that part of Hollywood that means anything is *ashamed!* Most of the film colony knows the history back of the bewildered little girl who became a star before she was ready (and I sincerely hope that everyone who ever knew her reads this article) but those of you who haven't had the opportunity of knowing Alice should realize the details of her struggle.

AND what's happened to Alice White?" Have you noticed how many of the letters written by fans to the Editor of MODERN SCREEN are asking this same question? Did you know that her personal fan mail still rivals many of the biggest stars in Hollywood, even though she has been off the screen for at least six months?

Now even Hollywood is asking the question!

But Hollywood's reason is a bit different than the fans'. You see, *Hollywood has Alice White on its conscience!*

They panned her . . . and she went ahead!

They laughed at her . . . and she smiled back!

They gossiped about her . . . and she called them her friends!

They gave her stardom with all its hardships and difficulties and heartaches before she had an opportunity to teach herself how to cope with the situation . . . and she did her level best!

Then, after she failed to stand the gaff of being a motion picture star; because she failed to handle herself

ALICE WHITE, then Alva White, came to Hollywood seven years ago—a "movie-bitten," eager-eyed girl who believed all she heard, read all the lurid accounts about "Hollywood Orgies" and devoured them without the necessary grain of salt. She had it in the back of her head that Hollywood was a slightly wicked place; that IT was the most desirable quality in the world; that Clara Bow was the greatest feminine figure of all time; and that all men were flirting with her!

Her first job was that of secretary to a real estate broker. She went to work with a vim that would put the average girl to shame, but she was fired at the end of the first week! Not because her work wasn't well done, not because she wasn't capable of being one of the best secretaries in town—but *because the boss' wife was jealous of her!* Alice got a huge kick out of being fired that first time; she really thought that if she could make wives jealous she was on the highway to Hollywood popularity!

TO ALICE WHITE?



And since this was the case, she thought, it might be a good idea to get a job at the Hollywood Writers' Club, where there were a lot of men! She did. As telephone operator. Once again her puppy-like friendship drew a lot of men to her. Many of the old hard-heads started to stop on their way to the lunch table to have a short chat with Alva. Of course, she thought all of them were trying to flirt with her. In fact, she went further—she thought most of them had evil designs on her.

Her grandparents, with whom she had come to live after the death of her mother and father, used to cluck their tongues as she recounted her experiences of the day. They knew that she had been brought up for the most part without discipline or correction, and so at first they attempted to check her wild ideas. But at length they gave up in despair and threw their hands in the air. Alice was not indifferent or rude to them. She merely thought

that they failed to understand the "younger generation." As a matter of fact, it was *Alice* who had the mistaken conception.

Each morning she was off to work, bright and early, wearing skirts unbelievably short. Her bare legs tapered to shoes with absurdly high heels, and the pert prettiness of her face made more men look at her in admiration rather than with evil designs.

THE main reason she had taken the job at the Writers' Club was because she thought it would bring her to the attention of a great number of men in the motion picture industry. And she was right! Her friendliness and willingness finally led to a position as script girl for Josef von Sternberg, then directing *Edna Purviance* at the Chaplin Studios. The now famous director (who was then considered cultured but eccentric) was at a loss to understand this girl who had suddenly appeared to work on his pictures. He used to look upon his pert little script girl as an almost unbelievable development of humanity. She couldn't sit still; she always chewed great quantities of gum; she rolled her eyes at every man on the set; she never wore stockings—but she was a marvelous script girl, nevertheless! She had a funny habit of running the length of the stage and landing in a large chair to rest. The really odd part of the whole procedure was that she always landed with her legs curled under her, and Von Sternberg fell into the habit of calling her "Peter Rabbit."

Suddenly a new menace hit the director's well-ordered existence. Publicity writers and photographers, visiting the set, used to pause to comment on Von Sternberg's cute little flapper clerk. "You ought to go in the movies," they would tell her. Then one lucky day one of the photographers took a special sitting of the White flapper, and the pictures looked amazingly like Clara Bow! Alice was so delighted at this resemblance to her idol that she decided to launch herself on a cinematic career at once. She quit her job the same day!

For months she trudged about to the offices of casting

directors with the pictures under her arm. On the correct days, she used to have lunch at the then movie-crowded Montmartre Café, where so many other girls had been discovered for movie contracts. At that time, Joan Crawford, Sally Blane and many others made the Montmartre their regular rendezvous on Wednesdays and Saturdays. But of the entire crowd, Alice was the most amazing. She wore unusually striking clothes of the cheapest kind. The mass of cheap "gold" jewelry she always wore used to leave a ring around the back of her neck. Her hair, by now, had become a vivid dyed blond.

HER hat was always on the back of her head, even long before that fashion came in. Her make-up was always the most conspicuous—deep-red, chalk-white, and black. But with all the gaudy clothes; the conspicuous make-up and the tough sledding, she was supremely happy. She sincerely believed that the attention she caused was prompted by admiration. She didn't realize that Hollywood was chuckling behind its hand at "that impossible little flapper, Alice White." For a long time that title clung to her. Even after the break came and she got her chance, there were many in Hollywood who continued to refer to Alice as the personification of the "outré."

As people began to comment on her resemblance to Clara Bow, Alice did all she could to foster it. Clara was her idol. It is rather humorous to recall one little incident that occurred at the start of her career. One day she appeared on the (Continued on page 113)



Cy Bartlett and Alice White. It is said that it was Cy who unwittingly jeopardized Alice's Hollywood career because he insisted on her receiving the rights due a star.

NO TIME FOR



With Constance Bennett in "Common Law." Strangely enough, Joel got the impression that Constance didn't like him the first day he worked with her. He was very much mistaken in this idea.



When he worked with Dorothy Mackaill in "Kept Husbands," he found it difficult not to be self-conscious and wooden when he took Dorothy into his arms for cinematic purposes. He got over it, finally.

I AM not in love with Constance Bennett nor is she in love with me." Thus, in fifteen words did Joel McCrea lay the ghost of romance. He looked up from his plate with a frown. "The gossips have tried to make an 'affair' out of every friendship I've had with a girl. First it was Gloria Swanson, then Dorothy Mackaill, and now it's Miss Bennett. The trouble with this town is that it's so saturated with sex that it cannot understand how a man and a woman can be good pals and nothing more.

"The joke is on the gossips, though," Joel smiled broadly, "for while they were trying to dish up dirt about what were really only good friendships, they overlooked the only real romance I've had!"

"And the girl—" I prompted.

"Oh no, you don't," grinned Joel, "not on your life. If you writers can make me out a regular Don Juan with nothing to work on, I'd hate to think what you might do with the real thing. I'll tell you this much, though. She is a star and a popular one. I was crazy about her while it lasted but that's all over now. Since things began to break for me I haven't time for romance!"

Hollywood has dubbed Joel McCrea "Hollywood's Latest Heart Breaker." Six feet three inches of lean, hard-muscled youth; deep set blue eyes, made bluer by contrast with his sun-bronzed skin; a shock of unruly blond hair; a smile that crinkles the corners of his eyes and a vivid boyish personality, as yet unspoiled by fame or adulation. He is indeed a figure to awaken romantic long-

ings in feminine breasts and yet, Joel McCrea is not the "heart breaker" type.

WE met in the RKO café for lunch. Knowing him only by reputation, I had expected a self-centered young Romeo, smirkingly conscious of his power to set feminine hearts a-flutter. Instead of a budding Casanova, I found a wholesome, clean-minded boy with a firm hand-clasp and a level gaze that marked him instantly for a man's man. A boy still in the process of adjusting himself to a new world of popularity and recognition and not a little bewildered over what is happening to Joel McCrea who but yesterday rode his pony down the dirt road that has become Hollywood Boulevard and waited outside Graham's Ice Cream Parlor to gaze with awe and admiration upon the movie heroes of the day.

"It seems like this business of love, sex, romance or whatever you want to call it, is always making life difficult," said Joel.

"There was Gloria Swanson, for instance. We were good pals, Gloria and I, and now, just because I happen to like Connie, she cuts me dead. Dot Mackaill was a great scout, too, but they had to begin to gossip about that. Just because I have worked with Miss Bennett in two pictures and begun to go around with her now and then, they've made a red-hot, sizzling romance out of it. But let's talk about something else."

It was no freak "break" that elevated Joel to his present popularity as a leading man. His success is the culmination of years of sincere effort.

"My first ambition was to be a cowboy," he admits, "but being right on the spot where the picture business was born, I soon decided that it would be the finest thing in the world to be an actor. I didn't entirely renounce my first desire for I was going to be a cowboy star, a

On page 36 there is a story which gives you a theory as to why Joel McCrea's name has become linked with Constance Bennett's. Compare it with this — and judge for yourself

ROMANCE

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



So says Joel McCrea, who, the gossíps insist, is every which way about Constance Bennett. And he sticks by his story

sort of second Bill Hart or Tom Mix. They were the idols of my boyhood.

WHILE I was in high school, I began to chum with George O'Brien and Charlie Farrell. They were both extras then and George soon gave up acting to start in as an assistant cameraman. We used to go to the Hollywood Athletic Club to swim and play handball and of course I got to know a great many picture players. At the beach club to which I belonged, I met and played with others, so, almost from the start, I was thrown into the picture atmosphere. It was Charlie Farrell who got me one of my first jobs—an extra in 'Seventh Heaven.'

"My family didn't exactly object to my going into pictures," Joel grinned at the futility of parental strategy, "but they felt that it would be best for me to finish my education first. As a matter of fact, they hoped that if I went to college, I'd find some other interest and give up the idea. But I didn't. I went to Pomona College and majored in studies which I felt would help me most in pictures. I joined the Dramatic Club and was soon playing leads.

"During the vacations I did a little extra work. Then we had a college drama in which Sam Wood's daughter also had a part. Mr. Wood came to see the play and afterward suggested that I report to him at vacation time. I did and he secured several extra jobs for me that summer.

"When I was graduated, I went back to see Mr. Wood. He didn't have anything for me but gave me a note to William Le Baron, then head of the old F. B. O. studio. Mr. Le Baron gave me my first part, a small one with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in 'The Jazz Age.' He liked my work in that and offered me a contract, but since Cecil B. DeMille was an old friend of my family and Sam Wood was there too, I decided to try M-G-M and turned the F. B. O. contract down (Continued on page 121)

"Six feet three inches of lean, hard-muscled youth, deep set blue eyes, made bluer by contrast with his sun-bronzed skin; a shock of unruly blond hair and a smile that crinkles the corners of his eyes." That's Joel McCrea.



SECRETS OF THE

"Stiff ruffles are the forecast for fall and winter formal dresses," says Herman Rossé. And the girl who resembles Mae Clarke in type and stature can carry them to perfection. At the right Mae is wearing a black lace evening gown, the hip ruffle reinforced with horsehair braid. The lace of this particular gown is accented with a taffeta ribbon appliqué on the ruffle and on the lower skirt. Below, Mae is wearing a diminutive ermine cape that is very simple and very elegant for fall.



By VIRGINIA
T. LANE



I'M afraid I am revolutionary when it comes to women's fashions. Do you object to revolutionists?" This from Herman Rossé, designer for Universal—and the man who did all the interior decoration of the Peace Palace at The Hague!

"It is my firm belief that the *personality* of the individual should be stressed in clothes more than any *vogue* of the moment. In a reasonable degree, of course. We don't want eccentrics parading up and down the avenues in green ostrich feathers and red flannel suits because they happen to think such a costume is expressive of them. No. But neither do we want to see women adopting the newest fad in dress whether it's becoming to them or not. That's what I call 'parrot dressing.' We see too much of it in all parts of the world. Women with large hips

Long gloves, wrinkled at the wrists, are being worn for daytime; short ones for evening. Persian lamb, caracul and fox will be three of the most important fall furs. Woolen and tweed mixture coat-dresses are foremost on the fall horizon. Dolman sleeves are a pronounced feature of the latest wraps. Skirts for street wear are a trifle shorter and evening gowns just escape the floor.

HOLLYWOOD STYLISTS



Yes—we admit Lola Lane's Herman Rossé evening gown of black velvet is a bit impractical for the everyday sort of person. But isn't it grand? Imagine sweeping into a room in such a gown! And, if modified a little in respect to décolletage and length of train, it would be stunning on a statuesque type. The shoulder straps and girdle of rhinestones add a compelling note. The hem widens and is bordered with black fox. Below, a tightly fitted jacquette to wear with such a gown—mostly black fox fur, and very short.



HERMAN
ROSSE—VII

. . . . Here are fascinating hints about that fall suit—that winter coat—and new formal attire

daring to wear ruffled peplums! Very thin, angular girls squeezing themselves into these new body-molding frocks . . . and looking like beanstalks! It's deplorable.

"One's bone structure and coloring must be taken into consideration when choosing a gown. Each woman differs from others in lineament and characteristics. It may be but a slight difference, yet it is there. So her dress should differ from the others in small subtleties that are essentially her."

HERMAN ROSSE is one of those quiet-spoken men whose opinion carries much weight. His name figures largely in art centers everywhere. In 1930 he won the prize for the finest art designs awarded by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences for his work in



Above from left to right: a beautiful and unusual autumn suit worn by Genevieve Tobin. It's made of light blue silk-and-wool crêpe. The skirt is finely accordion pleated. The short blouse-jacket has raglan sleeves trimmed with moleskin cuffs. The huge scarf collar of moleskin is luxurious and chic. Next, Jean Arthur in a black lace evening gown with a pink satin yoke and a pink satin bow threaded into the skirt. And behold a pair of very sporty pajamas for Lola Lane, with enormous pearl buttons and a widish white belt. At the right Miss Tobin is happily appraising another of her Rossé suits—of black broadcloth and black galyak, with narrow revers of white ermine. All-black hat and accessories are worn with this suit.



"The King of Jazz." Universal made a master stroke when they prevailed upon him to sign a contract with them. He is the art supervisor of their largest productions. He has been the artistic adviser to the Netherland's government from whom he received a medal of honor in recognition of his ability and services. For three years he was head of the department of Decorative Design at the Art Institute in Chicago. Exhibitions of his paintings have been held in the most famous museums in this country and in Europe. The "Dutch Genius of Hollywood" he's called. Yes, Hollywood claims him for her own although he was born in Holland and studied at the Delft University there, at the Royal College of Art in London and at Leland Stanford here in California.

"Screen actresses are good examples for other women to adopt," remarked Rossé to me, thoughtfully, "for this reason: *they must have distinction*. Their very success depends upon how strongly they can emphasize their individuality. For instance, Lupe Velez may be a staunch admirer of Greta Garbo but think what folly it would be if she tried to imitate the stately Garbo, especially in her clothes. Lupe—in a mannish felt hat, low-heeled brogans

and a thick tweed suit! She would be lost! Yet many women do things quite as ridiculous. They try to be what they are not . . . because they want to be 'fashionable.'

"*I have no use for fashion!* (I warned you I was radical in my theories.) In popular speech 'fashion' and 'style' are synonymous, but their meanings, really, are very different. Fashion means an over-night fad. It's usually extreme and often ugly and impractical. It might be called the slang of dress. Style, on the other hand, is the effect of charm and grace created by the perfect suitability of garments to the wearer.

BY way of example, you remember early last winter when the thing to do—because everyone else was doing it—was to wear hats that exposed the whole fore-

Herman Rossé believes that everyday dresses should be made more



At the left is Herman Rossé, the clever Hollander who dictates the style for Universal's ladies. That statuette was awarded him by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in 1930 for the gorgeous gowns and sets which you remember were in "The King of Jazz." Above, left to right: a beige broadcloth and beige galyak suit for Jean Arthur; Mae Clarke's silvery-blue tweed, with pointed edgings on coat and cuffs. The four-piece sable scarf would be a lovely addition for those who can afford it! And next, charming little Bette Davis in a formal afternoon ensemble of black chiffon. The white chiffon bodice is embroidered with cut steel beads.

head and conscientiously to tuck the hair out of sight? Some witty writer called it the 'march of the tombstones.' That is exactly what those bare foreheads looked like. Such a fashion was becoming to very few women and I mentally blessed those with the courage to disregard it and to wear something more adapted to them. *They* were the ones with style.

"Now, stiff ruffles are the forecast for fall and winter formal dresses. They can be made very attractive—on the right type of girl. On Mae Clarke, for instance. She wears a black lace evening gown in 'Waterloo Bridge' that has a short ruffle just below the hip-line. It's reinforced with horsehair braid for stiffening at the bottom. Very good on Miss Clarke, but I would hesitate to use it on Sidney Fox. Sidney is too much the 'small girl'

type; it would only shorten her appearance. Instead, because of her dark hair and eyes as well as her diminutive stature, we designed a pearl gray crêpe dress for her that has a bolero jacket. The material is so soft and clingy that the bolero doesn't detract from her height. It might if it were of a heavy woolen fabric. A soft fluted white ruffle around the neck enhances her coloring, and the goared skirt adds interest to the dress.

"In motion pictures, the reflective properties of materials are naturally of far more concern than the actual coloring. We have a range from paillettes and metallic cloths that glitter and shine to velvets and woolens which are light-absorbing.

"In everyday life these reflective values are more important at night than in the daytime, due to the limited quantity of light at night. When you enter a dining room or ballroom in the evening it's like making your entrance on a 'set' that is lit for action. And all women want to make a grand entrance. Is that not so? And they must do it chiefly through their attire. For a person a little past middle age, a bit of sparkle in the jewelry or in the dress itself will give a certain (Continued on page 116)

interesting—and that clothes should fit into one's surroundings



Photograph by Preston Duncan

SHE'S FOOLING YOU

THE STAR NOBODY KNOWS

Jean Harlow has fooled the world that she's just a party girl. But she is not fooling Jean Harlow



There is a man in Missouri who taught Jean Harlow most of the splendid wisdom which she now possesses. Long ago he wrote her letters of wit and shrewdness and she wrote him epistles of girlhood's gaiety. But now that man refuses to acknowledge her name.

By CURTIS MITCHELL

THE crackle and swirl of Hollywood have been a part of Jean Harlow's life for the last four years. And she has been a part of it. No May-fair party is complete without her; no flood-lighted opening night with the natives lined a dozen deep to glimpse her perfection. Hourly and daily, Hollywood sees her—but it does not know her.

Nor America. Even though her platinum hair has pulsed like candle flame across a thousand footlights as she spanned the continent, making personal appearances. The star nobody knows. . . .

You probably hate her—and why not! Her first picture, "Hell's Angels," showed her as an over-sexed aristocrat; then she was a gun moll, a gangster's gal, and a sour-souled gold-digger. She's had "bad" parts and she has played them "bad." So, if you hate her, give the little girl a hand: she is an actress.

Actually, she is one of the hardest persons to dislike I have ever met.

WE stood before a window on Park Avenue—Jean Harlow and I. Through the unending throb of traffic there seeped the shouts of newsboys. They were crying an "extra." An internationally known artist and pet of every circle in which he moved, had shot himself through the head—suddenly and unexpectedly.

"No matter what you are—or what you do—you've got to live with yourself," she had just said.

The artist's obituary, written by himself a few minutes before his death, said, "I've run from country to country, always trying to get away from myself."

How odd, I thought, that this unblemished woman and this disillusioned man should have reached the same conclusion. How odd that one should be alive and eager for life and the other—dead. Why? I wondered.

The answer is a man who lives in a house by the side of the road in Missouri.

But now, look with me into the background of this fair-haired Princess Charming. Tastes, dislikes, opinions, these are signposts of character.

People have seen her chewing gum—in her dressing room between shots. And eating spinach, which she loves—without sand. Spare ribs and sauerkraut are her favorite food. She carries a portable victrola wherever she goes. "Falling in Love Again" is a passion; the tune, not the sensation. She will offer you a cocktail or a dance, if you aren't careful. All good sturdy American qualities.

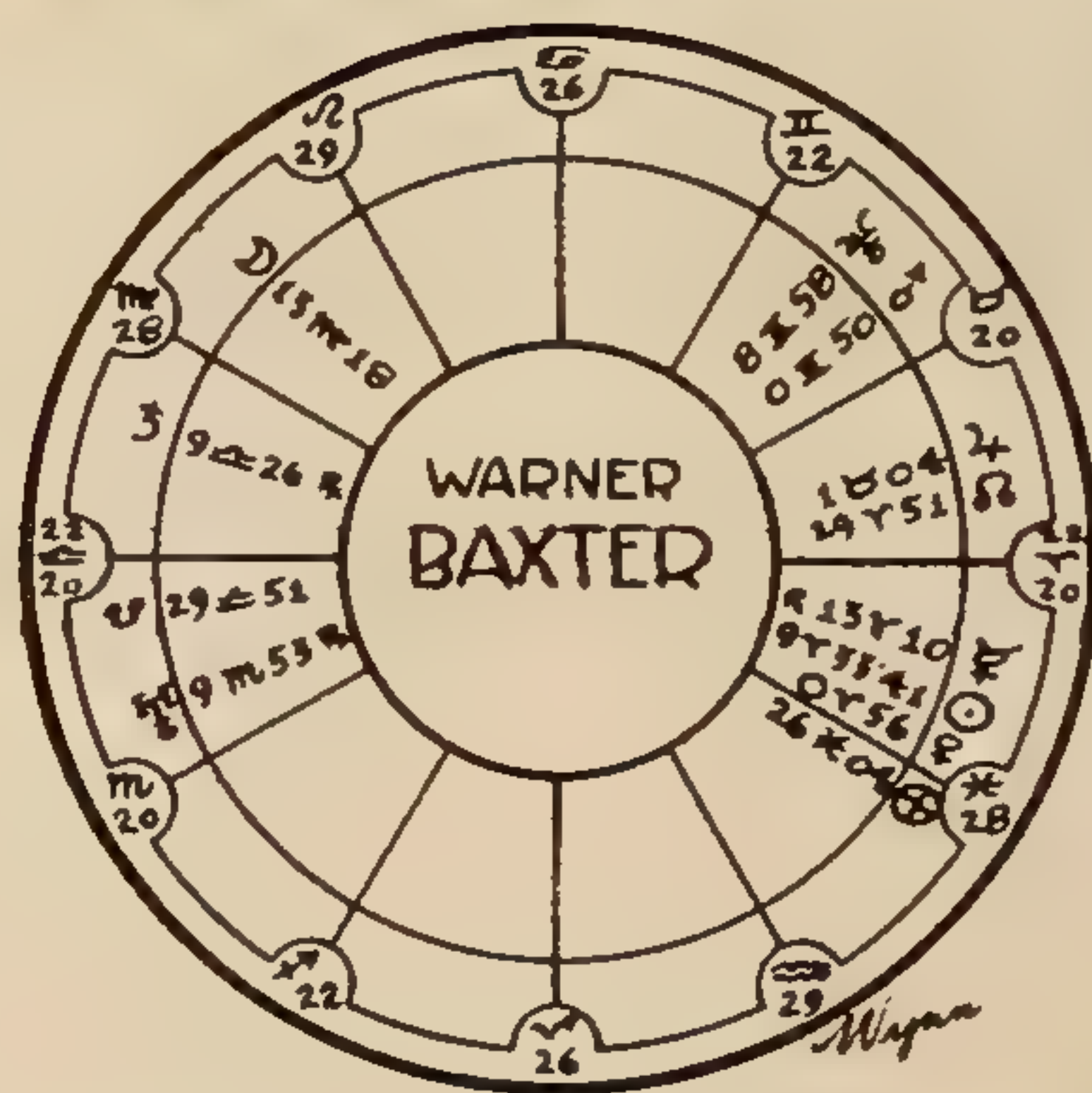
The one thing she hates above all else is hypocrisy. The thing she loves most is work.

If that were all there is to her, her life would be very simple, but because it isn't simple (*Continued on page 102*)



WARNER BAXTER'S FUTURE

By WYNN



ANYONE who has been to the movies a couple of times and witnessed Warner Baxter living the part he is portraying doesn't have to look at his horoscope to know he is a born actor.

And here is a good joke on the astrologers—at least it is one on me—for his is not a horoscope that immediately proclaims him to be the excellent screen artist that he is. I have no hesitation in saying that if this chart were handed to me without his name on it I would probably miss his present vocation. If you were able to place this horoscope before me and ask "What chance would he have in the movies?" I would study it a while and then say: "That ascendant points to something artistic and his mid-heaven, where we look for occupational fitness, indicates success with large multitudes; yes, and Uranus is the ruler of his dramatic fifth division and is located in his first house (temperament). Yes, I think he could make good."

After studying his nativity more deeply, however, many things come to light that are not apparent on the surface.

That may sound strange to some readers of these notes, for there is a belief going around that the astrologer has merely to glance at a horoscope and in two minutes be able to tell everything that ever happened or ever will happen in the life of the person who owns it.

Such, my friends, would be fine if it were true.

The astrologer who gets anything real out of a horoscope has to work plenty at it and dig deep to find it.

FOR instance, take comrade Baxter's position of the Moon. It is my firm conviction that this is the dominant astrological reason for his being the great artist that he is. According to the ancient Chaldeans, who left us many valuable truths about the influence of the planetary rays on human psychology, the middle decanate of the sign Virgo is ruled by the artistic Venus. This ten-degree area includes the position of the Sun every year from September 3 to 13, in which we find much that accounts for stage and artistic success. Coleridge, the composer; Eugene Field, the poet; Chopin, John Drew, Oscar Wilde, Harold McGrath, Lewis Carroll, who wrote "Alice in Wonderland"; Bulwer Lytton, James K. Hackett, Maeterlinck, Dvorák and Bret Harte are some of the famous names of the past that have registered astrologically in this decan. Among our present day celebrities we have

... Besides telling about the future of Warner Baxter, the astrologer gives some excellent help for casting your horoscope

According to Wynn, Warner Baxter is capable of portraying splendidly every kind of male character. Versatility is one of the things which shows in his horoscope. At the right, Warner and Janet Gaynor in the highly successful "Daddy Long Legs."



Neil Hamilton, Maurice Chevalier, Bebe Daniels, Mary Astor, Lew Ayres, Helen Chandler, Ronald Colman, Ricardo Cortez, Charles Farrell, Greta Garbo, William Haines, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Fredric March, Janet Gaynor, Sylvia Sydney, Helen Twelvetrees and Lupe Velez—all with some important influence falling in this part of the Zodiac at the time of their birth.

And Warner Baxter has the Moon, ruler of his occupation, in this highly artistic area.

Now you see why the joke is on me. Well, next time I see a horoscope with anything important in this section, the second ten degrees of Virgo, I will probably lend its owner carfare to Hollywood if he or she will split future profits with me.

If somebody should get up an insurance company for

the purpose of selling policies on the careers of picture stars he would have to compile a table of averages that would show the length of time the actors and actresses linger in the top spot. And the figures would be mighty small, as you can easily appreciate when you pick up an old paper of even a couple of years back and note the names that were then up in the bright lights.

Yet Warner Baxter's name has not faded.

He would be one on whom the insurance company would make money, for he is lasting much beyond the average stay of popular stars. When we search for the astrological reason for this we again run into the artistic Venus, the same planet that rules his Moon decan. It is also the ruling planet of his life, for he has the great balance sign, Libra, on his Ascendant. The reason for his prolonged success is the fact that he has Saturn in Libra as well as his Ascendant. Saturn in this sign is exalted. It is the same planet and sign that account for the success of former Vice President Dawes.

MORE: in friend Baxter's horoscope, Saturn is the ruler of his fourth division, where we find the picture of conditions which will be surrounding him at the close of his earthly life. This I take to indicate that he will remain before us as long as he lives, acting and entertaining us as only he can.

Yes, as only Warner Baxter can. For his dramatic fifth house, where we locate the indications of a person's acting ability, is ruled by the sudden and changeable, highly intellectual Uranus. It shows that he is capable of any and all male characterizations. A big statement, I know, but I think both he and I can back it up, he in his way and I in mine. He will back it up by (Continued on page 118)

THE TRUE STORY OF



(Above) Norma and her executive husband, Irving Thalberg, aboard Miss Shearer's yacht, Norma S, during their honeymoon days. (Right) As they appeared on their arrival in Chicago during their trans-continental trip which preceded their recent voyage to Europe on the Europa.



Norma receiving from Conrad Nagel the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' award for her performance in "The Divorcée."

By WALTER RAMSEY

THE current magazines abound in stories of the popular office romances, but none could be fresher or more original than the Front Office romance between Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. It was a witty comedy-of-errors that might easily pattern a fiction story. Nor was it a case of love—or even mutual attraction—at first sight. Miss Norma Shearer's first impression of Mr. Irving Thalberg, general manager and "Boy Wonder" of the Hollywood production colony, was that he was a very impertinent young man.

It disturbed her considerably that one so young, so handsome and so . . . er . . . romantic looking, should control the threads of her professional destiny. Norma was in dead seriousness about her career—and she rather fancied the idea of an older and perhaps paunchier person to guide her motion picture future.

From the very outset she was ambitious for rôles that would advance her as a dramatic actress, and when she continued

NORMA SHEARER



The wedding picture. (Left to right) Jack Conway, Isabella Crowdin (a chum of Norma's), Douglas Shearer, Marion Davies, Norma, Irving, Sylvia Thalberg, Louis B. Mayer, Irene Mayer, Edith Mayer and King Vidor. All Hollywood was thrilled at the marriage of these two young people.



Norma and Douglas, her brother. Although Norma's influence got him into the movies, it was Douglas' keen mind and excellent capacity for study which made him a successful sound engineer.

The romance and the marriage of this famous star, told in fascinating detail, will delight you with its intimate charm

to draw small and certainly inconspicuous parts in the Mayer program she decided to have a serious talk with this young man whose word was law up in the Front Office. She had not one—but several of them.

In these discussions many stormy moments developed. Tears, woman's most powerful weapon, proved to no avail in dealing with the youthful but adamant general manager.

It was upon one of these occasions that Norma suddenly switched to a new strategy.

"I want you to know that I didn't have to accept your offer in the first place," she snapped in the midst of one of their arguments. "I had two other offers before I accepted yours!"

Norma looked at the impertinent young man to see if her statement had taken the proper effect. She saw that Thalberg had to draw his hand over his face to smother a grin. Then a ray of light glimmered for her.

"Are you the 'Mr. Thalberg' who made that Universal offer?" she gasped.

He nodded.

"And the other two also," he replied, pushing a five-year contract toward her. "Here are the papers we have been discussing."

She signed on the dotted line and went back to work—a new sparkle in her eyes. To receive *three* offers from such a . . . er . . . handsome executive was perhaps more exciting than to receive three offers from three different, but less personable gentlemen.

ROMANCE had come knocking at the Front Office door. Norma knew it. From that moment she realized that Mr. Irving Thalberg was no longer an impertinent young man in her imagination—but a very disturbing young man in her heart. She liked him—she hoped he liked her. . . .

But if Thalberg heard the rappings he gave no sign of it. His attitude toward Norma Shearer was as business-like as ever. The discussion of parts and stories continued. Norma felt other girls were getting rôles she deserved. She fought for them—cried for them—but Thalberg yielded no ground. He was the Big Boss. His word was law. And there was no court of appeals.

For two years Norma worked with the idea of perfecting herself so that he might find her worthy of the big rôles that were coming up. But if Thalberg noticed that the girl who had arrived in Hollywood a rather plump, inexperienced actress was striving to improve her appearance by diet, and her technique by study, he gave no sign of interest.

At this time practically all of Thalberg's attention was centered on a business deal that would merge the Louis B. Mayer studio with the Goldwyn and Metro organizations. His work often kept him late at the studio and occasionally when he did venture out of a social evening, it was in a party group. His name had been linked in engagement rumors with both Constance Talmadge and Rosabelle Laemmle. Thalberg's real romantic engage-

ment was with his office desk. He was a demon for work—*hard work* and plenty of it.

At last the trying deal was consummated and the Mayer forces moved to the now famous white studio in Culver City. Along with them went a certain contract player—Miss Norma Shearer of New York City.

Some nights when Norma would climb the stairs to her dressing room after a long day before the camera, she would glance over to the executive building and look for the light in the general manager's office.

IT would cheer me up to know he was working late and putting in long hours, too," she relates. "One Christmas Eve I worked until almost midnight. It was raw and cold. I was tired and heartsick and lonesome. I felt very much abused that I was being made to work at such a time. Just as I reached my dressing room the telephone rang. It was Mr. Thalberg.

"'Merry Christmas, Miss Shearer,' he said very politely and hung up. I put down the receiver and cried. It was the first time he had ever spoken to me outside of business matters."

Although Thalberg was apparently taking no active interest in her career, Norma was rapidly forging to the front. The directors on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot wanted her for their pictures. Following a very excellent performance in "The Snob," the critics had eagerly hailed her as a stunning girl, a splendid actress and the most prominent starring material on the M-G-M lot.

In the flapper-crazed screen world Norma stood out in fastidious relief, her femininity and natural charm bringing her quickly to public favor. She proved herself equally effective as a comedienne and a dramatic star in such diversified silent pictures as "Pleasure Mad," "Excuse Me" and "He Who Gets Slapped," the latter with Lon Chaney and John Gilbert.

In the informal *camaraderie* of the studio life, Miss Shearer and Gilbert became good friends, frequently attending social functions together. Norma's salary had been increasing with her prestige, and by this time she and her mother were living in a charming home in North Hollywood. It was not long before they were joined by Athole and her young son (Athole had separated from her husband).

JOHAN GILBERT was a frequent caller at Norma's Stanley Avenue home. They attended first nights and social affairs together and seemed to enjoy each other's company immensely, although there was never any hint of romance between them. Very often Thalberg would be at some social gathering John and Norma attended.

When Irving and Norma met—it was always the same—a casual nod, and then they passed on.

"The funny part of it is," laughs Norma, "that I knew all the time that we were in love with one another. Irving may not have realized it. He was a business lion but a social lamb."

The ice was broken in a modernized John Alden episode, which thrilled a certain modern Priscilla.



When Norma Shearer used to meet Irving Thalberg during her early days on the M-G-M lot, their greeting was always the same—merely a casual nod. But, even so, Norma says that she knew all the time that they were in love with each other.

"My telephone rang one day after I had become a star," she explained. "This was about three years after I first came to Hollywood. When I answered it, it was Mr. Thalberg's secretary. She asked if I was attending the opening of a certain picture that evening. I told her I was not—that I had not been invited. She then relayed an invitation to attend the opening of the picture with Mr. Thalberg.

"I wanted awfully to say, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, Irving?' for I had a strong hunch he was probably listening in to hear what I would say. But I didn't take any chances. I accepted the invitation at once."

After that the only masculine caller at Norma's Hollywood home was Irving Thalberg. The courtship lasted well over a year. Hollywood took a keen interest in Norma's sparkling engagement ring, in the way the dignified Norma and the Big Boss discreetly held hands in theaters after the lights had gone down.

THEY were married September 29, 1927, in the garden of the Thalberg home with only their families and close friends to witness the ceremony. Athole (now Mrs. Howard Hawkes) and (Continued on page 108)



Wonder how many of our American romances start over an ice cream soda? But lest this drugstore idyll prove misleading, let us hasten to explain that Frank Fay and Bebe Daniels don't care if Ben Lyon does treat Barbara Stanwyck to a sody—it's just a scene from "Night Nurse," Barbara's next starring picture for Warners, in which Ben is playing opposite her.

LET'S TALK ABOUT

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH II

Step up, you ardent movie fans, and get the low-down on the higher-ups. It's all here in delightful detail



International

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon recently sailed for Honolulu with the Louella Parsons party which included many of Hollywood's notables. Bebe's doctor went along too—just in case the stork arrived ahead of time.



Jackie Cooper's handwriting may be a little childish but it meant plenty when he put it at the bottom of an M-G-M contract calling for his services. That's Louis B. Mayer with him.

WHAT Hollywood does to happy marriages is a crime. Bert Wheeler and his pretty, young wife, Bernice, are the latest to fall victim to the film city's spell of incompatibility. Bernice claims that Bert has gone Hollywood and she doesn't like him that way at all. So she took their baby and moved to a hotel. In the meantime, Bert has gone on a trip to New York before he starts work on his next comedy for RKO. After doing three more pictures, he plans to appear in musical comedy in the East, probably for George White.

If this break between the Wheelers is permanent, perhaps Bernice will go on the stage herself. She has been studying dancing under the instruction of the Mosconi Brothers, who have a studio in Hollywood, and Bernice is a very talented "hoofer." She did a tap specialty at the Thalias' party not so long ago, and her act went over with a bang.

Both Bert and Bernice are very popular in Hollywood—and we hope that they will kiss and make up.

TIMES are sure hard in Hollywood. It is rumored that a prominent film family have sold all their big cars and are now lap-dissolving from place to place.

Hollywood's latest romantic pair is Rose Hobart and Kent Douglass. Both are making rapid strides in pic-

tures . . . and when two such attractive up-and-coming players meet, something is bound to happen.

FOR those of you who are interested—it costs just \$40 a month to rent a baby incubator. Just in case of emergency Bebe Daniels is taking one along with her on her trip to Honolulu. The Lyons baby isn't expected for a couple of months, but Bebe wanted to take all precautions, so she rented the incubator to take with her. Also, Bebe's doctor is accompanying her, at the same time taking his vacation—and if the baby should take a notion to appear prematurely—everything will be in readiness for his welcome.

David Manners had his hair blondined for a rôle in "Safe In Hell." After ten days of shooting on the production, First National decided to postpone the picture. This leaves David with yellow hair and no excuse for having it. . . .

HOLLYWOOD

(Right) Irene Rich recently gave up the chance of a good rôle in order to be at her daughter's—Frances Rich—Class Day festivities at Smith College. That's Frances on the right. At the left is Jane, Irene's other daughter. (Below) Richard Barthelmess recently paid a visit to the East and this was snapped at the Atlantic Beach Club on Long Island.



Acme

BARBARA STANWYCK was originally scheduled for the feminine lead in "Safe In Hell," but Columbia wanted her for a picture so she couldn't do the part. Then First National got all hot and bothered about Lillian Bond, and assigned her the feminine lead in the picture. But after ten days work they discovered that she wasn't the type. Marilyn Miller turned down the same rôle because it was that of a bad woman, and Marilyn was afraid her fans would be disillusioned if she appeared in the part.

So until they find a girl who can play the lead, "Safe In Hell" is indefinitely postponed. And David Manners will have to keep his hat on to hide that peroxide effect.

HERE'S a sight that many fans would have given their eyeteeth to see—Janet Gaynor, husband Lydell Peck, Charlie Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, all dining together at the Montmartre. And having a good time, too!

Out at the opening of Janet's new picture, "Daddy Long Legs," Charlie and she walked into the theater together, much to the enjoyment of

the fans crowded around the entrance. Of course, Virginia and Lydell were also in the party, but all eyes were on Charlie and Virginia. Janet looked lovely in a white crêpe gown of long, fitted lines. With it she wore a short evening wrap of orchid velvet.

Fox realizes that the Gaynor-Farrell team should be kept before the public . . . as a team—and is delighted that the quartette of Mr. and Mrs. Lydell Peck and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell are so congenial.

IF you want to find out how your voice would record over the microphone, stand in the bottom of an empty swimming pool and talk. Lots of Hollywoodians practice their lines for their pictures this way. Frances Starr claims that she discovered this method; she postponed having her pool filled with water for five weeks while she was appearing in a picture—so that she could practice each day's lines in it.

P. S. Bert Wheeler says: "Be sure the pool is empty."

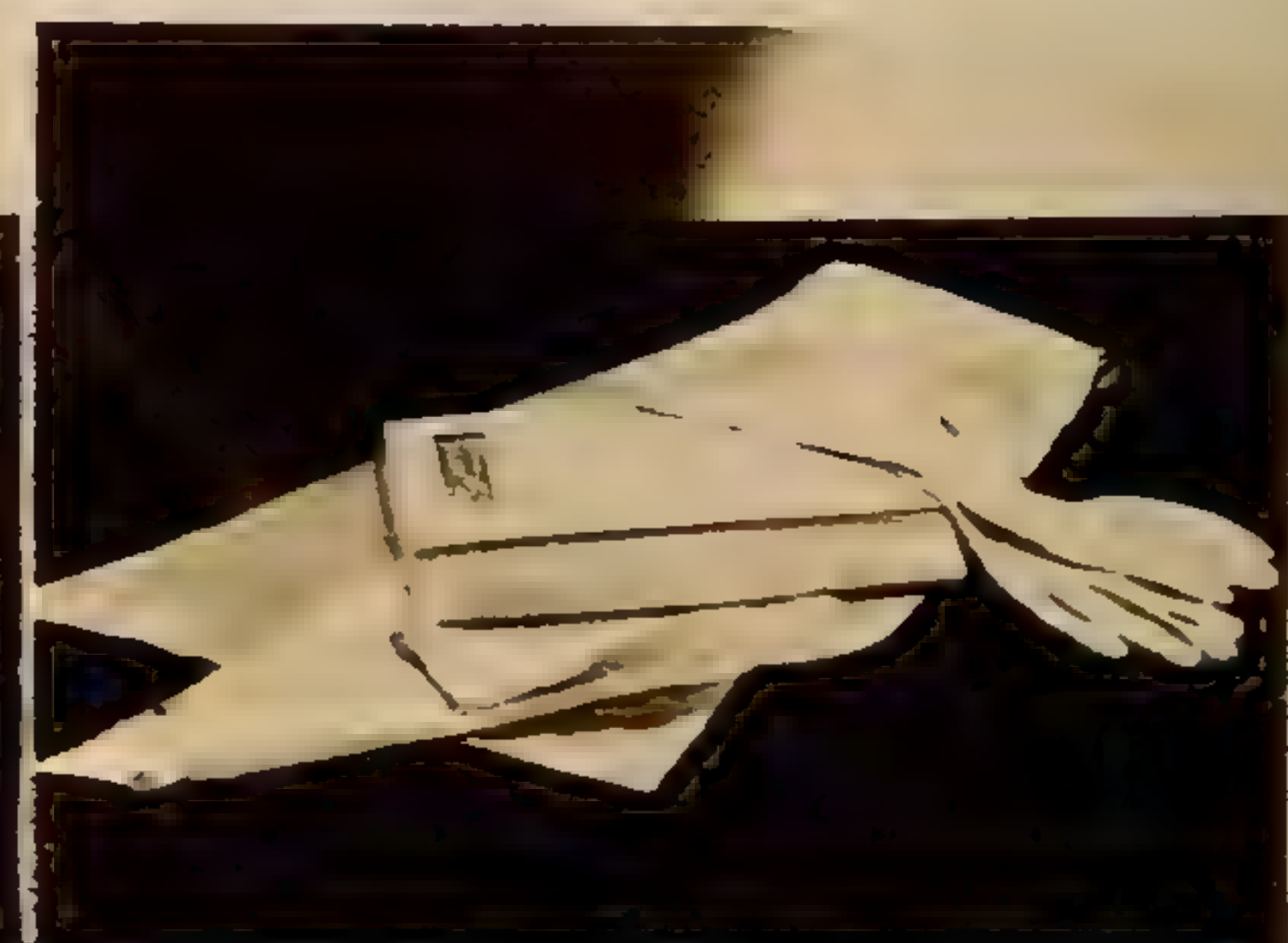
THE annual Southern California dog show at the Ambassador Hotel brought out Hollywood's prize canines. Billie Dove entered her three black Scotties, and "Lassie," one of the Dove trio, brought home two ribbons. However, we can tell you that Billie spent an anxious afternoon waiting for her chauffeur to bring news of the show.

One of Clara Bow's Great Danes copped a prize, too. Rex Bell entered it in the show—because Clara had gone to his Nevada ranch for a nice long rest. Zeppo Marx's two hunting dogs came away with seven ribbons.

LOOK FOR OTHER GOSSIP ON PAGES 15 AND 92



Little Miss Jordan is wearing an ivory chiffon negligée trimmed with maribou. Across the bed are dainty nightgowns of orchid and flesh chiffon. On the chair, a peach georgette and black lace nightie—the sort that seems gorgeous enough for an evening gown. At the left, Dorothy wears a spectator-sport dress of a heavy white georgette with a tiny jacquette of blue. Hanging up are two sport dresses—left, apple green, slashed with black and white, and, right, ivory crêpe satin with wide collar of coral and black. On the bed is a white suede sport coat, worn with a white beret and vivid scarf. Below, two groups of sport accessories.



Dorothy displays the perfect wardrobe for the petite miss—

WARDROBES

Pictures specially posed
for MODERN SCREEN
and photographed by
Clarence Sinclair Bull.



Dorothy has taken off her chiffon negligée to reveal a peach satin nightie, its V-neck deeply trimmed with lace. The narrow natural-waistline belt with the tailored bow is cute. At the right, Dorothy's most grown-up and sophisticated evening wrap, of which she is righteously proud. It's made of white velvet, the long scarf collar and bell sleeves banded with silver. That very grand scarf can be left as it is in the picture, thrown once around the shoulders, tossed carelessly backwards and left to its own devices—or whatever suits milady best. Below, left, black and white afternoon accessories, and, right, evening accessories.



and for those glorious late summer and early fall days

There's a pretty frock here for the clever seamstress to copy



At the extreme left, an evening gown of flame chiffon, with an interesting narrow panel down the front which sternly represses all fullness until the kneeline is reached. On the hangers are two very sweet frocks which are typically "Dorothy Jordan": a demurely flowered organdie, and a tucked and lace-trimmed orchid-blue chiffon. The small picture shows Dorothy's flame velvet evening wrap, hip length and trimmed with a scarf.



In the small picture (right) Dorothy has slipped into the orchid-blue chiffon to show it to you in more detail. The girl who makes her own clothes could easily copy this. At the extreme right, a group of street frocks: Dorothy's wearing a fox-trimmed coral crêpe dress. On the bed is a green tweed, with a black velvet collar, and a biscuit colored broadcloth. On the hanger is a prim little tailored dress of dark blue crêpe. And on the chair is a dull green crêpe suit, with a white vest.



Dorothy's type can wear frills and tailored simplicity equally well

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

ELISSA LANDI

—who somehow manages to be both natural and exotic at the same time, has just finished her third novel, despite hard work at the studio on her next talkie, "Wicked." After that she's scheduled to do a picture at present titled "The Yellow Ticket." Her steady luncheon diet is a bacon and tomato sandwich on whole wheat bread—no more.





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

WILLIAM POWELL

—who has completed "The Other Man" (formerly titled "Co-Respondent") for Warner Brothers, with two beautiful blond leading ladies—Doris Kenyon and Marian Marsh. He insists, however, that Carole Lombard is the most important blonde to him. Carole and Bill plan to spend their honeymoon in Honolulu. On their return, Bill will make "Private Detective." Bill buys every operatic victrola recording on the market.



MAUREEN
O'SULLIVAN

—whose winsome Irish appeal will next be seen in "Skyline." Her greatest ambition is to fly a plane, but the Fox studio says no. Maureen set Hollywood gasping over the stunning clothes she brought back from abroad. She's picked out a nice boy to be romantic about—Russell Gleason, so they say. She's using his roadster until she decides what kind of jaunting car she wants for her own.



Photograph by Hurrell

WALLACE BEERY

—who has been made a star in spite of himself. This is the third time he's been elevated to stardom: first with Keystone Comedies, then with Raymond Hatton at Paramount, and now he's one of M-G-M's biggest. Wallie spends his spare time in his six-passenger plane. He's also enthusiastic about making amateur movies in Technicolor. His next picture will be "Sea Eagles." He'll do quite a bit of flying in it, incidentally.



DOLORES DEL RIO

—who enjoys the distinction of having three stories in preparation at once. They are "The Dove," "The Bird of Paradise," and one untitled picture. Her husband, Cedric Gibbons, who is an M-G-M designer, recently gave her a modernistic house at Santa Monica Canyon. It looks like a glorified movie set. Dolores is one star who can eat absolutely everything and still remain perfectly slim and svelte and beautiful.

MODERN SCREEN

SMART MONEY (First National)

THERE'S good entertainment in this tale of a lowly and garrulous barber who becomes a big shot gambler. But from a purely critical standpoint, the story is thin and trite, both direction and editing being below par. Nevertheless, the presence of those twin cinematic aces, Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney, makes it possible for the picture to hold audience attention all along the route.

Mr. Robinson contributes one of his best characterizations as the "tonsorial artist" who becomes a big card and chip man, only to fall victim to a blonde. Several blondes, in fact. And James Cagney in a less important rôle shares the star's honors. It is whispered that the plot idea is based upon the exploits of one Nick the Greek, a very real character in the gambling world.



NIGHT ANGEL (Paramount)

COMPARISONS, of course, are odious. And this goes doubled in spades when Nancy Carroll strives for Garbo effects as she does in this cheap, incoherent melodrama. Despite a cast including such names as those of Miss Carroll, Fredric March, Phoebe Foster, Alison Skipworth and Alan Hale, its strength is insufficient to elevate the silly story to program merit.

The triangle is composed of Mr. March as a district attorney, Mr. Hale as a love-sick strong man, and Miss Carroll as a Lily-of-the-Gutter. For the big moment the hero slays the heavy with a (whoops!) nail file. And for the climax Mr. March, having been acquitted of his crime, chases Nancy through crowded thoroughfares for the clinch. By far the best of the players is Mr. Hale—minor laurels for Mistresses Skipworth and Foster.



MAN IN POSSESSION (M-G-M)



ROBERT MONTGOMERY, Metro's newest star, acquits himself admirably as a light farceur in this "risky" comedy of errors. And because of his excellence, a lesser effort of the studios becomes spicily palatable entertainment. The film is fast-moving and rollicking, but it's nothing to which the kiddies should take grandma, for the racy dialog and situations might bring a blush to her cheek.

The slender, smiling Montgomery is cast as a bailiff stationed in the home of Irene Purcell. Subsequently the "man in possession" is forced to pinch-hit as the family butler, and complications come fast, if not thick, when he is compelled by plot exigencies to spend the night in the heroine's home. Mr. Montgomery extracts all the sly fun from the farce and is ably supported.

THE VIKING (Independent)



TRAGEDY stalks the screen in every sequence of this epic of the frozen Northern fastnesses, for it can never be forgotten that the film cost the lives of many brave men. The picture is impressive in the awesome splendor of its Arctic scenery, and genuinely thrilling when it confines itself to realism. But, unfortunately, in weaving a plot against the glamour of its background, its fundamental strength has been weakened by absurd melodramatics, poorly conceived and played.

Had the film been limited to an exposition of the perils of seal-hunting in the ice-bound seas of the Polar regions, it might have been a record for all time to come. But the introduction of a fictional plot lessens both its drama and romance. Except for that scenery, one feels that it was all a bit futile. But, of course, if you like scenery—

REVIEWS

AN AUTHENTIC AID IN CHOOSING SHOWS

HUSH MONEY (Fox)



THERE'S not a lot to recommend Joan Bennett's new one as an outstanding screen novelty. Yet, the presence of Connie's kid sister is, in itself, almost sufficient to bring the picture above the mire of mediocrity in which it constantly threatens to be bogged. The orchidaceous Joan, besides her youthful pulchritude, brings to the screen a new dramatic sense which promises highly for her future.

As to the fable, it's the old, old story based upon the unanswerable question, "Should a woman tell?" Here Joan has a prison record, and when she marries the wealthy Hardie Albright, dat ol' scoundrel, Owen Moore, endeavors to cast the dark shadow of her past over her happiness. But, of course, the situation is saved—and not by the Marines—before the finis.

SON OF INDIA (M-G-M)



ANOTHER triumph for the artistry of Ramon Novarro is recorded in this fine feature which presents the favorite in a rôle vastly different to any he has previously essayed. The conflict here is provided by racial prejudice which blights the romance between East and West. For Ramon, you see, is a "son of India" who has amassed untold wealth through trafficking in precious stones. Then, at the height of his fame and popularity, he finds tragedy in love.

Madge Evans, new to the screen, is the American girl who listens to the nabob's love song. And in this initial venture she wins her cinematic spurs with a believable and sympathetic portrayal. Histrionic honors are plentiful, and among others, the talented Marjorie Rambeau and dependable Conrad Nagel deserve a share.

TRANSGRESSION (RKO-Radio)

A COMPLICATED, hard-to-take story is well played and excellently directed, and thus this star-dotted picture is pretty much bound to please the customers. It is one of those wife-and-husband dramas with Kay Francis and Paul Cavanaugh threatened by an evil Lothario impersonated by Ricardo Cortez. And after the usual liaison has been established, blackmail rears its hooded head before the wife confesses.

Director Herbert Brenon seems to have sensed that his story was a bit wild-eyed, for the entire cast underplays the situations. Kay Francis gets first honor for as meritorious a characterization as she has contributed in her cinematic career. The chilliness of Paul Cavanaugh is balanced by the warmth of Ricky Cortez, while Nance O'Neil brings distinction to a subordinated rôle.



REBOUND (RKO-Pathé)

HOORAY for another "Holiday"! And cheers plus a tiger for Ina Claire. After bad breaks in earlier pictures, this really great actress comes into her own in this strictly class, wittily sophisticated domestic drama. It's subtleties may be over the heads of the gum-chewers, but smart cinema-goers will love every inch of it.

The type of story, and the light, bright dialogue of Donald Ogden Stewart is superbly suited to Miss Claire's talents, and she is ably aided by Robert Ames, Robert Williams and Myrna Loy. Miss Loy, by the way, after years of mediocrity is developing steadily and consistently into one of Hollywood's best players. The plot and treatment here are similar to "Holiday," the story being about a man and girl who find one another on the "rebound" from earlier love affairs.



"What shall we see?" These reviews will help you choose

I TAKE THIS WOMAN (Paramount)

CAROLE LOMBARD packs this one up in a neat parcel and walks away with the picture in a superb performance as a snooty daughter of the effete East who falls victim to the darts of a cowboy Cupid. The story itself is so well worn that it forces the film into the ranks of program pictures. But you'll want to see it for Carole's performance. And then, too, our old pal Gary Cooper is the steer-and-Stetson hero.

The girl goes West, you see, when she becomes involved in a home-town scandal. In vamping Gary, a strong-silent-man, she loses her own heart. Their marriage goes haywire, however, because she shows a yellow streak when confronted with ranch-house hardships. But she redeems herself when Gary is injured by a bucking bronc. Gary gets none of the best of it in this rôle.



JUST A GIGOLO (M-G-M)

A VERY talky talkie, containing little enough action doesn't find William Haines happily cast as a youthful nobleman masquerading as a dime-a-dance-man. There is, however, a certain amount of rough-house fun in the film, and a traditional chase sequence strives for an hilarious ending. The fade-out kiss, incidentally, is given and taken in the bath-room, after Bill chases Irene Purcell, following her delivery of a well-directed wallop.

The poorly developed plot intimates that Bill goes gigolo to meet new girls, but the surprise dénouement is that he has been protecting his wealth from gold-digging adventuresses. Miss Purcell, the heroine, is aware of the disguise. But this, too, is a secret until the bath-room finale. Haines gets fine support from C. Aubrey Smith, Albert Conti and other capable players.



THE BLACK CAMEL (Fox)



HERE'S Warner Oland again posing as Charlie Chan, the wise-cracking Chinese detective who finally solves Earl Derr Bigger's Hawaiian murder mystery on that beach at Waikiki. And again Mr. Oland makes a thorough-going job of it. The picture adheres to the tale upon which it is based, and avoids the too many complications that made the story slightly tedious.

Those who revel in detective thrillers—and many of our best minds do just that—will find an interesting hour in watching Mr. Oland select the murderer from a cast including Sally Eilers, Béla Lugosi, Dorothy Revier, Victor Varconi, Marjorie White, Richard Tucker, J. M. Kerrigan and Robert Young. Next to Charlie Oland—we mean Warner Chan—Victor Varconi and Béla Lugosi are best. You'll never guess the culprit's identity.

THE SQUAW MAN (M-G-M)



THERE'S still considerable kick left in this old stage drama which has been ably resurrected in the present version. It fairly reeks of the Great Open Spaces, he-men, and little gals, and is refreshingly primitive after a plethora of slick city cinemas. It provides Warner Baxter with an opportunity to present a picture of spurred romance. And gives Lupe Velez a rôle for which she is finely suited. Aside from thrill and love interest, the comedy is placed in the competent hands of J. Farrell MacDonald and Raymond Hatton.

Indeed, the picture may be classed as one of those all-star revivals, for in addition to the talent listed, Eleanor Boardman, Charles Bickford, Roland Young, Paul Cavanaugh, Julia Faye and others ably enact the familiar rôles. Thus the picture is a guaranty of entertainment.

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH

These nifties, which our reporter just uncovered, will keep your mind off old man depression



(Above) Here, dear reader, is a bold, bad man, leering horribly. Also a telephone, not leering. If you look carefully at this suave man-about-town, you will observe that he was made up to look as much like Satan as possible and succeeded in looking like the devil. His name? Oh, yes; Joe Ryan, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. Joe Ryan played the leader of the wicked crooks in a fluffy little thing called, "The Black Circle." Yes, it was a serial—without sugar or cream.



At the left, ladies and gentlemen, is a Grade A demonstration of "love" as portrayed by Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston in "The Squaw Man"—a bath-tubless epic made by DeMille in 1913. Yes, he's just finished the 1931 model. But, getting back to the picture, note the expression on the lady's face—the closed eyes, etc. The fellow has just said: "Gee, but you're a swell gal, baby." And she is about to reply: "And that moustache of yours, darling, simply knocks the spots off my inhibitions. How about a peccadillo, eh?"



Frank has just sworn that he isn't the least bit ticklish and of course Loretta calls his bluff. "Oh, so he isn't a bit ticklish, isn't he?" cries the minx. "Ow! Stop it! Help! Enough!" yells Frank. "I meant I wasn't ticklish except in my ribs. Yi! Eeee—stop it, will you? Please!"

Specially posed for
MODERN SCREEN
by Loretta Young and
Frank Albertson and
photographed by
Elmer Fryer.

Loretta's dregful sorry she tickled poor Frankums. Loretta give poor Frankums nice kiss and make it all better. Well, he could take a mean advantage of her right now and push her neatly on to the floor, but we don't think he will.



HE, SHE, AND "IT"

Loretta and Frank charm-
ingly portray two modern
young folks in love

Up there at the top, Frank may be trying to see what color Loretta's eyes are. But we don't think he is. And neither do we think that, in the picture below it, he's sheltering her from a draught. We're positive that the kiss he's giving her in the picture at the lower right hand corner isn't brotherly. And we're equally positive that in the picture directly below they're looking at nothing except their own dreams of happiness.



THEIR PET

(Right) Mary Brian has a delightful habit of giving her friends amusing little gifts when she is coming home or going away. She gives presents to everyone from the president to the office boy. (Below) Richard Dix's pet extravagance is English setters. He has twenty-five of them and they live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley.



By DOROTHEA H. CARTWRIGHT

THERE'S a familiar bromide that says you want what you can't have. Being forced to economize on some particular thing makes it assume an importance far out of proportion to its value. Every one of us has probably vowed, "If I ever can afford it I'm going to buy lots of—" well, something that would probably seem rather silly to the rest of the world, but which would be mighty soul-satisfying to us! Behind every star's pet extravagance is a reason that harks back to the past.

Where is Claud Allister, that droll English comedian, going with a dozen trunks? Nowhere! He hasn't journeyed farther than a hundred miles from Hollywood,



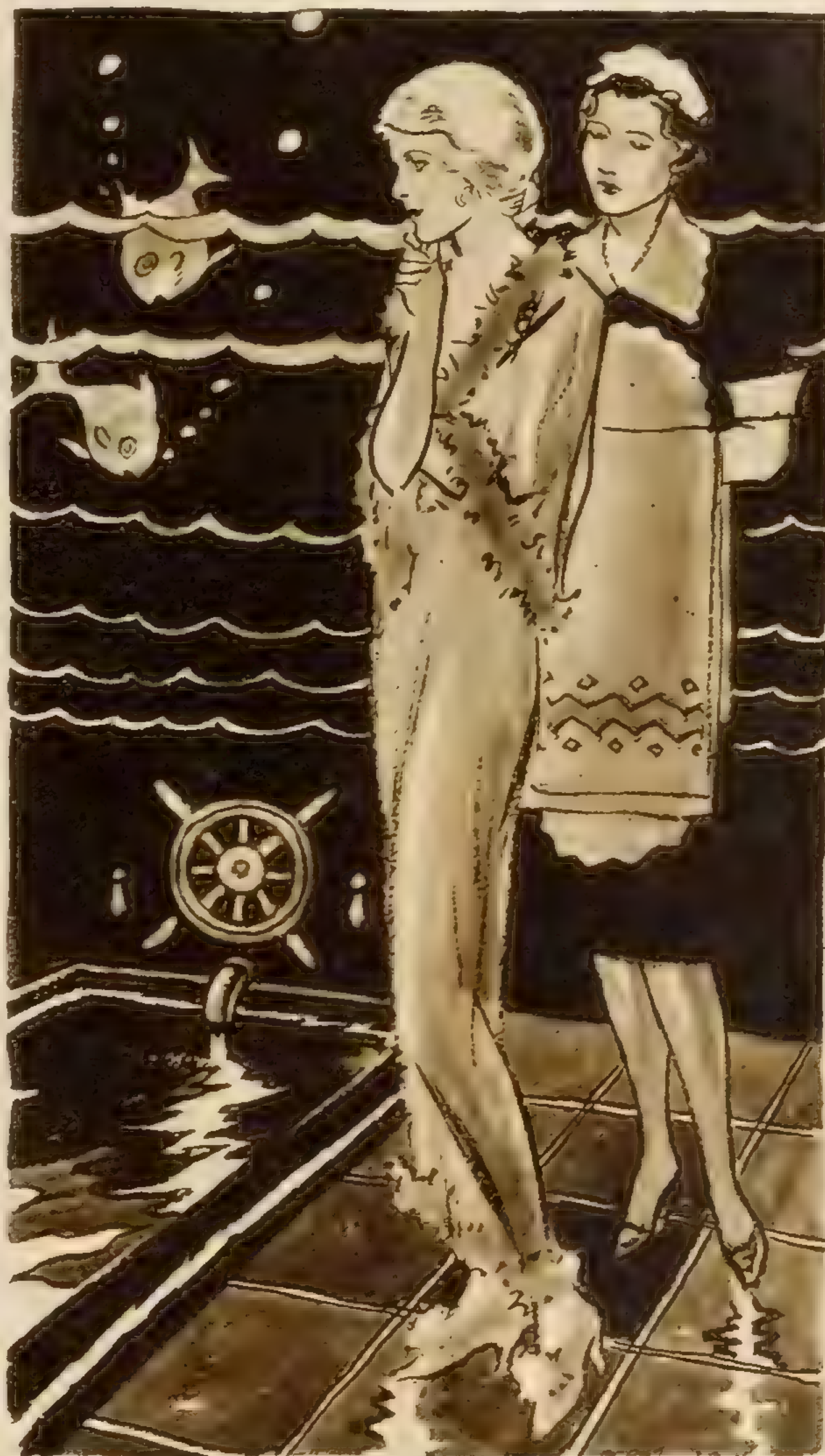
EXTRAVAGANCES

Almost every star has one—and they range all the way from thoroughbred setters and steamer trunks to gorgeous bathrooms

nor absented himself for longer than a week-end, since he arrived here two years ago. But he has a yen for wardrobe trunks. He buys every new type that appears on the market; and when his store-room is jammed with trunks, he reluctantly turns three or four of them back to the dealer—as part-payment on a still more splendid one. You see, for ten years Allister, (in stage parlance) "lived in a trunk." When the enthusiastic young actor first launched forth on a theatrical career in spite of parental opposition, he was jolly glad to get \$3 a week. After paying for board, room, laundry, and clothes from this magnificent sum, he didn't have much left to splurge with. The other actors, more seasoned and well-paid, all had trunks that seemed quite gorgeous to young Allister, who was justifiably ashamed of his dilapidated specimen. As his circumstances improved, he traded his trunk in on one more becoming to his station, finally achieving a rather spectacular variety when he attained success in Australia. Today, although he has no need for a trunk, he can't resist purchasing every new-fangled one he spies. If he is ever reduced to one-night stands at \$3 a week again, at least he won't be hounded

by an inferiority complex because of his trunk!

LUPE VELEZ always wanted to be beautifully clothed. As a child she used to adore pictures of gorgeously gowned women; and it seemed to her that all luxury, distinction, and feminine charm were the result of magnificent furs. In the section of Mexico where she was reared furs were as appropriate as chiffon in Labrador. When she joined the movies and moved up in the world, the first thing she bought was a fur coat. She noticed how flattering it was around her face. Why, she was beautiful—just like the women she had so ardently admired in fashion magazines! This was the begin-



Illustrated by Jack Welch

Ann Harding's particular extravagance is bathrooms. In her new home she has eight of them, including one for baby Jane Bannister. Ann's extravagance dates from her furnished room days.



ning of Lupe's pet extravagance. In her home is a large cedar-lined closet full of furs—a summer ermine coat, one of gray squirrel, another of black caracul, sport lapin, a short chinchilla jacket, a full-length ermine evening cape with a luxuriant white fox collar; at least a dozen gorgeous neck-pieces, including double foxes and stone marten sets; and who knows how many lovely fur-trimmed cloth coats? From Gary Cooper, who is an enthusiastic hunter, she has learned how to judge whether an animal was killed in winter or summer, and whether the whole pelt has been used or has been pieced. By haunting the shops of the leading Los Angeles taxidermists and furriers she has gathered valuable information on the remodeling and care of furs. Lupe loves to be extravagant, but she's too shrewd to let herself be gypped!

ANN HARDING has a pet extravagance. It's bathrooms. When Ann upset family traditions by seeking a career, her late father, an army officer, hoped to discourage her ambitions quickly by refusing to add to her salary of \$12 a week, earned as a typist for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York. Ann consequently lived in boarding houses and dingy apartments shared with other girls. In the wild scramble for the bathroom, she determined that when she could afford a home of her own it would be full of bathrooms. Her new Beverly Hills home, which is by no means excessively large according to film colony standards, contains eight commodious bathrooms in fascinating color schemes—including an adorable one with miniature fixtures for the little Bannister baby. Then, to take care of the overflow of guests, there's a swimming pool outside!

Oh, that little cut-up Mary Brian! She simply can't resist buying gag gifts for her boy friends. When she returned from a trip to Tia Juana she brought Phillips Holmes, Joe Mankiewicz and Herman Carter dressed fleas in a peanut shell, a bird on a stick and an appallingly realistic wooden snake. And how she laughed at their

reactions! When she departs for New York she distributes a hundred similar "presents" to everyone from the elevator boy to Papa Schulberg, her big boss. Mary has a great sense of humor and a generous heart. When she lived in Corsicana, Texas, she hadn't many neighbors to give gifts to; but the Hollywood film colony is vast enough even for Mary when she's in one of her frequent "givee" moods. Hers isn't an expensive indulgence, but it is her favorite manner of spending money.

CLARA BOW, the little Brooklyn hoyden, used to wish she could doll up in spiffy clothes like some of the girls who ritzed her; but with an invalid mother and not much money, Clara defiantly pretended she didn't care—much. Then suddenly her salary was something in four figures a week instead of an apologetic two, and she began buying clothes recklessly. Now every couple of months she buys from two to four thousand dollars worth of lovely frocks from one of Hollywood's exclusive gown shops; but she puts them tenderly away in the huge glass cases that line one of the rooms of her home and sometimes never wears them. She doesn't want to spoil such beautiful things. You'll almost always find Clara running around in old white sailor trousers, or wearing the cheap little dresses given her by manufacturers for whom she has posed. It seems a rather pathetic way to enjoy her pet extravagance.

Natalie Moorhead can't pass a hosiery display without buying an extra pair or two to tuck away in her bureau drawers for future footnotes. Natalie has worn silk stockings all her life. It gradually dawned on her that what a man first notices about a girl is her legs—and if they don't discourage him, he'll look again. As one of the most successful vamps on the screen, she considers her extravagance really an investment which any girl wishing to be attractive to men might advisedly choose.

IF twenty-five English setters isn't a *pet* extravagance, what is?—asks Richard Dix. Originally there were

just Papa and Mama; but soon there were thirteen pygmy counterparts; and, as often happens, they found themselves supporting a couple of aunts, cousins, and in-laws. In addition, there's the extravagance of buying the gas to take Rich out to the San Fernando Valley ranch to see his mob. He never had any weighty family responsibilities at home, so he thoroughly enjoys the patriarch - of - the - family feeling that so many dependent and costly canines give him!

Their extravagances are as varied as their famous faces.

Clara Bow buys tons and tons of clothes—and keeps them in a closet! It's a fact. You'll usually find her in an old pair of sailor trousers in spite of the gorgeous clothes she owns. Now can you explain that?





7 a.m.

8 a.m.

9 a.m.

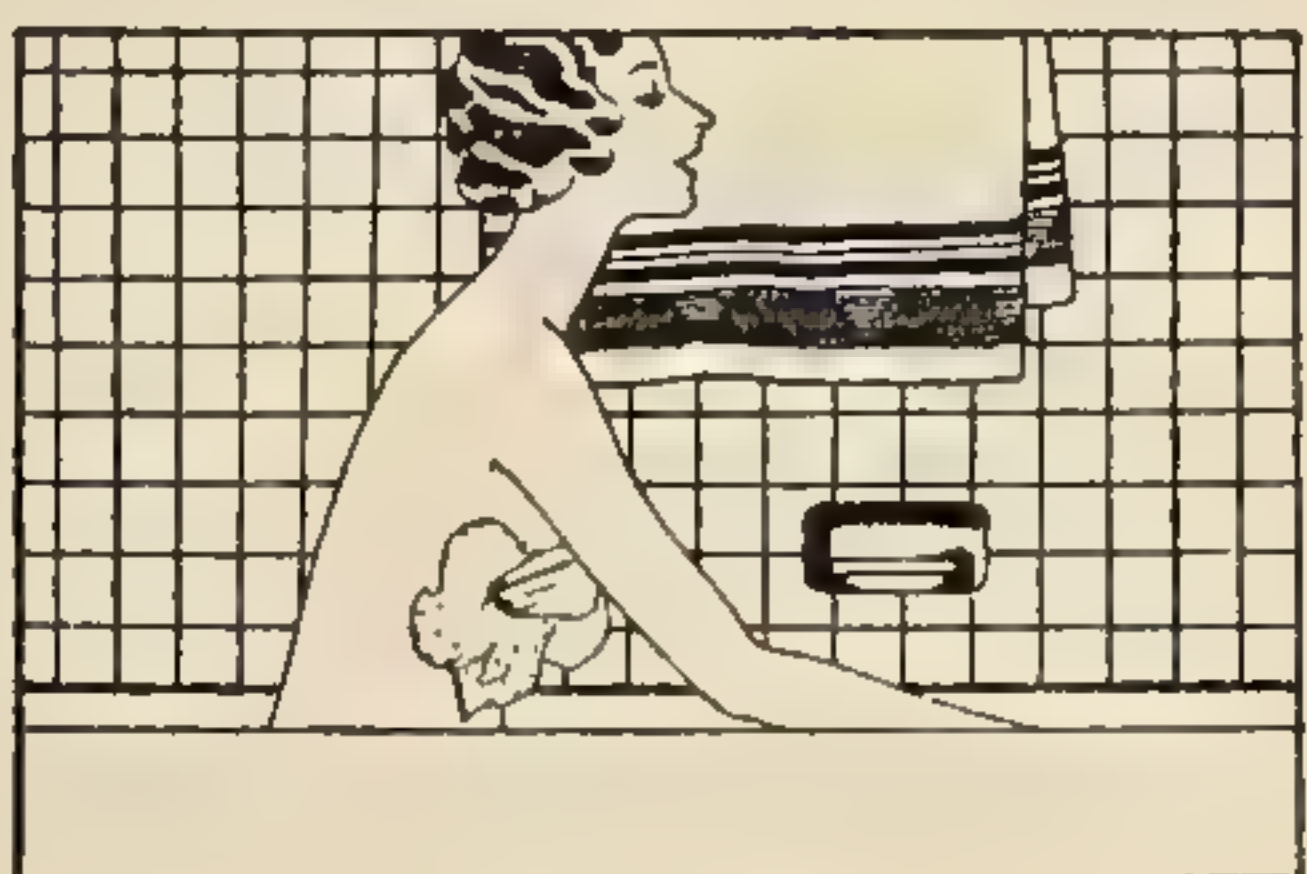
10 a.m.

11 a.m.

Does your energy line rise slowly?

Here is a wake-up bath that sends energy up, up, up - instantly

MANY people wake up slowly. They get out of bed at seven o'clock but aren't really awake before ten or eleven. It takes them two or three hours to shake off the heaviness of sleep.



These people would not spoil half their precious mornings if they knew more about baths. They probably think of baths only as a means to cleanliness: have never realized that the right bath can bring energy, enthusiasm, alertness.

The *wake-up* bath described on page 10 of our free booklet wakes you up instantly, sharpens your wits, brightens your disposition. Start with warm water. Lather well—for cleanliness adds so

much to any bath. Soak in warm water for four or five minutes. Then for the finishing cold splash (two or three inches of cold water in the tub—or step under the shower). The chill of the water makes nerves tingle and skin glow. Follow this with a good, brisk towelling. You'll be wide awake before you've started dressing! And then for clean fresh clothes—from the skin out!

The *wake-up* bath is only one of the helpful baths described in *The Book About Baths*. There are many others: an *after-work bath* to make evenings more enjoyable (makes you feel and look like a different person!); a special bath to

ward off colds; a bed-time bath to bring sound sleep; one for after-exercise.

The *wake-up* bath alone would make *The Book About Baths* worth real money to you. But this interesting book is **FREE**. It contains much helpful information... more than we could possibly list here. Tells how to make baths help you; what kind to take and when and how to take them. It will add much to your enjoyment of life.

So clip the coupon below and send for this unusual booklet. Remember it is free.



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Please send me free of all cost "The Book About Baths."

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YOUR looks, your skin, your mental brightness, your charm depend very much upon your internal cleanliness!

Many a woman, potentially beautiful, does herself the injustice of being downright plain. Many a skin looks sallow because it is surfeited with poisons that the body has failed to remove. Thousands lack the life and vigor that intestinal cleanliness brings naturally to some lucky souls.

Be clean internally—unless you do so, all beauty treatments fail. And there is no method so effective, so pleasant as the saline one, which Sal Hepatica offers.

In Europe men and women travel thousands of miles to benefit by the "saline cure." And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the famous European spas. By eliminating constipation, it helps complexions, combats colds, and frees the body of poisons that cloud your skin, hurt your charm, and kill your alertness.

Taken before breakfast, it is prompt, thorough but gentle in its action. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept S-91, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."



SAL HEPATICA

MORE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH III

ALL of us have been wondering what had happened to that arch-villain, Roy D'Arcy. He of the perpetual sneer. After getting on the front page in romantic rumors with Lita Grey Chaplin and later, Lina Basquette, Roy faded from the public eye. These warm days Roy is spending most of his time playing miniature golf—in the company of a very striking redhead. He hasn't been in a picture for ever so long. Trouble with his co-workers is said to have been behind it.

WHEN cotton-color-haired Jean Harlow recently returned from a personal appearance tour of eastern cities, friends that met her at the train all cried, "Jean, what's happened to your hair. You haven't dyed it, have you?"

Jean didn't know what they were talking about, but on looking in the mirror she realized that the smoke and soot of the transcontinental train ride had changed the gleaming whiteness of her locks to the color of dirty iron. But after a good shampoo, Jean felt and looked her own blond self.

WHO should we see dancing at the Cocoanut Grove the other night but Loretta Young and Irving Asher, young First National supervisor. They were together, too, at the opening of Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s play down at the Mayan.

This beauty and the "front office" combination gag is getting to be a Hollywood institution. We heard, too, that when Loretta goes to Reno on location for her next picture, she'll take time out to file suit for divorce against Grant Withers.

DIRECTOR BOB LEONARD is mighty glad that Greta Garbo always picks Saturday to get sick and not appear at the studio for work. Bob, you know, is directing the great Swede in her latest, "Susan Lenox." He likes his Saturday tennis match down at Malibu—and when there's no Garbo, there's no work.

Bob seemed a bit shaky when he was first assigned to direct Greta (remember the fracas between her and Clarence Brown, who directed so many of her biggest successes?) but now that production is well on its way, Bob and Greta are getting along fine . . . and all is quiet on the "Susan Lenox" front.

SINCE Howard Hughes decided to remove the Caddo Company from the United Artists lot because he thought the rental was too high, there has been a strained feeling around the studio. The other day Sam Goldwyn's car bumped into one of the Caddo autos. After a heated argument as to who was in the right and who wasn't, Goldwyn admitted that he had been breaking the studio speed law. Sam himself it was

who made the slow-driving law . . . have you had your irony today?

IRVING and Norma (Shearer) Thalberg's offspring is what might be called "a victrola baby." When he was only a couple of months old Norma bought him a small machine that played Mother Goose ditties. And did Irving Jr., like it? He just goosed and cooed his appreciation.

When the Thalbergs left for Europe they took the baby—but not the victrola. So little Irving set up a squawking protest with the result that his daddy had to go on a miniature-victrola shopping tour in New York, so that the baby would enjoy the ocean voyage. These Thalbergs always get what they want—and Irving, Jr., is just a chip off the old block, it seems.

AFTER a year of idleness Alice White is not only doing a picture, "The Monster Kills," but she has accepted a vaudeville engagement at \$1,750 a week. That's a break that Alice has been deserving all these months—and we hope it's the open sesame to a bigger and better career for the little blonde.

Bessie Love is another who has been conspicuously absent from the screen for some time. But lucky breaks seem to come in pairs, and Bessie, too, has just signed for a leading rôle in "Morals for Women." So the two girls will both be working for the same studio—and it'll be like the good old days for you fans.

JUST before sailing for Honolulu the last time Dorothy Mackaill ribbed the reporters some more by introducing a Horace Hough as "the man I really am going to marry." Hough is an assistant director at Fox and already has a wife. But the scribes swallowed it—and Dot got some more publicity.

A girl friend said that if Dot were in love with anyone, it must be a steward on the Malolo. Dot's sailed on this same boat each time she goes to the Island. Just before leaving, she was busy shooting retakes on a picture that had been produced quite some time ago. When asked about this picture, Dot replied: "That picture has been on the shelf so long that one of the child actors has grown an inch and a half!"

Someone suggested that Howard Hughes put a sign up on his studio that would read: "TRANSIENTS ACCOMMODATED."

This young millionaire producer has been setting new records for having a steady stream of writers coming and going. They each try their hand at a story Hughes has bought, and then they are replaced by other scribblers of note—who start in just where their predecessors started in. They don't even have time to change the names on the doors.

THIS CHIT-CHAT WILL MAKE YOU HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP-WISE

Every Story a Movie Hit!



You must read the September issue of Screen Romances, that entirely "different" movie magazine. You will be amazed with the number of movie hits that appear in novelized form illustrated with actual scenes from the photoplay. Here are but a few of the complete stories in September—

DADDY LONG LEGS—the new version of this well known play starring Janet Gaynor, in the wistful rôle of the little waif who is made happy by an unknown benefactor. This is Janet's first picture since her recent illness and she has never looked more lovely. Warner Baxter plays the part of "Daddy Long Legs."

THE MIRACLE WOMAN—Read this stirring story of a woman whose sham became her shame! She felt she wasn't fit to be loved by John Carson—she who had resorted to trickery and fraud to make him love her. The fictionized version of "The Miracle Woman" contains all the punch and interest that made the picture such a hit. Barbara Stanwyck and David Manners are the players.



THE COMMON LAW—Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea in the modernized setting of this famous Robert W. Chambers novel. Constance plays the rôle of the artist's model, named Valerie, who is in love with John Neville, a handsome young artist struggling to get his professional start in Paris. The path of love never does run smooth and many things occur which keep these two lovers apart. Don't miss this gripping romance. You'll love it!

SMART MONEY—Here is a picture that breaks all box office records wherever it is played. Screen Romances has the complete story in its September issue. The star of "Little Caesar"—Edward G. Robinson—makes his second appearance in a rôle that only he could put over with such success.



OTHER COMPLETE STORIES include "The Woman Between" featuring that fascinating French actress, Lily Damita . . . "The Secret Call" featuring Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon . . . "First Aid" featuring Grant Withers and Marjorie Beebe, who, by the way, appears in her first dramatic rôle . . . and "Women of All Nations" with Victor MacLaglen and Edmund Lowe. Then there are the latest Hollywood fashions . . . news and gossip of the studios . . . Special announcement of the contest winners in our \$500.00 contest . . . in fact, here is a table of contents that is varied and interesting enough to please the most particular fan. Your nearest dealer will have the September issue of Screen Romances on August second. Be sure to buy a copy.

Screen Romances

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Young WOMEN no longer BELIEVE ALL they are told



They want facts from a reliable source

THESE days, the young wife is not content with hearsay. She wants facts. And there is a reliable source of information for clear-thinking women. It is a booklet written especially for them. It is called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." It is the easy way to learn all that can be learned on the subject.

Beware of caustics and poisons

Many people still believe that caustic and poisonous antiseptics are necessary for that cleanly practice known as feminine hygiene. But the medical profession does *not* endorse the use of bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid.

Before the coming of Zonite, those were the only germicides powerful enough to be effective. And women used to run terrible risks. They were not fully aware how great was the danger of mercurial poisoning. Also, normal secretions were interfered with and areas of scar tissue were formed.

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Helen's Shadow of Tragedy

(Continued from page 27)

Clark and Helen lived in a single furnished room. Helen did all the cooking and washing. It wasn't any fun. It wouldn't have been any fun even had they been happy.

And they weren't happy. Even when things began to be better—when the two young Twelvetrees began to gain a foothold on the Broadway stage. For Clark could not seem to stop drinking. And when he was drunk—as he all too frequently was—there were dreadful hours for Helen.

Clark Twelvetrees' attitude toward marriage and toward his wife is difficult to understand. He adored her; he was fanatically proud of her. When he was sober he was a devoted and loving husband. But something happened to him when he drank. He became abusive and violent—physically violent. Remember that he was very young and very romantic. He dramatized himself and his real or imagined sufferings to the point where it ceased to be merely ridiculous and became dangerous. His continual suicidal threats became annoying and emotionally wearing for his young wife, as such gestures and such scenes are bound to become. Until at length he began to break down the very real love she had for him. Seeing this, Clark Twelvetrees grew desperate. But instead of pulling himself together and regaining her respect and her love before it was too late, he made one final youthful gesture—turning a wild threat into a tragic reality. He flung himself from a sixth-story window.

FOR days Helen dared not even hope for his life. For days she watched by his bedside, in an agony of self-reproach, forgetting everything save that the man she loved was suffering because of her. She forgot his shortcomings, his selfishness, blaming only herself—thinking that perhaps she had failed him in patience or understanding. She forgot that her love for him had been tried beyond endurance, had almost ceased to exist—and remembered only that he had been her first love—her great love. And when Clark Twelvetrees miraculously recovered she opened her arms to him and thanked God for sparing him.

Then, while Helen was rehearsing for "Elmer Gantry," came the thrilling call to Hollywood and pictures. Fox executives had seen her on the stage. The Fox company wanted her and nothing would do but she must come at once. So Helen left the cast of "Elmer Gantry," and full of high hopes went to face a new career. With her went Clark Twelvetrees.

The year that followed taught Helen even more of suffering than she had already come to know. She found that she had forsaken a promising stage career for a glamorous but fruitless speculation. Twelve months as a Fox contract player brought her nothing but professional oblivion. Hollywood looked upon her as just another ingénue—lovely enough, with her vivid blue eyes

and wistful little face, but no great shakes as an actress. Certainly no one to be reckoned with.

And during that trying year when she had desperate need of comforting and encouragement, of a love to lean on and a sane, level head to advise her, Clark Twelvetrees climbed on the merry-go-round again. Instead of drawing strength and help from him she had to give it.

It was hard for Clark, of course. It wasn't all his fault and Helen would be the first to say so. (Hollywood was the worst possible place for him. He couldn't get work. He, too, had left his career in New York. Helen was drawing a weekly salary and he wasn't. They were living on her earnings. He drank to forget that he was a Hollywood husband.

He became insanely jealous of Helen. He was constantly accusing her of not caring for him any more. And her love for him, brought back to life during those ghastly days when he had lain shattered and dying in the hospital, turned to ashes again.

WERE it not for that easy-going quality in Helen which hates to force an issue, that dread of hurting or displeasing others which too often leads her to follow the path of least resistance, she would have broken definitely with Clark Twelvetrees much sooner. It would have been better for both of them had she done so. But he would come to her after each outburst and plead pathetically to be given another chance. And Helen, against her better judgment, would relent and take him back. A woman with a stronger will and a less tender heart might have made a man of the headstrong boy Clark Twelvetrees. But Helen and Clark were not right for one another.

Then Helen too, tried the merry-go-round. Loneliness, disillusionment, weariness of spirit—oh, there were plenty of things to account for it. She listened to too many people; she made "friends" who were bad for her. A series of romances as ill-advised if not as spectacular as Clara Bow's, followed one another. Like Clara, Helen believes the best of human beings until proof of their falseness is staring her in the face.

When her year's contract with Fox came to an end and she was released, it looked like curtains for Helen Twelvetrees as far as Hollywood was concerned. Her life was pretty much of a mess altogether. Her marriage had come to an end at last and it looked as if her career, too, were finished. At twenty there was not much to make Helen Twelvetrees want to live.

The turning point in her career came first. Edmund Goulding selected her for the lead in "Grand Parade"—and her work in that picture led to the already famous portrayal in "Her Man." Tay Garnett, the director, helped Helen to express on the screen all the suffering, all the emotional tur-

moil through which she had passed in actual life. "Her Man" and later "Millie" revealed the little girl with the tragic eyes and the wistful face as an actress with amazing depth and range of emotion.

BUT there was another turning point of perhaps even greater importance. During the making of "Her Man" Helen met Frank Woody, a stunt man doubling for the principals in some of the more dangerous scenes of the picture. They began to be seen together, but Hollywood paid little attention. Helen had had many boy friends. Her divorce from Clark Twelvetees was not yet final. Then suddenly last March the papers broke the news that Helen Twelvetees and "Frank Woody, real estate man," had been married for three weeks. And those who had watched the growing friendship of the star and the stunt man realized that the two had been genuinely in love.

People who know her say that Helen Twelvetees is a different girl today. She is happy, there is no question about that. Everyone from the prop boy to the director of her current picture will tell you that. In the first days of her success, interviewers used to find her the hardest subject in Hollywood. When they questioned her about herself she would look at them miserably and say nothing. How could she tell a casual questioner the tragic disappointment, the agony of despair she had known and was still experiencing? But success and a happy and unharrassed marriage have removed the barrier. Helen can talk about her life now. She can face even the most tragic moments of her past, because it is, in truth, past.

I asked her how she had had the courage to try marriage again. She told me simply: "Because I am in love. And because I know now what I want—from life and from marriage. My family are coming out soon to visit me. They never approved of Clark Twelvetees—not because they disliked him but because they knew he was the wrong man for me. They were right. We were bad for each other. Frank is older. He is sensible. He has a grand sense of humor and doesn't take life—or himself—too seriously. My mother and father like him immensely and are very happy over my marriage. I myself am knowing contentment and untroubled happiness for the first time in my adult life."

Yes, Helen Twelvetees is happy—but I doubt whether all the love and understanding in the world can ever erase the shadow of tragedy that still lingers in her eyes.



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IN just one operation—SOAKING—Rinso accomplishes all that some women do with bar soap, washboard, boiler and hours of hard work. Clothes come from a Rinso soaking brilliantly white and clean.

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IN OUR OCTOBER ISSUE

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HAGAR WILDE

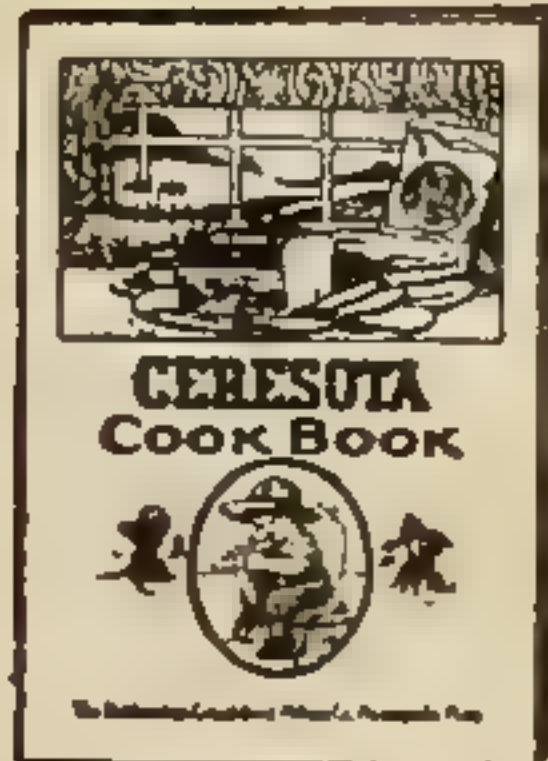
WALTER RAMSEY

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

This department is for the editor and the readers of MODERN SCREEN. It is devoted to sincere, frank discussions for and against the talkies



A Picture Book



A Cook Book



A Sack of Flour

All Three for 25 Cents

THE Picture Book is for the Children. The Cook Book and the Sack of Flour is for Mother. In either case, satisfaction is complete! The kiddies will be delighted with the Picture Book, which is really a picture book and painting book combined. It contains 48 pages, and 12 of them are in full color. Opposite each color page is the same picture in outline on special paper, ready to be painted with Japanese water colors that are included in the Trio. The Cook Book includes over 150 tested recipes and has already been welcomed by thousands of housewives. The Flour is Ceresota Unbleached — a regular pound and a quarter sack. It needs no bleaching because it is milled from the finest Northern Wheat. Flours that must be bleached to obtain proper whiteness cannot be of the same high quality as Ceresota Unbleached. Make sure of good bread by using Ceresota Flour—equally fine for cakes and pastries, but priced for general baking. Your grocer has Ceresota Flour or can get it for you!

HEAR DR. COPELAND

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Dear Friends:

It is said that there are to be no more gangster pictures. If the reason for this is that the public no longer wants to see gangster pictures, then that decision, in my opinion, is justified. However, if censorship is behind the move, arguing, as censorship will, that it is better to ignore a deplorable condition, no matter how real and present it may be, than to show it in all its wretchedness, the abolition of gangster pictures is dishonest. I agree that it is very wrong to idealize the gangster. But gangster pictures—the best ones—have not done this. "The Secret Six" strongly brought out the corrupting evil of making heroes out of hoodlums. And, despite a preachy foreword, "The Public Enemy," gruesome, terrifying, terrible in its portrayal of the gangster and his nefarious goings-on, carried the moral (if such an artistic work can be said to carry a "moral") that his crime will find him out.

Gangsters and their rackets are a real factor in America today. The newspapers will not discontinue to report concerning them. Why should talkies which show in exciting and revealing fashion the evil and hideousness of hoodlum life be forced from the screen? I think that producers have made a real contribution to American society by disclosing with artistic precision the malignant growth which eats at its vitals in many of our big cities.

The Editor

And here's one reader's opinion on gangster pictures

In the June issue of your MODERN SCREEN, I read a letter which stated that gangster pictures were very harmful to our thousands of boys and girls. Yes, they are very harmful to them, but did you ever stop to consider whether or not the parent ought to select the pictures that his child goes to see? Also, today the public is allowing gangsters and other sorts of public enemies to pull wool over their eyes; perhaps the movies can wake up the sleeping citizens of the United States and stop this crime wave that's ruining the country.

CHARLES P. WEST,
St. Petersburg, Florida.

And an opinion of the ace of gangster impersonators

My favorite male star is none other than the one and only Mr. Edward G. Robinson. And I bet in private life he is the sweetest husband living.

WINDY,
Detroit, Michigan.

Yes, wasn't it practically perfect?

I simply must give vent to my feelings about the sweetest, most charming and most lovable film I've seen in ages

—"Daddy Long Legs." The expression on Claude Gillingwater's face on seeing Judy for the first time to me conveys what the reaction of the world's worst grouch would be to this picture. Janet Gaynor was lovely and Warner Baxter was splendid. . . . There are other stories by Jean Webster, some of Louisa May Alcott's, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Grace Richmond, Charles Dickens and at least one story by Dumas that should be filmed. Of course, I appreciate that too many at once would not be good—that to be received in the proper spirit there must be long intervals of gangster, newspaper, and the more boring society dramas.

PAULINE SCHAUF,
Tacoma, Washington.

Those are harsh words, sisters

I believe Hollywood would be better off if Connie Bennett was kicked out—all the way out. She's no actress; in fact, she has never really acted in a picture. She is fixed up like a princess and placed before the camera and is told to speak a few lines—then, she's claimed a great actress. You can put a blond wig on any prop boy and he can do just as well if not better than Connie.

BILLIE BOLLING,
Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

It seems every movie book I pick up is filled with Connie Bennett's clothes, her poise, her power over men! Greta Garbo's dislike of publicity, her walking, her changing of homes! And when it all boils down it simply sounds like so much hooey. Bennett was O. K. before her marriage—when she was a brown-haired, sincere young lady. But being the wife of a young millionaire certainly went to her head. Turning blonde, for instance. Oh well, she'll struggle along, I suppose, even though I don't care for her. But please give us less of her and more of Crawford, Swanson, Shearer, Colbert, and Stanwyck. They're all sincere and also human. Not saying Constance isn't human, but she has such a continually bored expression it makes one wonder.

MYRA ROGERS,
Vancouver, British Columbia.

Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 13)

the jelly from the top edges of the mold with a sharp knife, then dip the mold into a pan of hot water, holding it there for about 5 seconds, or place the mold in position on a serving plate and put over it a towel wrung out of boiling water, being sure that all parts of the mold are covered with the towel.

FOR a simple but very delicious gelatine salad, dissolve a package of lime flavored gelatine in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of boiling water and, when the liquid starts to jell, add to it a cup of seedless grapes. Place in the refrigerator to set and serve on lettuce leaves, garnished with mayonnaise.

One of Mr. March's favorite hot weather lunches—and one of ours, now, too—consists of a tomato stuffed with ham salad, potato chips, toasted English muffins with cream cheese and iced tea. Here is the recipe for the stuffed tomato:

TOMATO STUFFED WITH HAM SALAD.

6 tomatoes
1 cup diced boiled ham
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup chopped celery
3 chopped sweet pickles
2 chopped hard cooked eggs
Russian Dressing
Lettuce

Peel the tomatoes, scoop out the inside, sprinkle tomato shells with salt and pepper and place upside down in refrigerator. (Use the removable pulp for some tomato dish.) Mix the ham, celery, pickle and hard-cooked eggs and place in refrigerator until serving time. When ready to serve, moisten the ham mixture with Russian Dressing and fill the tomato shells with the mixture. Place each tomato in a nest of lettuce leaves and garnish with Russian Dressing.

If you use this recipe for part of the main course for dinner, serve along with the stuffed tomatoes a hot vegetable such as green peas or broccoli.

● *Lilly Hansen, bright-eyed, healthy little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hansen of 2205 Taylor Avenue, Racine, Wis.*



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"My little girl Lilly has been given Eagle Brand Milk since she was ten days old. She has never been sick a day in her life.

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We have had the recipes for four more of Mr. March's favorite salads printed up for you to form the fourth group in our series of Star Recipes. Each recipe has been thoroughly tested by the MODERN SCREEN Home Service Department, so that you can be sure of serving your men the same delicious salads which Mr. March enjoys so much. The recipes are printed

on convenient filing cards. Just fill out and mail the coupon on page 12 and we will send you these recipes to add to your collection of MODERN SCREEN Star Recipes for Foods That Men Like. Each month there will be a new group—watch for them—send for them—and pretty soon you will have your own little library of choice, tested recipes for the favorite dishes of the Screen Stars.

Truth About Nancy Carroll

(Continued from page 32)

the word *career* has played a very large part. Were Nancy Carroll not upon the screen, one of the foremost and the hardest working of our motion picture actresses; were, perhaps, Jack Kirkland not engrossed in a creative career of his own; it is possible that their marriage might have worked out. Possible, even probable; but one cannot make the assertion with any conviction.

Just as Miss Carroll in the rôles she is giving us on the screen is growing swiftly toward a dramatic maturity, discarding her earlier, more youthful parts for those of greater intensity, so inevitably must she grow in viewpoint and sense of values and emotional life from the eighteen-year-old girl who married Jack Kirkland and embarked with him upon their romantic and adventurous marriage. It may be a blow to those of her fans who have remained incurably romantic, that this marriage has come to an end. It shouldn't be. No one marks time, no one is enabled to carry with them through life the viewpoint and ideals and desires of their adolescence and early maturity.

NOR can I see that sides should be taken or blame attached to one or the other.

Writers are not easy to live with. Neither are people who are not writers. Actresses cannot be turned into purely domestic women by virtue of a wedding ceremony. Neither can a lot of women who are not actresses.

As far as success is concerned Miss Carroll's has been swift and amazing. Mr. Kirkland has not lagged far behind, but, owing to the less spectacular nature of his gift, his own achievements have not been as much in the eyes of the public.

It is, of course, a pretty well known fact that when you remove from man the dependence of woman, you have knocked the props from under him and have dealt a pretty severe blow to his sex pride. It is equally well known that while a woman may be flattered and pleased by the allusion to her as So-and-So's wife, no man is sincerely enthusiastic by the comment, "Oh, he's So-and-So's husband!" This is not vanity alone, it has deeper roots, and sound biological reasons.

It is not to be dismissed as envy or jealousy.

I do not see the end of the Carroll-Kirkland marriage as "just another failure." I see it simply as another instance of people who grow, who change and who have the courage of their convictions. These two young people were courageous when they married; they are equally courageous as they part.

Seven years close association and sharing makes for many memories and for many ties. It takes courage to break those ties; it takes longer thought than it did to make them; it takes tears; and in the case of young people who are much in the public eye, it takes a far greater courage than if they were merely Mr. and Mrs. Smith living next door.

If there was impulse and divine madness in the marriage, there is dignity and great gravity in the ending of the chapter. I feel very strongly that Miss Carroll and Mr. Kirkland should be permitted to go their separate ways without sensational criticism because each of them owes a living to the public, it does not mean that the public owns them, or can dictate to them in personal matters. The American Public is curiously jealous of its idols. It gives them worship—or withdraws it—with lightning-like speed. It says in effect, "You belong to *me*. You shall do as *I* say."

This is absurd and unfair. The fanaticism and fickleness of the Public is as certain as its occasional loyalty. But in a case where two, who had loved and no longer love, and who have been happy but seek merely to assure a continuance of happiness through parting, I feel that the Public has no right to jump to conclusions or to force its criticism upon them. Every man and woman has a right to a life lived as fully and finely as possible, according to the dictates of heart and soul and conscience. Because a man writes, or a woman acts before the camera, he or she is no less human or no less entitled to his or her decisions.

So, whatever Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland decide to do, the rest of us are entitled only to wish them a newer life, a more enduring happiness and a useful and contented maturity.

Have You an Inferiority Complex?

(Continued from page 43)

POVERTY and lack of popularity with the opposite sex are two causes for this complex which usually is acquired before maturity. Physical disability of some kind is a third cause.

It was in struggling to prove to himself and to the world that his deafness was not a great handicap, that Beethoven wrote his exquisite sonatas. And great chefs, so the psycho-analysts tell us, often suffer from some digestive deficiency. Just as time and time again artists are men threatened with weak eyes or even blindness.

Had Napoleon been a large man it is generally conceded that the history of the world would have been very different. But Napoleon was a misfit as a child, wilful and proud and given to playing alone in a cave rather than meeting other children on their own ground. Growing older he felt it necessary to prove to the world that he was more important than he appeared and he spared no effort until he became a great general and a great statesman.

The Napoleonic complex is, of course, an offshoot of the old I. C. Charlie Chaplin is said to have it. Not that this is any distinction. Hundreds of men, like Charlie, enjoy wearing Napoleonic costumes and strike Napoleonic attitudes and gestures even when they haven't the excuse of any masquerade

(see the page preceding this story).

If you have an inferiority complex you probably are well aware of it for it is a painful emotional experience. However, for those who have any doubts on this subject here are the symptoms by which it can be recognized. Oversensitiveness. A tendency to feel you are not appearing to good advantage. An inclination to explain at length both success and failure and to over-react to both praise and criticism. A disposition to feel unappreciated and misunderstood if not actually persecuted. Antagonistic trends. And lengthy humiliating reflections on your possible mistakes and blunders.

Likely enough you have such symptoms. Likely enough you do not need anyone to tell you how wretched they can make you. They are nevertheless a blessing in disguise. *Psycho-analysts insist that almost all successful people have an inferiority complex*; that otherwise they wouldn't have taken the trouble to become successful or make the effort necessary to remain successful. There are also, however, those with this complex that are failures. It's your reaction that counts. Besides having an I. C. you also must have spunk enough to want to get out and prove yourself greater than you feel you are rated. And once having entered the

competitive world you must have the perseverance and brains to make good.

Joan Crawford's inferiority complex likely enough comes from her difficult childhood when her father died and suddenly she had to give up the life to which she was accustomed. Had Joan been brought up in luxury and surrounded always by a doting family the screen might be much poorer today. Things being what they are, however, Joan seems to be on the defensive every minute. About her work. About her family. About the rumors that insist she is a carbon copy of young Doug. And surely these rumors are so stupid, considering the way Joan has forged her career, that if she didn't have a marked complex she would laugh and dismiss every last intimation of this sort with an indifferent shrug.

HOW far Joan's intense "I'll show the world" attitude will carry her is, as I said in these pages not long ago, a gamble. Certainly it already has brought her a long way. And I wouldn't be at all surprised to see it carry her much further.

To keep an inferiority complex an asset and not permit it to become a liability it appears that we must recognize the fact that we have it and then be very careful to keep it within rea-

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sonable bounds. Otherwise it is quite possible for it to lead us into all sorts of difficulties until it proves a boom-erang and destroys any success for which it may have been responsible. This was true in the case of Charlie Ray.

Some years ago Charlie became obsessed with a necessity of proving to himself and the world that he wasn't the naïve country boy he appeared on the screen. He proceeded to do everything in his power to seem born, not to overalls and a tattered straw hat, but to purple and fine linen. Charlie engaged a valet who supervised his elaborate wardrobe. And he spent a fortune in time, energy and money trying to break into Los Angeles society. Which proves beyond any doubt just how naïve Charlie really was. Los Angeles is much too young a city to support anything like an aristocracy. Society there is comprised largely of retired shop-keepers and their sons and daughters. Nice enough people. But hardly socially impressive. And, naturally enough, a new society like this, probably nursing a very definite social inferiority of its own, didn't feel it could afford to accept Charles Ray. Which made Charlie think up further ways of being socially desirable until he eventually turned his back on the rôles which had made him wealthy and famous and undertook the ambitious production of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." This, perhaps you will remember, was a very bad picture. It forced Charlie into bankruptcy and thereby dealt a death blow to his social ambitions and seriously interfered with his career.

If only Charlie had understood himself well enough to face the fact that it was an inferiority complex that prodded him on to make the social grade . . . If only Charlie had been satisfied to be what he was, a delightful country boy . . .

NORMA SHEARER, on the other hand, is an example of someone who was smart enough to recognize the fact that her inferiority complex was becoming a liability and to do something about it. When Norma first won her spurs in pictures she was just about the ritziest young lady you ever saw. But she has corrected her haughty manner which undoubtedly was nothing more than a defensive barrier erected in the hope of warding off a critical world and today she is charming.

I could go on and on indefinitely. There's Richard Dix and Gloria Swanson. There's Clara Bow and Charlie Farrell. And I often wonder if it isn't a certain hunger for understanding and approval from those about her coupled with a subconscious fear that she isn't receiving these things that has given Nancy Carroll her reputation for temperament. So very often it is because people are afraid that they aren't as warmly thought of as they would like to be that they go about taking pains to make it known that they don't care what anyone thinks about them.

Then there was the late Rudolph Valentino. Even when Rudy was at the

peak of his amazing fame his complex was very marked. He never gave an interview but he worried over it afterwards, convinced he had said or done the wrong thing. He never read the slightest criticism of his work, no matter what praise might have appeared in the same article, without being frightfully hurt. And he was likely to remember the authors of such criticism and to go out of his way to show them they were wrong.

I REMEMBER one night when Rudy and I were guests at the same dinner party. During his progress from his car at the marquee of the hotel to the private dining-room where the party was held, buttons were torn from his coat for souvenirs. On the sidewalk and in the hotel corridors through which he had to pass, girls pressed about him beseeching him for autographs. It would have been natural had Rudy been on the top of the world that evening, sublimely confident of himself for the moment at any rate. But the old inferiority complex just won't let people be. At dinner Rudy kept justifying different things he had done, things of no real importance. And he explained at length the differences existing then between him and his company.

Rudy was oversensitive and often tortured himself with memories of some slight blunder which he felt he had made. He once told me that it was the cool indifference of Natacha Rambova that had first attracted him.

"In Hollywood where almost everybody goes around feverishly trying to impress everybody else," I remember Rudy saying in his warm, impulsive way, "Natacha stood alone. Even her laugh was cool and self-contained."

Which gives you some idea how prevalent the inferiority complex is, even in the film colony. After all, without this complex, people don't feel any need to rush around impressing others.

Greta Garbo, however, doesn't seem to care what people think about her. It may be, of course, that few people ever see enough of Greta to judge her properly but certainly she gives no indication of having the well-known I. C. The pattern of her life indicates that she is very sure of herself.

It may not even have been an inferiority complex that started Greta on the road to fame. It may have been a particularly fortunate set of circumstances. In this, as in so many other things, Greta may be an exception to the rule.

Generally speaking, however, it's better to have an inferiority complex than not to have one. It's heartbreaking, of course, to be oversensitive. It's unpleasant to suffer through memories of things you feel you have done wrong. And it's wretched not to feel that you have appeared to good advantage. True enough. But as I said before, this complex is a blessing in disguise. While it often is like having a devil in your mind, a devil that won't let you be, it is also something of a key to success. It makes you get out and show the world. And persevering at this hard enough and long enough there's no telling how far you may go!

No Time for Romance

(Continued from page 59)

"I was given a contract at M-G-M and Mr. DeMille cast me in a small part in 'Dynamite,' so small that I wasn't noticed. After that I took a test for the lead opposite Garbo in 'A Woman Of Affairs' but it didn't click. I guess, all in all, I have taken fifty unsuccessful tests for various studios. Colleen Moore gave me one and although she liked it, her husband, John McCormick, turned it down. Gloria Swanson also gave me a test but didn't like it. For awhile I was the champion test taker of Hollywood but didn't seem to have what they wanted. It began to look tough, believe me."

RELEASED by M-G-M, Joel was given a contract by RKO but for eleven months was not cast in a picture. Each week he would drop in for his salary check and go on about his business. One day, however, a stranger stopped him as he was going out the gate.

"Are you under contract here?" "Yes," replied Joel, "but they never use me."

"Come on over to my office," said the stranger, introducing himself as William Sistrom, associate producer, "and we'll see what can be done about it."

"There is nothing here just now," announced Sistrom, after a talk with him, "but I have an idea. Take this letter over to Sonia Levine who is writing the script for a Fox picture called 'Liliom'."

At Fox, Frank Borzage, the director of 'Liliom,' gave Joel a test for the part afterward assigned to Charlie Farrell. He did not use Joel but that test was destined to play an important part in shaping his future. Back at RKO it gave them a new slant on the young leading man and they began to realize his possibilities. Pathé, searching for a leading man to play opposite Helen Twelvetrees in "Her Man," saw the test and immediately asked for the loan of Joel for the part. There was, for some reason, bad blood between the two studios and RKO demanded an exorbitant price. Pathé refused to meet it and once more, by a narrow margin, Joel missed his opportunity. The rôle in "Her Man" was to lead Phillips Holmes to stardom.

"I raised an awful howl when I found that RKO was deliberately asking too much money for me," says Joel, "for I felt they were holding me down. I was told not to worry, that I would be given an even better chance in 'The Silver Horde,' soon to start."

In this epic of the Alaskan gold field, Joel was given his first big chance.

EVELYN BRENT was in it. For years I had read of her and admired her on the screen. When it came to our love scenes I was scared pink. To think that I, a nobody, must take



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34x4 1/2	3.45 1.45	30x5.25	2.95 1.35
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the great Evelyn Brent in my arms and kiss her—boy! I went through our first scene like a wooden Indian. Evelyn guessed what was wrong and smiled.

"Come on, Joel, forget that I'm Evelyn Brent. Just imagine that there is moonlight and roses and that I'm a Pomona co-ed and put the old college technique into it—you know!"

"I laughed and felt better but it took me a long while to get over it entirely. I've felt the same way about every star I've made love to before the camera: Dorothy Mackaill, Constance Bennett and all the rest."

Immediately upon completion of the "Silver Horde," Joel was borrowed by Fox for a part with Will Rogers in "Lightnin'." This was followed closely by his two pictures with Miss Mackaill. The tall bronzed lad was beginning to attract attention, but the big break was yet to come.

He had met Constance Bennett but they hardly knew each other. That he had been selected by Pathé for her leading man in "Born To Love" came as a complete surprise.

"I was a little awed by her," he admits, "and I certainly didn't like her after the first day's shooting. I thought she was cold, high hat and domineering. That night I said to Paul Stein, the director:

"I'm through. There is no use going on with it. I don't like Miss Bennett and she doesn't like me."

"What?" Paul roared at me, "She don't like you, eh? Ja! Not much she don't! You should see her, dot girl, fight to put you in this picture. I didn't want you, Mr. Rogers didn't want you, but dot girl she insists, *Du leiber Gott* you should have seen her insist! I fight wit her too and I do not like her at first. You will get over it. Go away and do not bother me, I am busy."

"I was ashamed of myself," he ad-

mits, "and I made up my mind to stick it out. As soon as I began to get acquainted with Miss Bennett, I began to like her. We went to lunch together and since we both liked the beach, we met at the Club now and then. She invited me to her parties and we went out to dinner a few times and I didn't think anything of it. Then, one morning, I picked up the paper to find out that we were in love. I was the rival of the Marquis and he was going to challenge me to a duel and all that sort of thing. I was astonished and called Miss Bennett on the phone. She laughed.

"This is Hollywood, Joel," she told me, "pay no attention to it. I'll see you at the beach this afternoon."

"But I couldn't help paying attention to it. Here we were, just good pals and people were going to spoil it all. Ever since then, although we see each other, I try to avoid anything that will cause talk because I like and admire Miss Bennett too much to want her hurt. I don't know anything about her private affairs but if she's in love with anyone it's probably the Marquis—it certainly isn't me."

THE conversation somehow turned to the subject of marriage. Joel shook his tousled blond head.

"Not for mine—at least, not now. Some day I want a wife and kiddies but I've got too much to do first and besides, what have I to offer a girl, right now?"

It's hard for his old gang to realize that Joel McCrea, with whom they used to play cowboy when Hollywood was yet a pasture, is headed for stardom but none of them is more surprised than Joel! He has dreamed about it too long, worked for it too hard and longed for it too earnestly to realize that it has materialized. Few have stood the test as well as he.

The Star Nobody Knows

(Continued from page 65)

and she tries to make it appear so, we are treated to her ceaseless parade of good times and an exotic personality expressed by such gay extravagances as those French perfumes called "Tonight or Never" and "Savage Love."

Struggle was just a word until she went to Hollywood. She thought the road up would be a lark. Instead, she found a crowded treadmill and a pushing mob. No holds, no weapons, no blows were barred. A timid newcomer can be shouldered aside or bruised and beaten until she is a quivering, naked wreck. It has happened so many times.

It nearly happened to Jean.

That was after the tears of "Hell's Angels" when a torrent of fan mail was showing that she had "caught on."

One woman she had called a friend told her: "You simply haven't talent, my dear. As a bit of bric-a-brac or a mantel ornament, you're swell, but

otherwise. . . ."

"Baby-face," another called her.

"Dumb!" was the frequently applied adjective.

One of her struggles was learning to play when others jeered. A secret she learned that men will never learn was that though a woman may strike and hurt others, her only opponent is invariably herself.

And when she learned that, she was ready for anything.

It came, the worst thing that could have happened. Her family demanded that she return home, that she abandon her career. When she refused, she was threatened with disinheritance—just like a story book heroine. When she refused again, she was disinherited—just like a story book heroine.

WHEN she speaks of it today, her expressive eyes seem to ache. What she needed most, then, was faith.

A father, mother, or sweetheart who believed in her. And she had no one.

Absolutely alone, in body and in spirit, she counted her resources. There was enough money, enough clothes, and a crisp philosophy planted in her heart by this man in Missouri.

She was only seventeen. Life had hardly touched her. She was vastly inexperienced. But she had that three-fold creed. It was enough.

I should like to meet that man in Missouri. He must be a remarkable person for the imprint he left on her soul is as indelible as the color of the sky.

This creed is a simple thing, so simple that all women can practice it and while practicing, look at Jean to see what it has done. She summed it up for me in three sentences:

No matter where you go, you have to live with yourself.

Above all things, value honesty and courage. If you have an idea about which you haven't the courage to be honest, it is not a good idea.

Never lie about yourself.

Despite every unpleasantness, she has

made life fit those three commandments. It has not been easy.

Do you remember her marriage. It was the flowering of all the romantic notions in her youthful head. No girl ever hoped for higher things—and received less.

Charles McGrew II, her husband, was handsome and charming. Jean was infatuated. They were pals. Then things began to go wrong. Little things, petty annoyances that should have been laughed away, built up a wall between them.

And then, suddenly, the dream marriage collapsed and left nothing but a girl who sobbed at her heart's emptiness. Hollywood never suspected that emptiness and never will suspect it, you may be sure of that, for Jean started a round of parties that has not stopped since. Party girl, play girl, a dancing daughter, she says she is fooling the world—fooling everyone but Jean Harlow.

OF course, there are men. Stars, writers, and directors seek her friendship. And for their adoration, she pays the brightest coin in her realm, a brilliant companionship. Life hurt her once but instead of complaining, she

whirls and glitters along a false front of gaiety.

But even the iridescent Jean cannot always glitter. A friend met her recently coming from the Beverly Hills library with four books. Two of them were modern novels. The third was a profound classic. The fourth was a work on religious psychology. There was no party that night, no mad-dance until the dawn.

That is the star nobody knows.

It is a pity that she cannot go back to that man in Missouri, now that she has succeeded, and tell him that it was his wisdom and philosophy that kept her head up when the going was hardest. It is a pity, but she cannot.

That man no longer remembers Jean Harlow. You can say her name to him and he will shake his head. Long ago, he wrote her letters full of wisdom and wit. Long ago, she wrote him letters full of girlhood's gaiety. All that is past, Jean says regretfully. But she still loves him and I know she will always love him, even though that love be unrequited.

You see, this man in Missouri is her mother's father, Jean's own grandfather who helped raise her—and he has disinherited her.

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Tongue in His Cheek

(Continued from page 31)

(who has since directed him and is now one of his most ardent boosters) told him he didn't have a Chinaman's chance at film fame.

"Understand, I don't blame them," he said from across a table in the same café where he used to lunch at the counter. "No one knows any better than I do that I wasn't the pretty-boy type so much in demand in the days of silent pictures. But just the same it does strike me as funny that an extra who couldn't be used five years ago could get such a great break as I'm getting now. It makes the whole thing seem so—accidental. Something not to be taken seriously. The only difference between fame and failure is the most casual 'break', as I see it."

Something tells me that Clark has Hollywood's number. Here is one potential star who is not growing near-sighted nor increasing his hat band as stardom looms up around the corner!

Strictly speaking, he is not a handsome man in the movie-actor sense of the word. He has too much jaw bone—too much character in his face. Although most of his fan mail is from women there is nothing particularly romantic in his appearance. To the contrary, his screen personality is slightly cruel—more ruthless than wooing. But combined with his masculine strength there is the color and depth of his attractive speaking voice wherein, I believe, lies the secret of his fascination—and incidentally his very good contract.

Away from the screen he carries none of that suggestion of menace. He appears far younger and more juvenile without benefit of his grease-paint. Though the studio is not zealous in publicizing the fact, he has been happily married for several years to a girl no longer connected with the profession. His private life is in many ways no different and certainly no more exciting than Robert Montgomery's or Neil Hamilton's. But unlike those young men he has had the advantage of having been beaten by Hollywood before the loving cup of success was lifted to his lips. They say Montgomery is having a little difficulty keeping his feet on the ground.

THAT is one gymnastic trick Gable will not have to master.

"I can't help comparing the fate of that fellow I was five years ago to the break they are giving Clark Gable now," he continued his ironical tale. "I am no better an actor than then. You see, I did not come to the studios inexperienced and hoping for a chance to learn the acting craft. I had had many years of stock engagements and Broadway behind me when I first tried the movies as an extra on the Paramount, Universal and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lots."

Clark's career has been a colorful one, if not unusual from other actor's

in many respects. He fought through the same paternal objections, tried his hand at jobs which did not particularly interest him following his graduation from high school in Hopedale, Ohio; then suddenly broke all ties and set out to do what his heart had always been set on—a career of acting. "Acting fascinated me because it seemed to be a job that could never be entirely mastered no matter how high your name went up in electric lights. There was always the variety of learning new rôles—new parts with new interpretations. It could never grow monotonous like lumber-jacking, contracting, salesmanship or any of the other jobs I had tackled."

He began modestly enough in stock companies in the small towns of Ohio. As his ambition broadened and he began to grow sure of the tricks of the trade, he tackled Broadway. It was a long, hard pull but eventually he landed with Jane Cowl in "Romeo and Juliet," the most successful of his early stage appearances. It just happened that "Romeo and Juliet" ended its road run in Seattle and from there Clark drifted down to Los Angeles and Hollywood. For almost a year he worked in such West Coast hits as "What Price Glory?" "Madame X" and "Lady Frederick." For six weeks he played the rôle of a reporter in "Chicago" at the Hollywood Music Box Theatre, the play which first brought Nancy Carroll to the attention of the movie producers.

I T was just about this time that I became very ambitious toward pictures myself," he went on. "I decided to refuse all stage offers and devote myself entirely to giving Gable a fair crack at the movies." He smiled slowly. "I guess I could have saved myself the worry—judging by the way I was received. But I'm not sorry it all happened, though at the time it seemed pretty discouraging. As I look back on it now I see I learned a great many important things about Hollywood in advance!

"Hollywood is one place when you are riding the crest of the wave with its bright lights, its attentions, its flattery and its excitement—but it is quite another when you're tramping the same streets none too sure of your next meal.

"The other night I went to my first big opening, or première or whatever they call them. Somebody yelled my name over the radio and the people politely applauded—although I doubt whether they really knew me. 'Well, that's nice, Clark old boy,' I told myself, 'but don't get too excited. Remember you've stood in the mob yourself—and the hurrah doesn't mean a darn.'

"I was driven to that opening by a chauffeur—but when he drove away I couldn't help remembering that there was a time when I would have been

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Miss, Mr. or Mrs.

Address

plenty glad to get a job as a chauffeur in Hollywood.

"The other day a nice little girl from the secretarial office came over to my dressing room with a flattering bunch of fan mail. I *did* get a big kick out of it—but then suddenly it hit me that the actor who had my same dressing room five years ago on this lot and got five times as much fan mail as my stack, is now coasting around on Poverty Row looking for a big job. It's all rather haywire, isn't it?"

"In that stack of fan mail was an invitation from an exclusive café club in Hollywood to become a member. I'd never seen the inside of that building—but I've often hung around the outside thinking I might run into a director or an old friend who might put me on to a job—five years ago. I'm afraid my enjoyment for the thrills of stardom has been a little dimmed! I know the other side of the story too well. I was such a flat failure at the movies that I eventually had to give them up entirely and grab at what I could get in the line of a stock job."

From Hollywood, Clark went to Houston, Texas, where he worked for six months. Then to New York to gain some real recognition in "Machinal," "Hawk Island," "Gambling" and "Blind Windows." But it was the rôle of Killer Mears in "The Last Mile" that brought him back to Los Angeles again. "The talkies had come in by the time we reached the West Coast—but they didn't interest me. I figured I had made my final fling at the movies."

It was Lionel Barrymore who visited Clark one night in his dressing room backstage and asked him to make a test at M-G-M. At first he laughed at the idea—told Barrymore of his previous attempts at storming the studios—and would have gone on his way if Barrymore had not sincerely protested. "He told me that everything was different now. He said camera appeal was being supplanted by voice appeal and that the day of the pretty-boy leading man was over. More out of curiosity than for any other good reason I consented to come out the following day and see what made the talkie wheels go around."

"As I waited on the set just before the test I felt disinterested in what was to follow. It all looked the same—the same long waits—the same camera. but when Barrymore came on the set and handed me a script with lines to learn *and speak*, I realized for the first time just how much the movies had changed. I gained confidence. I realized that this game was just up my street. We made the test and then . . ."

The rest of his story as told in "The Easiest Way," "Dance Fools Dance" and "The Secret Six" is too well known to bear repetition. Following a very excellent performance with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," and with Joan Crawford in "Laughing Sinners" in which he replaced John Mack Brown, Clark has been chosen by none other than Greta Garbo herself to support her in her next picture!

It looks like a big future for the boy who couldn't get a chance five years ago—but Gable has his tongue in his cheek about the fame angle. Hollywood took him over the bumps once and he won't forget it in a hurry!

"HOLLYWOOD'S MYSTERY ROMANCE"

Whose romance is it? And why is it a mystery? If you want to find out get a copy of the October MODERN SCREEN. It's a discussion of the romance of two famous stars whom Hollywood has been speculating about for months. Can you guess who they are? And why they are being discussed?

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5

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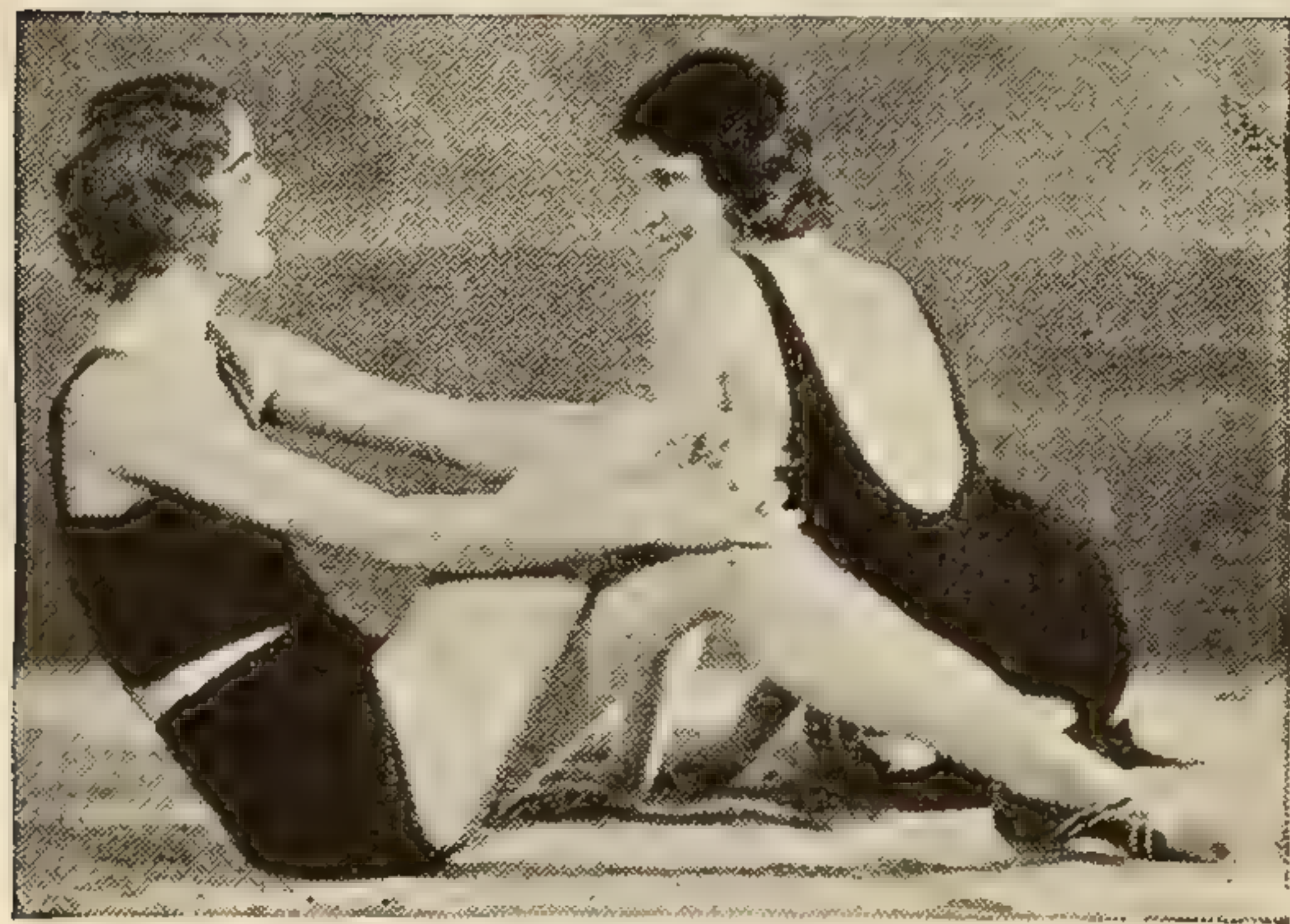


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LUCKY blondes—honeymoon bound. For blonde hair has an irresistible allure. That's why thousands of blondes count on Blondex to preserve this priceless heritage. This special blonde hair shampoo keeps hair unforgettably radiant—bright, fluffy, alluring! Prevents darkening—safely brings back sunny, golden glint to dull, faded light hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Kind to the scalp. Blondex will bring out the natural gleaming gold now hidden in your hair. At all good drug and department stores.

Open Letter to Nancy Carroll

(Continued from page 34)

tion of being one of the grandest and most sincere individuals in motion pictures. Instead, what have you? A reputation for being difficult and temperamental! Disagreeable, even! And it's entirely your own fault, Nancy. You ruin all the grand things you do by the way you do them. Because you go around with a chip on your shoulder. Because you won't temper your Irish pig-headedness. Because you're forever on the defensive.

Almost always it seems to me it isn't the actual things people do but the way they do them that brings them criticism instead of praise.

There are other stars who won't have their children publicized. But they're less antagonistic about it.

You have, I know, objected to many stories that have been written about you. Nevertheless, when you're interviewed it never seems to occur to you that it's as much your job to give good copy as it is the interviewer's job to get good copy. Publicity, after all is important to your career.

In the studios you aren't famous for any co-operative spirit. On the contrary.

TO sum up, you act as if you were afraid to be gracious and approachable lest people fail to treat you with the deference and respect you consider your due. As if you were afraid people would take advantage of you unless you kept them at arm's length.

You remind me of a sultry midsummer day. Even when you're happy and smiling there is behind the amazing blue of your eyes the sense of a storm impending.

If this unfortunate attitude—and don't you doubt for one minute, Nancy, that it is unfortunate and will cost you dearly one day—is the result of temperament it isn't the temperament of a prima donna but of a racial quality. For you behaved quite the same way long before you had enough starry importance to warrant any prima donna antics.

By the time this open letter appears in print your divorce will have become final and you will be embarking upon a new chapter in your life. If I could make two wishes for you at this time, I'd wish that twice you might sit up on a fence and watch yourself go by. Watch yourself first when you were on the defensive with that slightly defiant, stubborn look in your eyes, with your chin out, and with your mouth set in a severe line. And watch yourself the second time when you were off your guard, with your eyes the warm blue of the larkspur, your chin still out, but with an eagerness, and your mouth warm and enchantingly curved.

The contrast would be so marked, so dramatic, so vivid and so eloquent that I know an Irishman like yourself would be impressed by it.

I SAW you off your guard one day and you were so very charming. You and Fred March were working in "The Night Angel." Remember? And

I had Bill, aged twelve, at the studios with me. While I went off somewhere with Fred, Bill elected to remain on the set with you. I came back to find the two of you in a discussion about summer camps. Bill was explaining very profoundly indeed why he thought your Patsy old enough to go to camp. He was assuring you that he didn't think she'd be homesick, except the first couple of nights maybe. And you were listening intently, nodding, saying you did want Patricia to grow up to be a self-reliant person . . . and if Bill thought five-and-a-half really wasn't too young. . . .

That question settled, there followed an enthusiastic discussion of baseball and how it really is possible for a team to get six hits and three outs and score no runs in one inning. Something like that . . . I can't be sure, being one of those people who go to ball games for soda pop and peanuts.

You had dropped your defensive attitude that day. And you seemed to be having the best kind of a time.

Ever since, you've been Bill's favorite movie star. And when I asked him why he was obviously surprised at the stupidity of such a question.

"Because she's regular, of course," he answered.

Now it may be very sentimental of me but when a twelve-year-old boy calls anybody regular I'm impressed. Frightfully impressed. That means something.

Come on down off that high horse you sit on with such a defensive attitude, Nancy, and give all of us a chance to know you. We grown-ups are much less observing and perspicacious than twelve-year-olds and there are quite a few people who think you're a little red-head with a bad temper. We're prone to forget all the grand and valiant and sincere things you've been doing all your life and to remember only how unnecessarily difficult and antagonistic you were yesterday and the day before.

What if a few people do take advantage of you? There will be others who will regard you with true affection, who will offer the wonderful gift of understanding, who will call you friend . . . and because of this, your whole life will be much richer and fuller.

And Nancy, if the rumor about your planning to marry Bolton Mallory, the editor of *Life*, is true, the same two wishes I made for you a few paragraphs back go. Because I'm sure that once having seen yourself on the defensive and off the defensive you'd make a real effort to get off and stay off. And if you do that you'll have a much better chance of living happily forever after . . . whatever pattern your life may take.

Yours, most sincerely,

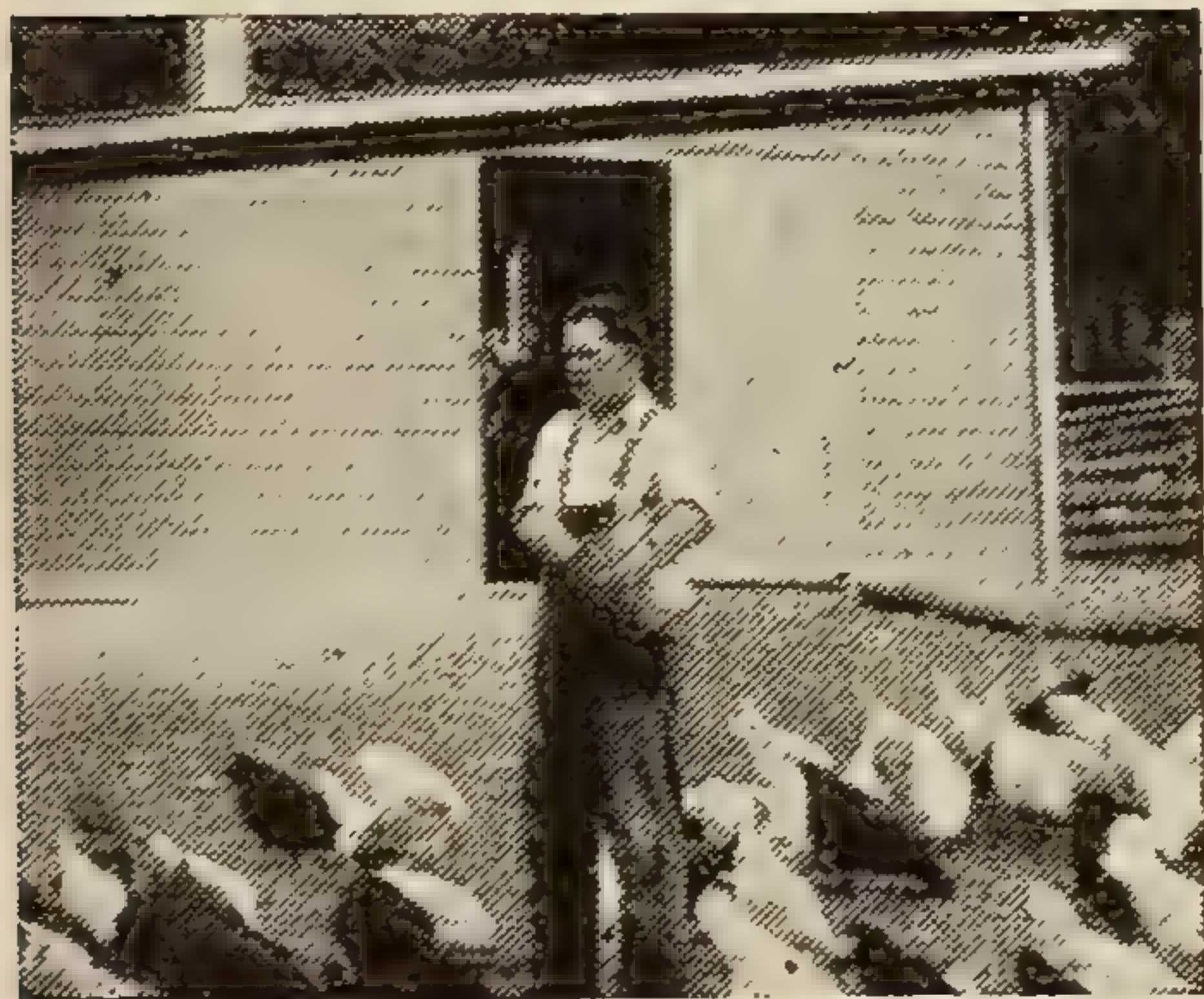
Paul Whitney Fletcher



Find the Twin Pirates to Qualify!

YO-HO-HO! Pirates bold and a treasure chest. Jewels, gold, silver. Treasure laden ships on the Spanish Main. Thoughts of these, and more, come to mind as you look at this picture of a lone man guarding a chest against a band of ruffians.

In the picture are two men who look alike and dress alike. They are "twin pirates." Can you pick them out? Look sharp! Keen eyes will find them, can you?



Indiana Farmer Wins \$3,500

C. H. Essig, R. R. 3, Argos, Ind., wrote: "I wish to acknowledge receipt of your \$3,500 prize check. I thank you 3,500 times for it. Oh, boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my hands in my life and I am tickled pink over it. When you think of the people who spend their whole lifetime working and in the end never realize such a sum, it is indeed a fortune to win."

Won \$650

S. H. Bennett, Lynchburg, Va., wrote, "I was more than pleased to receive the \$650.00 prize check. I am so well pleased with the nice treatment given me. I found your products all you claim for them."

Won \$525

E. C. Tillman, Berwyn, Ill., wrote: "It is impossible to express my sincere appreciation for your check for \$525.00 prize. It came when I was out of work, which makes it 'look like a million dollars.'"



South Carolina Minister Wins

Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of the First Christian Church of Columbus, S. C., won a cash prize recently.

Hundreds have been rewarded in our past advertising campaigns. Mrs. Edna D. Ziler, of Kentucky, won \$1,950. Miss Tillie Bohle, of Iowa, \$1,500. Be prompt! Answer today!



More Than \$12,960.00 IN PRIZES

If you find the "twins" write their numbers in the coupon or a letter, mail to us and you will qualify for an opportunity to share in over \$12,960.00 in Prizes. Besides hundreds of dollars in special cash rewards. This offer is made by a reliable business house for advertising purposes. You are sure to be rewarded if you take an active part. In case of final ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

One hundred and three cash prizes will be given those who write us about this amazing advertising campaign. We will give away \$12,960.00 in cash. You get \$3,700 if you win grand first prize. In addition there are 102 other wonderful cash prizes. The winner of the grand second prize may win \$2,200, and winner of the grand third prize may win \$1,700. Also four other prizes of \$500.00 each and many others. All told \$12,960.00 in cash. Money to pay you is already on deposit in the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, a big Chicago bank.

All you do to qualify in this great advertising plan is to send your answer. Not a penny of your money is needed now or later. Send the coupon, postal, or letter at once for particulars. Thomas Lee, Mgr., 427 West Randolph Street, Dept. 884, Chicago, Ill.

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427 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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WHETHER you have your hair marcelled, water-waved or "permanent" waved, you can keep the wave twice as long if you'll adopt a few simple rules. Your hair gets more "mussed up" on the pillow at night than it does during the day. To prolong the life of your wave do this before going to bed. Comb the hair gently, reset the wave with your fingers and then put on a Venida Hair Net. The Venida triple strength is a splendid night net. It will keep your hair in place all night long, protect your wave from rumpling and save the ends from straightening and sticking out. One week of this care will show you how much longer you can keep a wave and how much more beautiful your hair will look.

All leading hairdressers consider Venida the highest grade hair net. They are dainty, invisible and strong and the sizes, shapes and colors are always uniform. Price now 10c.

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W. Z. GIBSON, Inc., Dept. J-519
500 Throop Street Chicago, Illinois

Stars Patronize the Stars

(Continued from page 55)

Eilers, in her huge white cowboy hat, head the parade around the ring to the applause of hundreds of people who drive in for miles around to see the spectators as well as Hoot's show. Sally Eilers, with Hoot as her trainer, is giving the professional rodeo riders a run for honors these days.

THERE'RE two spots the stars think about when it's time for rest and quiet. One is Noah Beery's Paradise Trout Club high in the Sierra mountains; the other Fritz Ridgeway's popular hotel at Palm Springs. Noah has a veritable recreation center in his mountain resort. One can fish, ride, shoot, swim, play tennis, golf or any of a dozen other sports—whatever the urge.

Hotel Del Tahquitz is the name of Fritz's beautiful place in the much-talked-about Palm Springs region. Here one would think Hollywood had moved in, for everywhere one looks, there's a familiar face.

Jimmy Gleason and Bob Armstrong jointly own a boxing stadium on the outskirts of Hollywood. Many of the male stars go there to keep fit.

Bessie Love doesn't mind how many people are on a milk diet. The more the merrier, for Bessie owns a dairy farm. Bessie loves to get a gang from Hollywood to visit her ranch. She arms them with hoes, rakes, pitch-forks and puts them to work, giving them a real taste of rural living. Experience, however, has taught Bessie not to let her guests monkey with the cows!

Other shingles along the highway bearing star names are Belle Bennett's Grandma's Farm where home-cooked dinners are served; Corinne Griffith's market in Beverly; Hallam Cooley's

real estate subdivisions; Eddie Nugent's art shop; William K. Howard's dress establishment; Arthur Rankin's print shop; Hugh Trevor's insurance offices; Jean Hersholt's camera company; Irene Rich's chicken ranch; William Janney's turkey farm and last, but far from least, there's the spot where the Britishers congregate—Fred Esmelton's famous catering cottage. Here the beefsteak and kidney pies and the Yorkshire puddings lure Ronald Colman, Cissie Loftus, Lupino Lane, Victor McLaglen and all the other lovers of ye old English dishes.

It's a custom in Hollywood for people to do their own marketing. Perhaps that's why the stars patronize the stars.

Sometimes the patronizing stars, like other customers, have their marketing troubles. This generally leads to an unpaid bill. Temperament enters the scene and with both sides refusing to give and take, into the courts goes the claim. Then the news items appear disclosing the facts of the commercial transactions and disagreements.

Recently Lawrence Tibbett of the golden voice and Roscoe Karns, who has lately been specializing in tough rôles, played the tough guy in real life by suing the singer for more than a hundred dollars worth of chops, etc., purchased for the Tibbett table in Beverly Hills.

Years ago before artists became so democratic, I remember when Irene Castle of dancing fame created a furor when, market-basket in hand, she bought her own fruit and vegetables. She even designed a marketing gown. Now it's an every-day sight in the film colony to see a screen beauty doing her own shopping, carefully and efficiently.

True Story of Norma Shearer

(Continued from page 70)

Irving's sister, Sylvia, were Norma's only attendants.

Norma, like every bride on a honeymoon, started immediately to pry her husband with questions as to how he first became interested in her. Thalberg laughed, but finally showed her a little red book, in which he had been jotting down names of obscure players in whom he saw possibilities, ever since his ascendancy to an executive post at Universal. In it was listed "Norma Shearer" and there followed the names of the two pictures she had made in New York, "The Stealers" and "Channing of the Northwest." Next to this data was filed the comment: *Interesting possibilities.*

After a brief honeymoon they returned to Hollywood and took up their home with Irving's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Thalberg. The devotion of Thalberg to his family is a trait

that is highly respected in Hollywood. Norma flatly refused to break up the Thalberg family circle by setting up housekeeping in a separate establishment.

"At first," explains Norma, "I begged Irving's mother to let me attend to all the little details such as putting out his clothes, fixing the studs in his dress shirts and all the other little wifely duties. I loved it for a week or two, but one day after I had lost his cuff links, put the studs in the wrong shirt and set out his walking shoes in place of his evening shoes, I burst into Mrs. Thalberg's room almost on the verge of tears. 'Mother,' I cried, 'won't you please look after Irving from now on?' And Mother did."

OTHER Hollywood stars began to refer to Norma Shearer enviously as the "girl who has everything." There

could be no doubt that her marriage to the powerful executive was a very happy one. Such starring pictures as "Lady of the Night," "A Slave of Fashion," "His Secretary," "The Devil's Circus," "The Waning Sex," "Upstage," "After Midnight," "The Actress" and "Lady of Chance" were advancing her to an enviable position as an actress. Beauty, fame, wealth and success were hers. With so many of life's greatest gifts in her possession, it stands to reason that Norma was not without her share of criticism from her less fortunate sisters. "She *should* do well," they whispered discreetly behind their hands. "Look at the pull she's got. If I had a husband in the Front Office I could do . . ." and so on and on.

* * * *

Norma Shearer was at the peak of her silent career when talkies loomed upon the Hollywood horizon.

To this star it meant oblivion . . . or great success. She had come to a fork in the road and she had to turn one way or the other, or else turn back completely.

Other great silent stars were falling by the wayside. Big names were in the state of "retiring." It might have been easy for Norma Shearer to rest on her laurels as Mrs. Irving Thalberg, and call it a day. But the same firm determination that made her stay on to fight out the game in New York, that made her fight for better parts in Hollywood, prompted her to draw her sword for combat once more—this time with the talkies as her opponent.

NORMA sat down to take inventory of her talents. It was true she had no stage experience, aside from amateur theatricals in school. In order to assure herself about her speaking voice she went down to the University of Southern California for a vocal analysis. The day she went the machine was out of order.

It was at this time that Bayard Veiller was dickering with M-G-M to direct the talkie of "The Trial of Mary Dugan." He suggested Norma for the rôle. The executives, including Irving Thalberg, gasped in amazement. The exquisite, lady-like Norma Shearer as Mary Dugan, lady of easy virtue, condemned murderess of her lover?

Thalberg promptly turned thumbs down—but he had reckoned without the determined Mrs. Thalberg.

Norma heard that Veiller wanted her for the sensational rôle which Ann Harding had created on the stage. She sent for the dramatist, and with young Raymond Hackett they gathered in secret conclave and rehearsed the dramatic cross-examination scene—swear words and all. One evening when the studio was almost deserted the conspirators rounded up a crew and raided a sound stage. They shot the scene themselves.

Norma held her breath as they waited for that "playback" to come through. Suddenly she heard her own voice—clear, resolute, enunciating each word with dramatic feeling—she could talk for the "mike"!

The next day when the film was run

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If you would have alluring eyes . . . eyes that plainly speak the loveliness of your beauty, but that do not even whisper the means taken to accentuate them—use *genuine* Maybelline. *Maybelline Eyelash Darkener* has been preferred by millions for over fifteen years. It will make *your* lashes appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant—instantly. It will not stiffen nor break the lashes, and is very easy to apply. Perfectly *harmless*.



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If you are now employed, we can use your spare time in a way that will not interfere with your present employment—yet pay you well for your time.

If you are making less than \$150 a month, my offer will appeal to you. Your spare time will pay you well—full time will bring you a handsome income.

It costs nothing to investigate. Write me today and I will send you full particulars by return mail and place the facts before you so that you can decide for yourself.

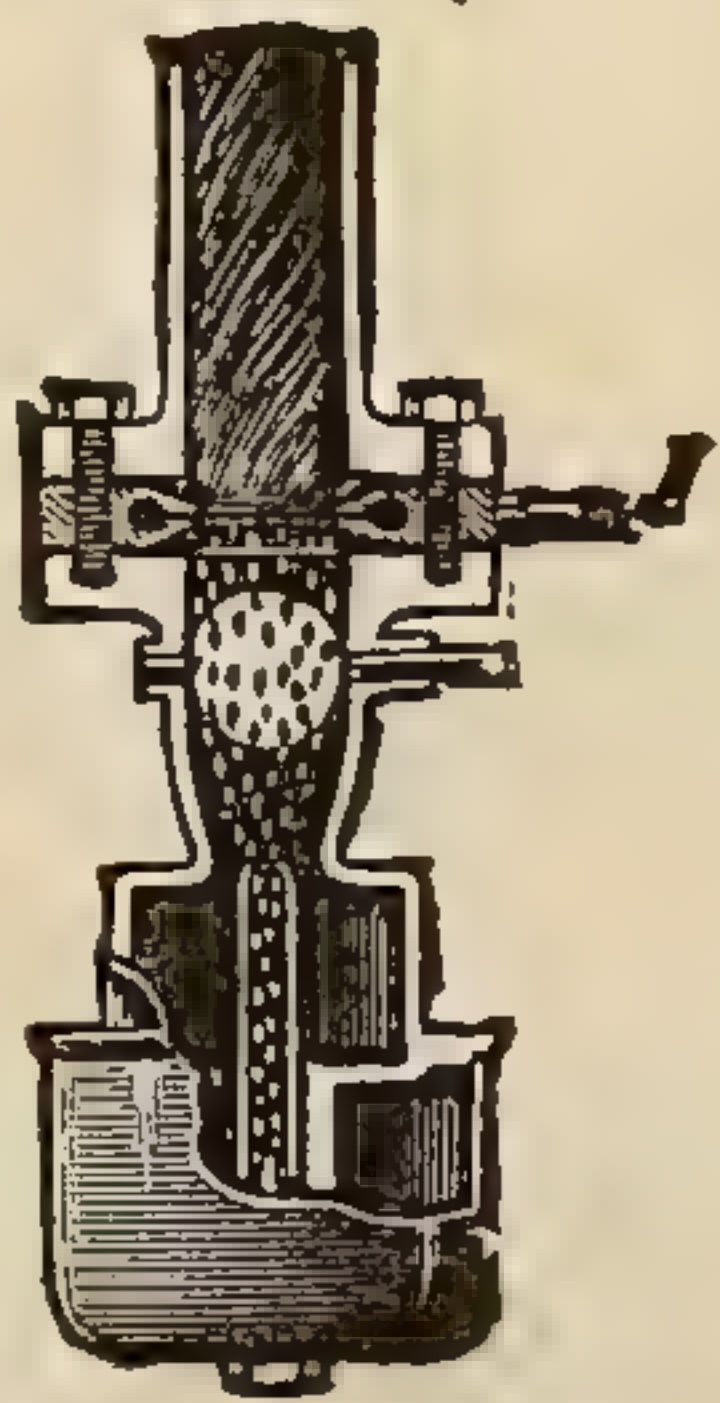
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According to a recent article by the president of the world's largest motor research corporation, there is enough energy in a gallon of gasoline if converted 100% in mechanical energy to run a four cylinder car 450 miles.

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A marvelous device, already installed on thousands of cars, has accomplished wonders in utilizing a portion of this waste energy and is producing mileage tests that seem unbelievable. Not only does it save gasoline, but it also creates more power, quicker starting, snappy pick up, and a smoother running motor.



FREE SAMPLE and \$100 a Week

To obtain national distribution quickly, men are being appointed everywhere to help supply the tremendous demand. Free samples furnished to workers. Write today for this free sample and big money making offer.

WHIRLWIND MFG. CO.

Dept. 683-A, Station C,

Milwaukee, Wis.

before the surprised officials they did a right-about-face on many ideas they had entertained about the limitations of Norma Shearer's talents. Norma *could* play Mary Dugan.

NORMA'S success in that picture, hailed by critics and fans alike, was the first real triumph of a silent star over the treacherous talkies. Her work gained new importance, and her repertoire was no longer limited to lady-like bits of screen femininity.

Her Mary Dugan success was quickly followed by such box-office hits as "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," "The Divorcée" and "Let Us Be Gay."

Once more Norma Shearer had fought her way through to the top of the heap. And once firmly installed there, she did one of those characteristic things that just don't fit into the picture of a calculating woman whose every move is to her own advantage. Right at the white heat of interest in her career, Norma took time out for the purpose of assuming a new, and rival, career—that of motherhood. Her son, Irving Thalberg, Jr., was born five months after the final scene of "Let Us Be Gay" was finished.

The arrival of Irving, Jr., was noted on the front pages of many newspapers all over the country. And yet Norma's first official statement concerning her child was "no publicity for the baby." "I should love nothing better than for the world to see what a perfectly grand baby we have," is her explanation of the affair, "but I do not believe it is wise for an actress playing the distinctly sophisticated and modern rôles I am doing now, to emphasize her domestic life too strongly. It spoils the illusion."

As soon as the baby was old enough to be left in the charge of a nurse, Norma returned to the studio to make "Strangers May Kiss" by Ursula Parrot, the same author who wrote her biggest box-office sensation of last year, "The Divorcée." Norma's performance in that picture was adjudged by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to be the outstanding characterization of the season. Her first public appearance after the birth of the baby was at the Academy banquet where she was awarded her silver prize, amid the applause of her friendly rivals and co-workers.

STRANGERS MAY KISS" was an even more daring rôle than "The Divorcée" and so far it has registered as a greater hit. The opening night of the picture at the Carthay Circle Theater was Norma's first big première. She wore a cream colored satin dress, a chinchilla coat and one startlingly large orchid on her shoulder. Norma confided later that she was never so nervous in her life as when the title sheet flashed on the screen. At the finish of her big dramatic moment, when Neil Hamilton leaves her alone in Mexico, the house broke into a genuine applause of appreciation and those who sat near Norma say her eyes were shining with tears. At the intermission friends and those she loved flocked about her with congratulations. Athole was there on the arm of Howard Hawks. Her mother and father were proudly in attendance, as was Douglas Shearer. As Norma and Irving walked back to their seats after the intermission it was noticed that they were holding hands.

In looking back over her story, Norma said: "I can't imagine doing it over again. On the other hand, I can't imagine not doing it. I certainly would not advise anyone else to try pictures. It is a hard road—and a still harder one to turn back on when the going gets too rough!

"It is only because I was ignorant of the real hardships I faced that gave me the false courage to see it through. A career is a habit-forming thing that keeps drawing us on and on. Even now I am restless to try my hand at the stage someday. But perhaps it is wise that we are constantly looking ahead. Without the hope of the future to drive us on I'm afraid we would be content to rest on what laurels we have acquired—and that is always dangerous."

By the time you read this Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg will be in Europe for their first vacation in two years—accompanied by Irving Thalberg, Jr., and his nurse.

This moment to play and enjoy life and rest, just temporarily, on the pedestal one has builded out of hard work and determination and perseverance is a fitting climax to a girl's winning battle with a great industry and also to one of Hollywood's gayest love stories of Beauty and the Big Boss.

Dynamic Dolores

(Continued from page 49)

an hour and a half at luncheon time with Dolores in her simply furnished dressing room-bungalow on the Warner Brothers lot at Burbank.

To those who wonder how fresh and unspoiled and sincere is the love between John Barrymore and Dolores Costello three years after their honeymoon, let me say that for half an hour of my visit with the actress she talked by phone with her actor spouse. It was the most unavoidable—and pleasant—eavesdropping I have ever enjoyed. Do-

lores Costello, in a voice as musical as the second string of a violin, with endearments as sweet and unaffected as a child's, made that night's dinner menu at the Barrymore menage more poetic and charming than a Shakespearian sonnet.

And as I listened to her tell her husband the news of the day (he had been working at night on one film and she each day on another during that week) I began to understand why John Barrymore no longer seeks an audience in

Ensenada saloons for his latest Rabelaisian story—why that little army of ladies of the film capital hear no more his charming voice in their personal salons.

THE baby had had beef bouillon for luncheon . . . the Joseph Cawthorns were dropping in for tea . . . the garden-er had been instructed to lay some new stone walks in the aviary . . . and how she had missed not seeing John at breakfast . . . He wasn't overdoing? . . . She had caught just the proper pace for her own big scene of the morning . . . "nice to hear your voice, darling . . . until tea time, then . . . lots of love . . ."

A few weeks before I called on Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford told me that every night she always went into Doug Junior's bedroom and picked up his clothes for him. "He throws everything around so," moaned—and boasted—Joan.

Personally, I think the reason John Barrymore is so unutterably happy in his marriage with the beautiful girl who was his leading woman in the silent version of "Moby Dick," is that she has acted as a sort of mental valet—as well as a matronly wife to this mad mummer; picking up the self-prized jewels of his heart and mind, patting them lovingly, putting them in place and then settling back to enjoy with him the novelty of such neatness.

For Barrymore was a rowdy romantic. He scattered his soul around the world as carelessly as an untidy man throws his clothes about the floor when he changes for dinner.

Dolores Costello is not only the sweetheart of John Barrymore, she's his housekeeper—the first who has ever featured his favorite dish at supper. And a nurse—the first who has ever been able to shoo away bothersome "boogies" and tuck him into bed to sleep serenely.

THAT "homey" quality about Dolores Costello, which harmonizes so charmingly with her outdoor athletic tastes and her drawing room sophistication, is her heritage from her mother, Mae Costello, Dolores said.

She must have been one woman in a million—Mae Costello. For both her youngest daughter and her favorite son-in-law claim they owe so much of their happiness and their present appreciation and enjoyment of life to her.

In MODERN SCREEN last month, Barrymore told, with a chuckle, how once when he was courting her, Dolores said: "Are you sure it's me you want to marry—not Mama?"

Dolores Costello told me something more of that courtship. It was carried on mostly, I gathered, over a bridge table during the months of evenings Mae Costello, her daughter Dolores, and that "rogue"—that "roistering rogue"—John Barrymore, played three-handed bridge.

It was a great loss to Dolores when her mother died. I think it must have been then that Dolores Costello finally grew up—a year or so after her marriage. And if there is a credo in Dolores Costello's life—if there is an ideal she has for both her own character and

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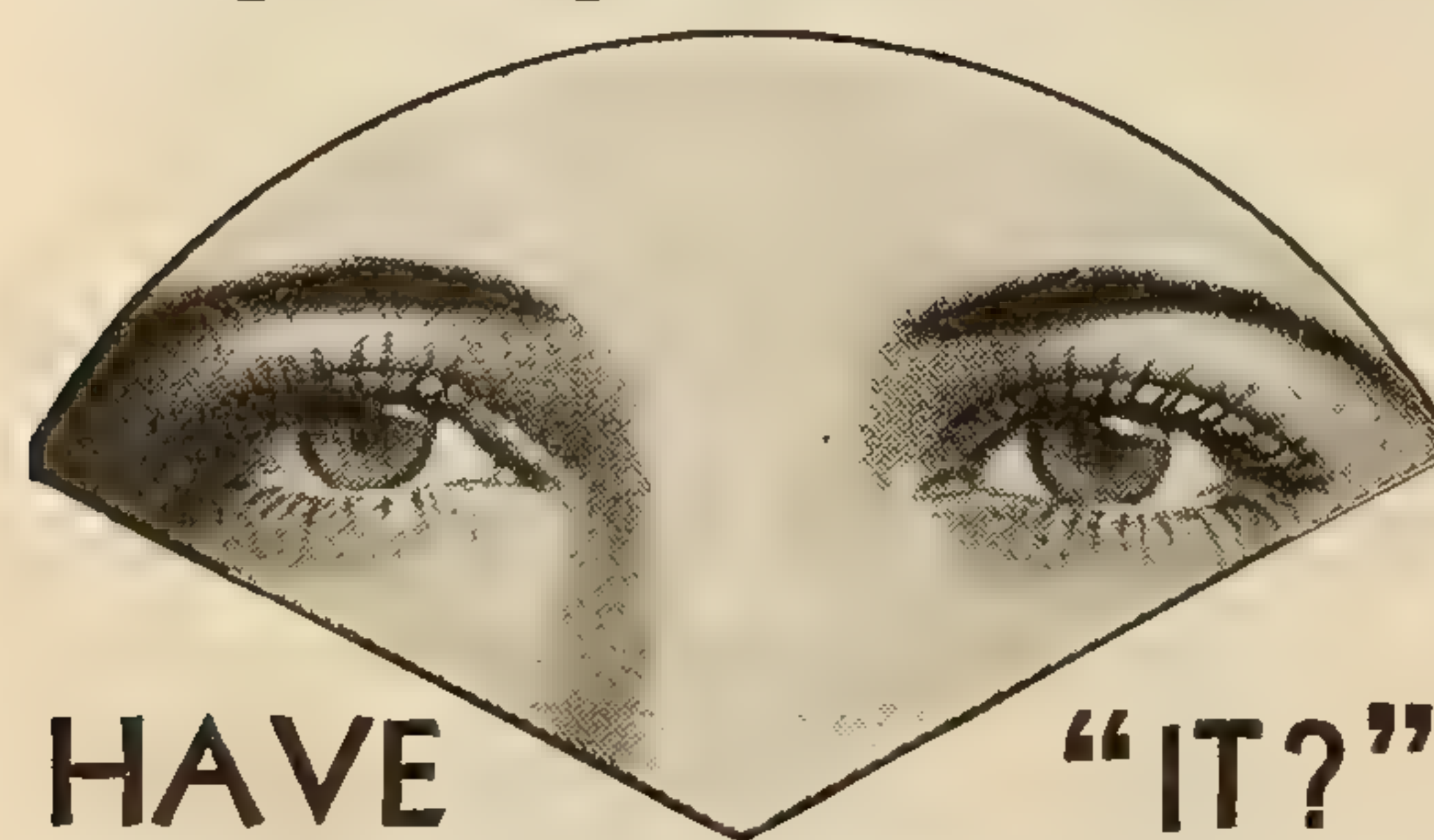
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that of the tiny daughter she is breeding—it is to be in thought and word and action as nearly like her mother as she can.

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Dynamic.

YOU may think of "dynamic" as a term which pictures a blustering Bancroft growling business orders. The day I visited Dolores Costello I found a new meaning for the word. Her rare beauty, her quiet, restrained voice, her clean, keen mind; her perfect command, not only of herself but of every person and problem she encounters, impressed me as the most compelling—dynamic—personality I have ever met. I understood for the first time the new John Barrymore I had interviewed—understood and envied!

Dolores Costello told me, at the conclusion of our talk, that she has come back to the screen as an amusing adventure, as an experiment and an inquiry. As an experiment to see if she could be at once, solicitous spouse, attentive mother and a screen star on

whose time and energy so many exacting demands are made. Her inquiry was one of curiosity to learn if—off the screen for two years—she could return to it with success.

She's not quite sure about the experiment. She finds it hard to pass into another's hands the responsibilities—and pleasure—of making sure baby's broth has enough vitamins; she misses the sun baths and garden cooings in her daughter's company. It has, she says, drawn her closer to her husband in their mutual interests of the work-a-day world. It's been both fun and stimulating to learn lines, pose for pictures.

But, as for whether the public will again take to its heart their "Madonna of the Screen,"—pay tribute anew to her beauty and talent, Dolores Costello is completely, sincerely, indifferent.

The only living person she cares about already has taken her to his heart and is holding her fast there, regardless of closeups or curtain lines. The only tribute she wishes to hear is the proud note in Johny Barrymore's voice when he says: "Gentlemen—my wife!"

Beauty Czarina

(Continued from page 45)

unnecessary inches from the waist line in three days. I had every confidence in Sylvia, I knew that one treatment would send me out of that hotel walking on air and feeling like a million dollars.

SYLVIA believes tremendously in waking up the sleepy glands and making them perform their proper work, by themselves, once spurred to "rise and shine." She believes in a liquid diet that builds up and does not tear down. She can tell an anemic person at a glance. "Anemia either makes you fat, in bumps, or thin, with a tendency to tuberculosis," says Sylvia. She believes in a correct posture. She demands that you walk the way nature intended you to walk. Pigeon-toed, a little. "Exaggerate it, if you must," says Sylvia, "but for heaven's sake don't turn your toes out. I have had to teach women of sixty to walk," she says.

She does not say it like this. Oh, no. She says it with a very entrancing little accent, she says it with laughter in her eyes and with very racy expressions impossible to reproduce but entirely charming to hear.

She gives certain exercises to her clients. They perform them with her as an instructor, or at home alone. They are adapted, slightly, to each case. In my own case they consisted of five lively simple exercises, combining stretching and bending, with some calculated to "squeeze" and stimulate the abdominal muscles. I'm going to do them every day, so help me Sylvia!

Her treatment is not cluttered up with a lot of grease and things, nor complicated by alcohol rubs or showers. It does not take very long but it does the work.

She has special facials, also, and very special creams, just a few, which she

makes herself. They smell good, they look good and I am certain that they are good.

I know that Sylvia's treatment is not all physical. It is mental, too. Much depends upon that, one's mental attitude. Sylvia does not permit her clients to keep scales in their homes, to spend their time running to them and climbing upon them to watch the ounces. She knows when they have lost and lost properly, with no strain on the heart, no relaxing of the facial muscles. "Their clothes hang on them," she says simply, "why should they fret themselves with scales?"

"Slugs!" she calls a number of people. But to their faces. Not behind their backs. That isn't Sylvia's way. There isn't an ounce of the gossip or the cat in her. She is as honest, as direct and as stimulating as sunshine, which is chock full of ultra-violet and infra-red rays.

"Why," I inquired, "do you call them slugs?"

"I have to appeal to their vanity," she answered; "I have to get them to mind me, to have confidence in me. What sense would there be in saying 'you are beautiful—you look wonderful'? I say, 'You look terrible, you are lazy, you are a slug! Very well, get that in your head, do what I tell you to and in ten days or two weeks it will be a different story.'"

SHE sets beauty as a goal. But not her highest goal. Her real goal is health, natural, vibrant, the sort of health which radiates from skin and figure and posture and stride. The sort of health which is lasting.

"They all come to me for a reason," she says, a little mournfully. "I mean for—for an acute reason. A job to

be landed, a man to be won. And they all want quick results."

Well, they get them.

She has been in Hollywood for six years. She is as well known as anybody in it. She calls them all by their first names, they call her Sylvia.

They may "squawk" under her relentless treatments, they may weep, they may implore for mercy, but they always come back for more. Like the little boy in the story books, they know what is good for them. Sylvia is good for them; not only for their tended, lovely bodies which have grown torpid with too little sleep, too much living, eating, drinking, too high nerve tension, but for their minds and their souls.

I have never known anyone who liked her work as much as Sylvia does. She loves it; not the good and gratifying results alone but the actual work itself. "The more terrible they look the better I like it—and them," she says.

She said to me "I love humanity." And I believed her. I am sure she does. She knows that many of us mortals are weak, are spiritual failures, are

stumbling along dangerous paths; she knows that some of us are unkind, even vicious, are dishonest, are unworthy. But that doesn't matter. Humanity, with its mixture of good and evil, she loves.

She should have been a doctor. She admits it. She was hospital trained for her present job. "I would have liked to have been a doctor," she told me, "even a surgeon, but I was too dumb!"

I protested; not just politely, but sincerely.

"I mean," explained Sylvia, "all the Latin, all the things you had to know." She regarded her hands. "Well, they earn my living," she said.

And now, although it would be easy to write about Sylvia for many more pages, I must go do my exercises. I promised her I would; and I have an uncanny feeling that if I don't she will know about it, three thousand miles away and that some day I will wake up to receive a telegram which will say simply, scornfully and reproachfully:

"Slug!"

What's Happened to Alice White?

(Continued from page 57)

Paramount lot carrying her photos under her arm. A girl she knew was having lunch with Gary Cooper, then Clara's boy friend. Alice, in her most Bowish manner strode up to their table to talk to them. "Don't you think I look like Clara Bow?" she demanded of Gary, rolling her baby eyes at him with all the "IT-ishness" at her command. When she walked away, Gary shook his head. "She looks like Clara—like brass looks like gold," was his comment, it is said. Then: "She'll never get ahead."

But Alice did get ahead! In spite of Hollywood!

Even the studio that gave her the first real chance failed to realize her worth. She made one picture with Milton Sills and was then promptly fired. It wasn't until exhibitors from all over the country commenced to write letters demanding more of Alice White that the studio gave her another thought. Suddenly they discovered they had found something they could sell . . . in "The Impossible White Girl." Immediately she went to Paramount for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Her success in this picture made possible a starring contract at First National Studio. And so, quite suddenly, before Alice or the studios or Hollywood realized just what had happened, we found that Alice White had become a star.

ALICE has always said that they were forced to make her a star because no one would work with her in a picture. It seems that the critics were only too anxious to give her all the credit. As a matter of fact, it

wasn't Alice's acting ability that put her where she was; it was the fact that she was a distinct personality of the moment. She was what the public wanted to see—therefore, she was what the theater owners wanted to offer.

At first, Alice was amazed by this turn in events. She instinctively loved celebrity because of the added attention it attracted to her small person. She liked also the many men who pursued her for favors. She gave out unique stories . . . yes, astounding stories of her love life. But she continued to live just as she always had. Two years before (when she was making perhaps thirty-five dollars a week) a nice apartment would have seemed a luxury to her. So now, without any idea of comparative values, she took a fairly nice apartment with a pull-down bed and a little kitchenette. She had no maid. She drove a Ford car. Interviewers were crazy about her because she liked to talk about the things that stars had always heretofore avoided: the men she believed herself in love with at the moment; about life in general and the hot-stuff angle of it. She sincerely believed and hoped that she was living just as Clara Bow was living. The *rumored* Clara Bow!

ONCE a wise man asked Alice White—the Alice White of today—why she had gone haywire those first few months; cheapened herself and her reputation with her indiscriminate romances.

"I didn't know any better," she answered. "I thought one behaved that way when one was a movie star!"

Then Cy Bartlett came into her life—

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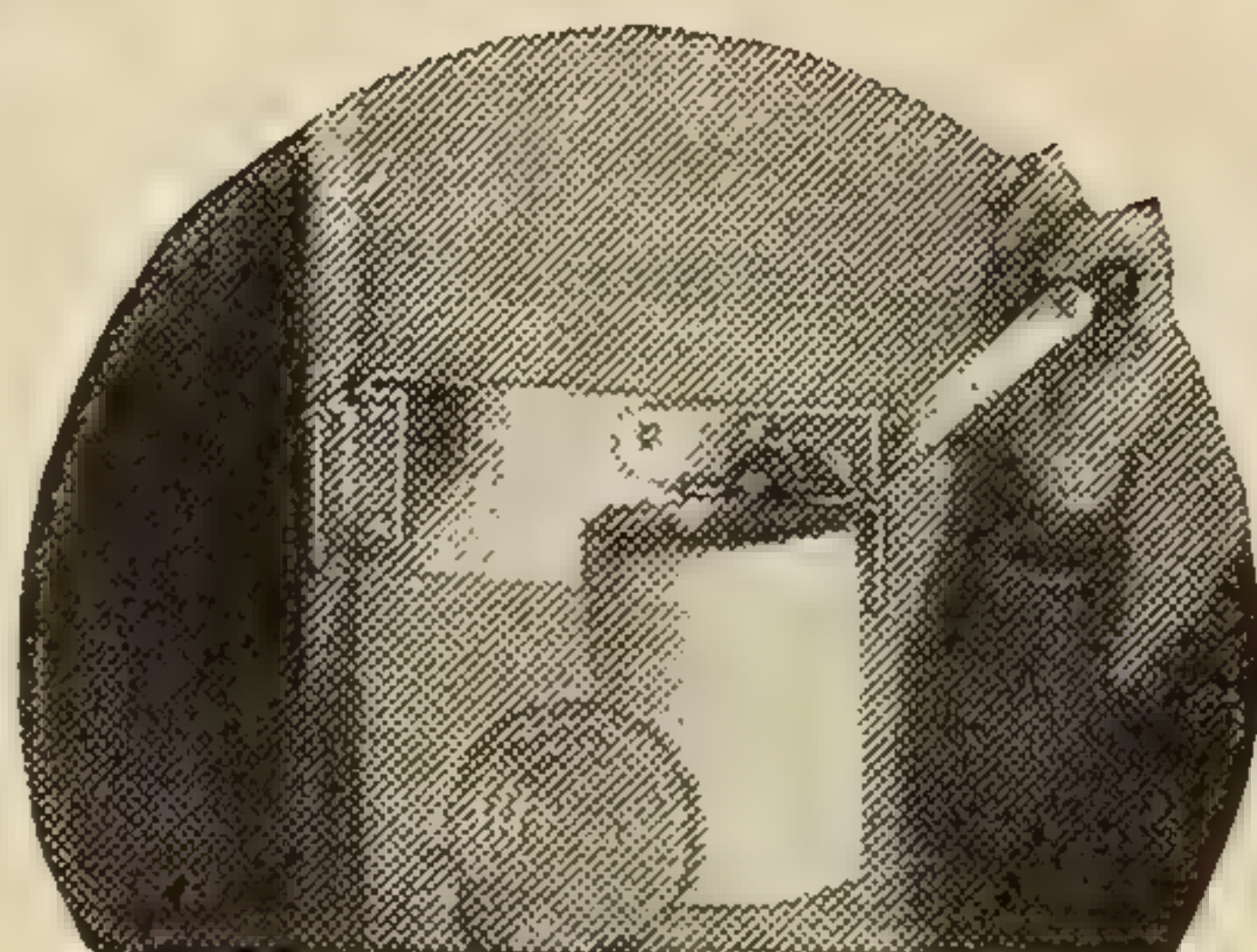
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right at the height of her hey-hey activities. Cy Bartlett is a charming, cultivated, well educated boy. He opened new avenues to Alice—gave her a new sense of values. He was just about Alice's age, but he had spent the greater part of his life in London and Paris—it was a tale of wonder to the wide-eyed Alice. He immediately became a sobering influence on her. She began to read books, enjoy good music, talk more slowly, live more sanely. Alice loved and respected Cy, and Cy loved and sympathized with Alice. It was the very first time in her life that she had ever received any sympathy, and the new atmosphere seemed to soften her jazzy outlook on life.

Then the fun commenced! Cy didn't have to be in Hollywood more than a few weeks before he realized that Alice White was not being treated as others in her same position were being treated. She was a star in name—but not in Hollywood! The courtesy and deference usually shown a star were not a part of Alice's life. Cy became incensed at the unfair way in which Hollywood was shunting Alice out of its way. He at once determined to change the order of things!

HE began going to the studio with her every day. He demanded rights for her which, while they were the natural rights of every other star in the business, were never accorded Alice. He argued with the big producers; talked long and loud to high executives, and in general attempted to make the studio and Hollywood recognize Alice White as a star—not only in name, but in fact!

And thus, Cy Bartlett, who is really the only redeeming influence in Alice's life became (according to many gossips) the real reason for her downfall in the picture business. The studios and Hollywood had never been willing to recognize Alice as a real star. But Mr. Bartlett made up his mind to make them treat Alice in the same manner as they were wont to deal with other girls who had risen to the same high position in the industry.

Alice, under the guiding influence of the man she loved, became a person to reckon with around the studio. She commenced to live, act and think in terms that she had always taken for granted were not for her. She became a star—one who demanded her rights—just as the others always had. She made valiant efforts to be all the word *star* stands for in Hollywood.

Hollywood saw very little of the White girl for a few months. She gave up "running around," the slang, the loud clothes and all the rest of the trappings she thought were such an important part of her life. Cy taught her how to enjoy the real things of life, including good books, fine music and excellent plays. Her voice lost its hey-hey quality and became quite soft and sweet.

BUT the demands around the studio, in the right as they certainly were, finally became too much for those who had known Alice in her "days before."

Things she now did, things she now said, rights she now demanded placed her in the light of being "high-hat." They started to say "White has allowed the thing to go to her head—trying to put on the ritz. Who is this guy Bartlett that is putting all these crazy ideas in her head, anyway?"

Then she was fired!

Of course, in Hollywood they don't exactly fire anyone in the way they do in Kalamazoo. What they did was tell Alice that they were in no position to take up her option. They said that her public had grown tired of her . . . she had no "box-office" any more . . . maybe they could use her next year!

Did you notice the billboards on her picture, "The Widow From Chicago"? Alice had the title rôle in the film, and her name appeared at the bottom of the bill in letters about an inch lower than nothing. The picture was released to the public as: Edward G. Robinson in "The Widow From Chicago." But it seems as though the studio was "sure that Alice had lost whatever used to make 'em stand in line at the box office."

I personally know that her fan mail went on just as though nothing had happened! In fact, today—nine months after she made her last picture—she still receives enough fan mail from faithful followers to raise her salary! Some of the studios in Hollywood are aware of the fact that Alice White is still a big attraction at the box-office; many of them have tried to sign her to contracts. But just as sure as she is ready to sign, someone (no one seems to know exactly who) steps in to say that Alice White is *not* to be signed!

YOU can easily see that even though she hasn't actually lost any of her appeal at the box-office, she most certainly has lost something . . . somewhere! Who is it that wants Alice kept off the screen, in spite of the fact that thousands of her fans are writing every week? What is the power in Hollywood that can say "thumbs down" and make everyone sit up and take notice? Just at present Alice has just "lost" another chance to sign. Someone arrived at the last minute with the bad news—at least, the signing studio suddenly suffered a distinct loss of enthusiasm.

This, then, is the sad case of Alice White, the girl who still receives thousands of fan letters a month (a testimonial that would be worth lots of money to anyone else in the picture business) and yet has walked around without a job for almost a year!

Now you know why Hollywood has Alice White on its conscience. Is it any wonder that the greater part of Hollywood is ashamed?

The latest news has it that Alice is to play a part in a Columbia picture called, "The Monster Kills." Perhaps this will herald the come-back of Alice White to the talking screen.

If so, is this come-back the result of Hollywood's shame? Has the city of glitter and sham and heartbreak at last realized the shameful treatment Alice White has received? Let us hope so. And let us hope Alice will be seen on the screen for many, many years.

Society Girl Wants A New Name

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I am interested in winning \$2,600.00. Rush me all information and tell me how I stand.

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You don't have to send any money—you don't have to buy anything or sell anything to win the Name Prize. Just send the first name you think of—it may be a winner—it has just as good a chance as any. But do it NOW! Rush letter with name suggestion or send coupon at once. I will answer at once giving you all the details and telling you just how you stand in the distribution of \$4,300.00 cash prizes. Here may be the means of making you financially independent for life.

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"My daughter's hair would not grow," writes her father. "We thought the roots were dead. We sent for KOTALKO as a final test and thought it would be like the other things she had used without results. But now I am glad to state that after using KOTALKO faithfully, she has thick, wavy hair, as you will see by her photograph. Unless I had seen it myself I would not have believed it possible."

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Men also report new hair growth after using KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women whose health was undoubtedly good and whose hair roots were not dead.

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Free Box

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Please send me FREE Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name.....

Full Address.....

Secrets of the Stylists

(Continued from page 63)

mystery to the face, a certain smoothness. In a younger person it is more a question of attracting direct notice.

LET'S take first a girl with a pale complexion and titian hair. If she is in a small group it would be wiser for her to work up a contrast by wearing a dark gown in which light is lost, as in velvet, brocade or chiffon. That will highlight her face and hair and cause her to be something of a sensation. At a large ball, however, it might be best for her to wear a gown of supple, gleaming material in a golden orange or amber shade that goes into her complexion so that she makes one fascinating glow—a gorgeous blaze of a single color.

"Similarly, a brunette may be striking in a creamy white satin at a gathering of about fifty people or less. But if she wishes to be outstanding in a big assembly let her wear tones that blend in with her hair, offset by one splash of brilliant color. One lady I know with very dark hair, olive skin, and impeccable good taste, chose to appear in black velvet and purple slippers at a court function. She was an American but she had the most regal look of anyone present.

"Jean Arthur, who has russet brown hair, gained considerable attention the other evening in a gown of golden brown silk net combined with rows of matching velvet ribbon which she wore over a cloth of gold slip. A spray of red roses on the belt gave the gown a vivid touch.

"Blondes are usually stunning in black but on occasions they are more effective in white elaborated with crystals or rhinestones, or in silver tissues.

"For what we have begun to term 'waltz frocks,' it's interesting to use tulle. Lovely effects can be had by fashioning it in uneven layers and graduating the colors—say, from shell pink to deep rose. Chiffons and crêpes lend themselves well to Grecian designs. Impressively simple things can be done with taffeta for tall girls, but short ones should strive for the more picturesque effect in their formal dresses. They can attain it often by combining lace with tulle or by using starched chiffon. A skirt that stands out from the waist to the floor will give a short girl prominence in a room because it gives her an apparent increase in height.

I THINK many women fail to realize what an important part materials play in their appearance. Otherwise we would not have middle-aged ladies going about in stiff linens, tightly-woven serge and mannish suitings that hang in stubborn, ungainly folds. These surfaces take from the freshness of the complexion and bring out the lines and wrinkles. Soft cloths like gabardine, broadcloth, soft-finish satins, heavy crêpes and voiles are becoming to older faces—and to young ones, too. But the young ones can wear the hard-finished fabrics, providing their figures are slen-

der and supple and not angular.

"Thin women need pliable stuffs that drape in thick, indefinite folds to add bulk to the body. Among these are velvets, broadcloths, duvetyns, crêpes and heavy silks and wools. Heavy women should avoid highly lustrous and fluffy fabrics.

"Let me remind you, parenthetically, that you will do well to remember when shopping that shaggy, rough materials and those with a decided sheen make one seem larger... and that it invariably pays to get the best. Although it may cost more at the time, fine fabrics can be made and re-made into garments that have smartness and hold their shape. A beautiful broadcloth coat, well lined, will last for years and always give the wearer the assurance she is clothed in the finest possible raiment. With a few alterations from time to time it can be kept constantly in the mode. It is false economy to buy cheap-looking things; rather buy less and dispense with the little trinkets that serve only to clutter up a dress.

"A costume," went on Mr. Rossé, "is like a poem or a concerto... it is a composition. It requires harmony and balance and rhythm.

"The colors must blend not only with each other but with the face—that is harmony. The parts of the design of one's costume should be so placed that the material seems well distributed, with no section looking empty while another is heavily trimmed. There ought to be a perfect continuity of line in keeping with the line of the body. This makes for balance. Rhythm is the principle whereby a flow of line in a design has pleasing repetition of accent. If, for example, the skirt has a series of small tucks the waist should have this feature also. In the black chiffon afternoon costume made for Bette Davis, Universal's blond ingenue, the circular tier repeats the sweep of the uneven skirt and so does the short cape jacket (see page 63). Had the circular tier been placed straight around and the jacket cut in angles, the smartness of the costume would have been entirely lost.

I BELIEVE the secret of good dressing is in learning to emphasize one's best points. If the hands are beautiful they should be made prominent by careful grooming, by exquisite and unusual rings, and by cuffs that are in contrast to the dress. The feet ought never to be made conspicuous by wearing light-colored or contrasting shoes and stockings unless they're one's only good point. And this is seldom the case!

"Do you know what I think? I think lovely clothes should be a part of contemporary art. The modern understanding of the term is that 'art is the perfect expression of an idea,' or 'the perfect adjustment of an object to its use.' Women express themselves in their clothes. If they do it well they become true artists."

I strongly suspect Mr. Rossé of vis-

ualizing every woman as a separate picture in her own individual frame. He doesn't see us trooping out "à la chorus" across the stage of everyday life in uniform costumes. Not Herman Rossé. Each of us, to his way of thinking, is the star of our own particular show and we ought to dress accordingly. "Be Yourself" is his creed and it might be well if all of us followed it.

Rose Hobart is one who does. She's small and brown and wistful and the other day I saw her in a tweed sport dress that was—to use Mr. Rossé's apt expression—"essentially *her*." It was of a wood brown shade and had flaring cuffs, brown leather buttons and a plain V-neckline. Very simple, and *very* smart.

In "Waterloo Bridge" you'll see Mae Clarke in a tweed suit that is the last word in chic. It's of a silvery blue shade and has pointed edging on the coat and cuffs. She wears blue leather shoes to match it and a four-piece sable scarf that falls the length of the skirt. (See page 63.)

FURS, furs, furs—they're dominant in the fall fashions. Ghibiline, that new fur that comes from Tibetan mountain goats, is one of the most durable. It's effective and quite inexpensive (which is one of the chief items for most of us to consider!) Dyed cross fox, fitch, wolf, badger and ombre krimmer are being used extensively to trim coats. Genevieve Tobin has one of lupine blue broadcloth, collared and cuffed with the fitch, that is extremely attractive.

I saw her at the Cocoanut Grove last night in a charming outfit. Her wrap was of Lyons velvet in a rich violet tone with white fox bordering the capelet part of it which started in a sleeve at the left and ended in a long scarf. She wore it over a frock of white *peau d'ange* that had a motif in front made of the velvet embroidered in seed pearls.

But let's leave Hollywood for a minute and talk about your dress problems for fall. Let's talk about a collegiate wardrobe—one that would do for the young business girl as well. The average cost for such a wardrobe is said to be around \$350 and is apportioned something like this:

Good coat	\$60.00
Suit	25.00
Sport coat	20.00
5 classroom dresses	90.00
2 sweaters, 2 skirts	25.00
Shoes	30.00
Hats and Gloves	25.00
Evening dress and wrap	35.00
Miscellaneous (blouses, underwear, etc.)	40.00

Naturally, if you are able to sew for yourself this budget can be reduced materially. The "good coat" is the greatest expense but it is due to last two years or more, consequently it needs to be of fine material and finely fashioned. For that reason avoid getting an extreme style, the kind that will be hopelessly out-dated next year. A dark bottle-green cloth, cut on semi-fitting lines and having a scarf collar of black caracul or some other black fur, would be very chic and what's more—it would

be practical. The accessories to go with it are black with a touch of white.

ONE of the frocks that comes under the heading "classroom dresses" might be of green crêpe or satin to blend with the coat and it could be used for afternoon tea or informal dinner. The other dresses should be of the mottled or dark wool-crêpe and tweed variety in order to get the most wear out of them. White collars, cuffs, and detachable vestees that can be laundered easily in one's room add to their fresh, trim appearance. I suggest black for the sport coat because one seldom tires of it and it can be made to look very dashing and collegiate with gayly colored scarves.

A tailored navy blue, dark gray or brown suit is a wise selection to be worn with smart, youthful blouses.

For the evening wrap, black velveteen lined with cream or flesh satin and having an interlining is an excellent choice. White crêpe roma for the dress offers many possibilities in the way of accessories and as the season advances it can be dyed—and dyed again!

The keynote of the collegiate wardrobe is *dash* . . . combined with what is practical.

Fashion footnotes: Satin gowns with beige tops and brown skirts are approved for formal wear. Colored coats frequently top black dresses. Eggplant is proving a popular shade; it is sometimes combined with blue fox. Dark greens employ silver raccoon. Luxurious fur collars and voluminous sleeves are characteristic of the new tweed coats. "Travel" jackets of kid or lapin are lined with imported woolen fabrics or novelty silks. Spangles and beads elaborate a number of formal gowns. Fine silk mesh hosiery in off-black shades gains favor.

It looks like a brown fall!

YOUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

DEAR MISS LANE:

For the past thirty years I've lived in a small Ohio town and now I'm making plans to visit New York in October for the first time. My son has married a young girl of social prominence there and I want to be sure I'm dressed correctly when I go to see them. I wouldn't humiliate my boy for worlds—but confidentially, Miss Lane, I do not know what to wear, especially for travelling and at the formal dinners. I have very white hair, brown eyes, and a ruddy complexion from being in my garden so much, and I'm stout. I weigh 152 pounds and my height is 5 feet 2 inches. Won't you be kind enough to help me? Thank you!

MRS. D. K. F.

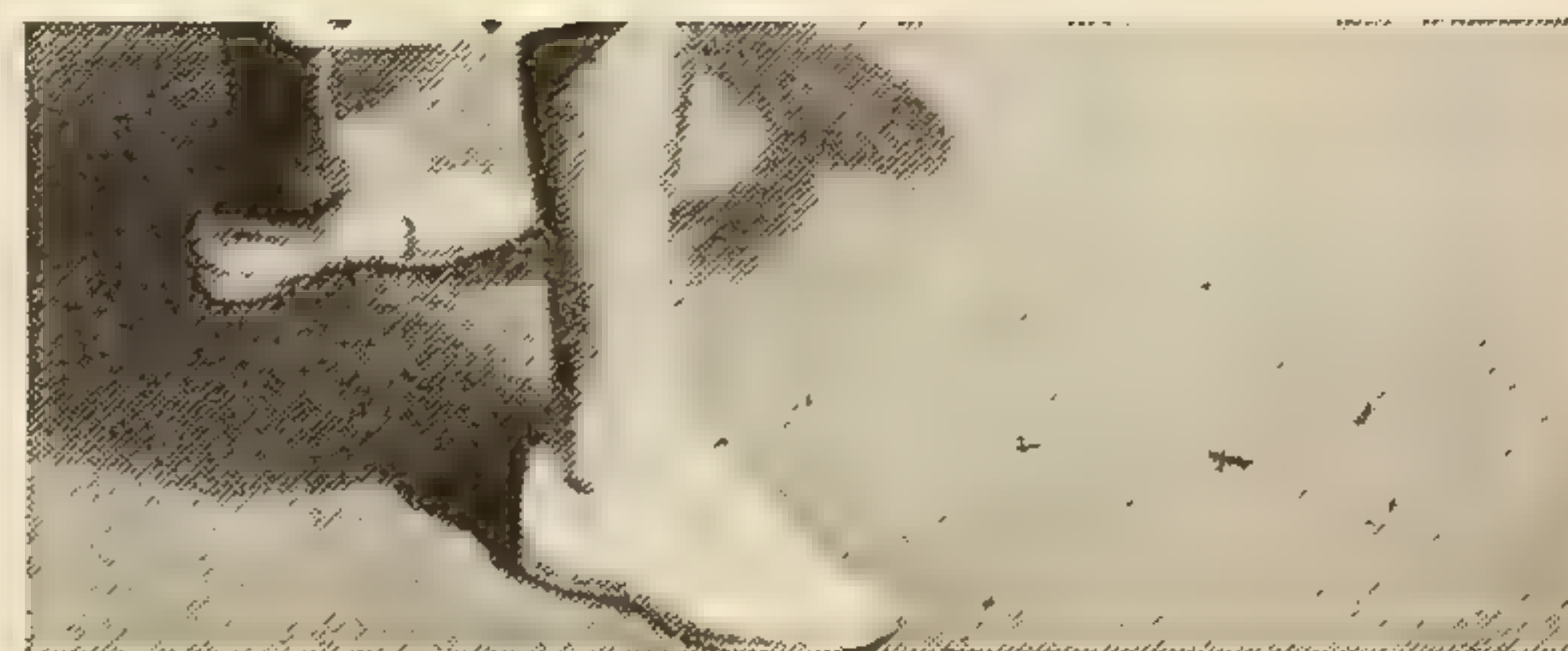
DEAR MRS. D. K. F.:

I want you to look so lovely on your trip your son will want to parade you up and down Fifth Avenue! And I know you will for I have a feeling you'd look sweet in anything.

For your travelling suit why not choose the always good black and white combination. Get the new tweed that



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Regular size packages of this exquisite powder at 35c and \$1.00, together with other OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages of all the OUTDOOR GIRL preparations at 10c each may also be had at the toilet goods counters of leading chain and variety stores. Enclosed in each box is a fascinating leaflet describing the secrets of artful make-up. Crystal Laboratories, 130 Willis Ave., N.Y.C.

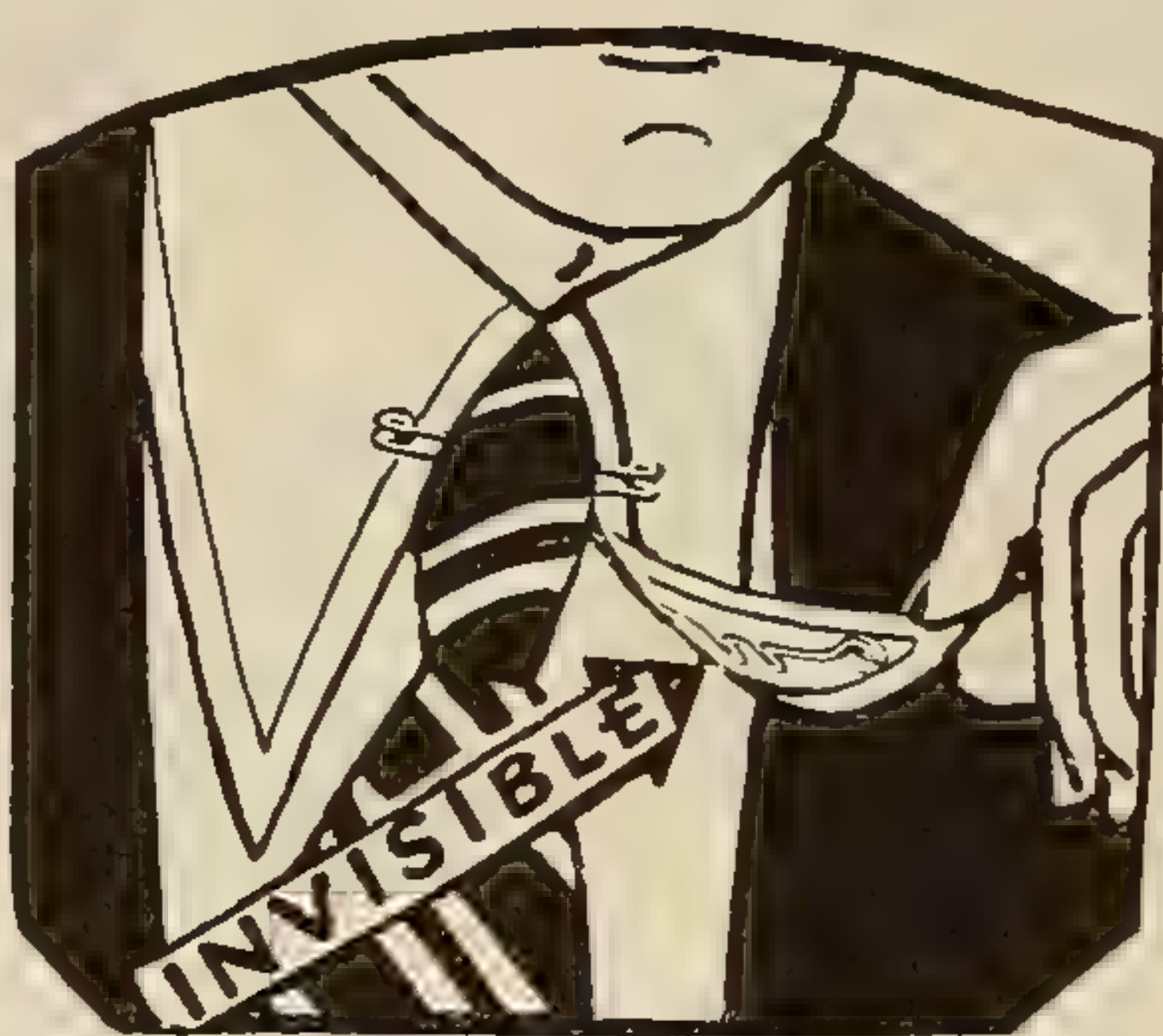
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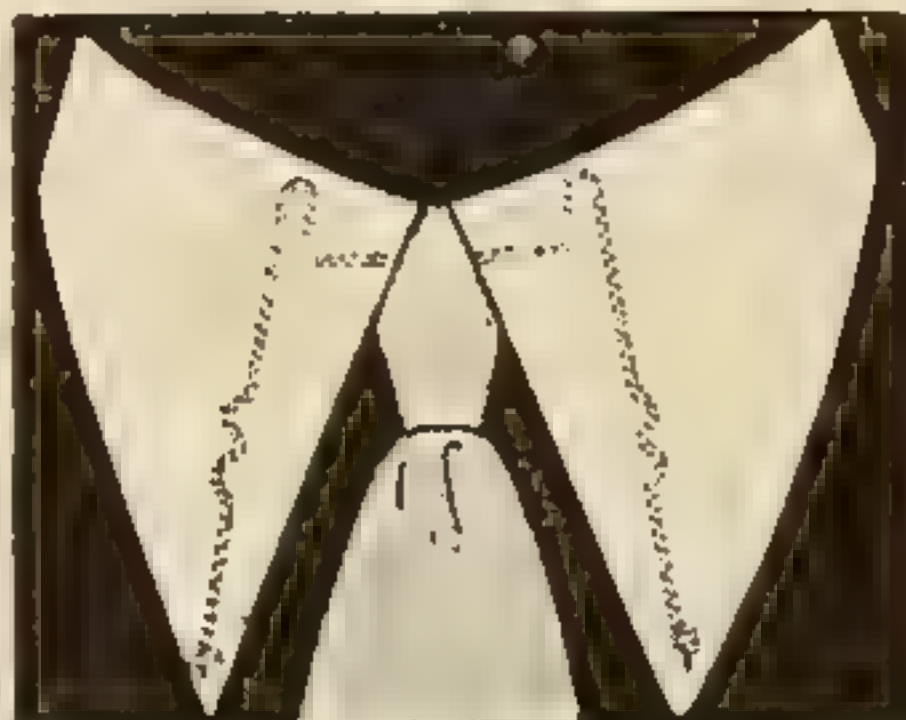
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has a rough surface and yet is very pliable. Have the coat the length of the skirt with fine seaming beginning at the shoulders and ending in a V-point below the hipline in back. Have a surplice collar and cavalier cuffs of black galyak lined with black satin. Let the V-pointed seaming be imitated both front and back on the skirt and have the fullness placed very low. The overblouse might be of a heavy white crêpe de chine with a tiny black figure in it. Let the neck be V-shaped and edged with a fluted ruffle not more than an inch wide. The cuffs might have this same edging. Complete your costume with a plain black soleil hat that has a diagonal brim, soft black kid oxfords and gloves.

With your white hair, nothing would be lovelier than a gray silk lace dinner dress made with a V-pointed cape in back to give you height. Have the neck V-shaped also, with a layer of flesh colored chiffon softening it. Let your sleeves flare below the elbows and your skirt be slightly gored. Wear with the dress a long rope of rose tourmaline

beads. They, too, will give you height. May your trip be a delightful one!

DEAR MISS LANE:

In the middle of September I am invited to a formal dance that is very important to me and I want to look *stunning*. Will you please suggest a dress for me? I am what I suppose you'd call a "vivid blonde." My hair is a natural golden shade and I have a high color and blue eyes. I am 5 feet 3 inches tall and weigh 113 pounds. Thanking you in advance,

SARA M.

DEAR SARA:

Why not select a gown of white romaine combined with gold lace? I believe it would be most effective on you. There is a neck yoke of the lace that dips in front and back in points and forms cape sleeves that terminate in points. The waist is of the white romaine and the lace skirt is placed high with points rising to meet those of the yoke. Wear white kid gloves and gold sandals with it, and no jewelry.

Warner Baxter's Future

(Continued from page 67)

doing his greatest work, which is saying plenty, in days to come. I hope to back it up right here and now, at least for the satisfaction of astrological students, many of whom I know are following this series of articles. A group, for instance, has written me from Florida that they put these horoscopes on the blackboard as soon as they come out in print and analyze them completely in their meetings. Others are writing me from all over the world that they want more of the technical reasons why. Nobody cares what I think. They want to know the rules, for then they can piece together the meanings of the planets in their own nativities. And if that's what you want, I'm right here to hand it out, as far as I am able.

We were discussing Uranus ruling the fifth. Next, it is important to study where it actually was at the time of his birth. There it is, in the Ascendant, or first house, at the left, just below the middle line which represents the horizon. It looks like a letter H with a cross and circle below it. It is in the sign Scorpio, which resembles a written letter M. Scorpio is the exaltation sign of Uranus, just as Libra was the exaltation sign of Saturn. These two ponderous celestial bodies in their exaltations are mighty good indications for any one to have in his or her horoscope, for they will carry the native far, in spite of whatever odds are met in the handicap of life as revealed elsewhere in individual charts.

The students who are following my Equilibrium System will recognize the fact that any planet in its tenth house-sign, like Mr. Baxter's Saturn and

Uranus, is a strong occupational influence. Thus we see that Uranus gives him much more than the ordinary allotment of versatility in acting, while Saturn preserves his popularity (this also helped by his Sun position) to the end of his days.

A further interesting point is the fact that since his birth, Uranus has moved from Scorpio through the next four signs of the circle and has but recently gone over his Sun position in Aries. It is by the movements of the transiting planets of the heavens that the conditions of any period of life can be accurately estimated.

WHEN Uranus goes over the Sun in anyones' nativity, many vibrations are set up that bring about startling changes in his or her slant on things, according to the individual testimonies of these two bodies, the Sun and Uranus, in that person's birth map. At the present time this is affecting the affairs of those born during the last ten days of March and the first ten days of April—those born with the Sun in the first twenty degrees of the sign Aries (which area includes the Sun position of Warner Baxter). If your birthday falls in this group you are one who has the exciting and shifting influence of Uranus in the first house of your own personal Equilibrium Horoscope, the figure of the heavens which reveals your changes in psychology or way of looking at life, from time to time.

Here is a table of Uranus at the time of birth of most people who are at present interested beginning in 1880 and continuing up to March, 1919:

In Virgo, January 1, 1880, to October 13, 1884.

In Libra, October 14, 1884, to December 9, 1890.

In Scorpio, December 10, 1890, to April 4, 1891.

In Libra, April 5, to September 25, 1891.

In Scorpio, September 26, 1891, to December 1, 1897.

In Sagittarius, December 2, 1897, to July 4, 1898.

In Scorpio, July 5, to September 9, 1898.

In Sagittarius, September 10, 1898, to December 19, 1904.

In Capricorn, December 20, 1904, to January 30, 1912.

In Aquarius, January 31, to September 4, 1912.

In Capricorn, September 5, to November 11, 1912.

In Aquarius, November 12, 1912, to March 31, 1919.

If you are a native of Aries (March 21-April 20) you are now going through a very personal time in connection with the transit of Uranus, influencing your mind strongly according to its position at the time of your birth. Here are the ways in which it is apt to affect Aries people:

If Uranus was in Virgo at birth, the health should be carefully taken care of, as well as relations with inferiors, servants and any uncles and aunts on the side of the family of the parent of the opposite sex. Legal matters are also apt to be unprofitable at this time, so move cautiously in anything having to do with the affairs of the dead, if this applies to you. This interpretation is chiefly for natives of Aries whose position of Uranus is in Virgo, according to the table above, and applies for the balance of 1931 and into 1932.

If you are an Aries person with your natal Uranus in Libra, this is a period of much moving about, with possible foreign travel; but rather disturbing in a partnership or matrimonial manner, particularly if you are a woman.

IF your Uranus is in Scorpio and your Sun is in Aries, according to their positions at your time of entry into the world, as was the case with Warner Baxter, this is a period during which many changes occur in your occupation and your way of applying whatever skill you possess. It is also probable that you will in some way be affected by sorrow or bereavement, or have trouble because of a parent.

Natives of Aries who were born when Uranus was in Sagittarius, according to the foregoing table of this planet's positions, now find themselves in peculiar financial conditions, possibly influenced in some way by relations with friends. Not a favorable time to loan or endorse.

Those born with the Sun in Aries and Uranus in Capricorn are now apt to be passing through shifts and difficulties in relations with superiors, and they cannot take too many pains to be diplomatic and tactful in everything they do and say. It is for them an excellent

period, however, for studying occultism in a serious way.

Aries people with Uranus in Aquarius at birth are members of our present younger generation who are rebelling so strongly at the methods of teaching in schools and colleges. They are forming a truly new and important slant that will be felt later when they get into positions of power.

GETTING back to the personal horoscope of Warner Baxter, there is much that can be said about the position of his Sun in Aries. Here again we find the influence of the Moon, for the Moon rules the tenth degree of Aries, where we find his Sun at birth. There is a peculiar message for each degree of the circle of the Zodiac, and his indicates him to be one who sees things beyond their mere physical outward form. He also has quite a mission to perform in this life, and he is doing it. Because Mars is the ruler of Aries, we look to its position in Gemini to see what sort of expression he has for his underlying talents and, in fact, the foundation of his character, which is profoundly philosophical under his sometimes gay and inconsequential exterior, especially when acting in some of his lighter rôles. Mars is here seen in a dualistic, or double sign, indicating a strong mental slant on everything he does or says or thinks—he is dangerously near being a highbrow, and maybe he is in his private life. More power to him, if such is the case, for the best actors are usually those who have the greatest perspective on life; and the best way of which I know to get a long look at the human race is through the classics and sciences.

Yes, he is apt to be trying to do more than one thing at once, and is quite well equipped to get away with both of them. This is what makes possible his great versatility, which only needs the co-operation of studios and story selections to make him a truly outstanding power in talking pictures.

Mars rules his money matters, and they are not apt to be too smooth, although I cannot see him at any time being in need. He is not of a grasping or greedy nature, knowing the old maxim that a closed fist receives no more than it gives.

And he is one of the few actors or actresses I have seen whose horoscopes indicate a tendency to stay married for any considerable length of time. Numerous attractions are shown, but he is more apt than not to remain true to his vows. In most temperamental people's horoscope there is also a strong personal connection between their ability to play many parts and their inner characters, making it difficult for them to avoid displaying their talents along this line in a private and more intimate manner as well as before the camera. Hence the many marriages of those who have the versatility required in a good actor or actress.

I started out with the statement that Warner Baxter has a brand of acting that is so much his own that he doesn't resemble the usual, or typical, thespian. Perhaps that is why he is somewhat different in his personal affairs, too.

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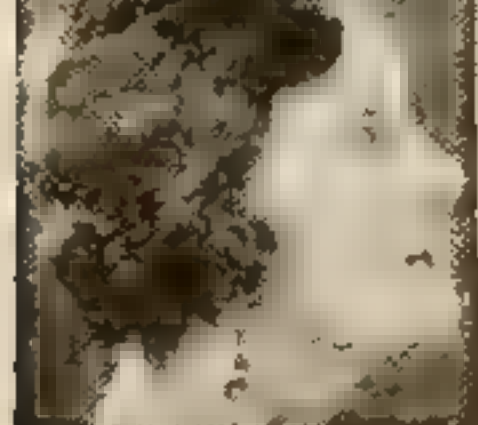
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Saddest Young Man

(Continued from page 48)

players. The salary was not inconsiderable, and feeling himself deeply in debt to his parents for their expensive schooling, he considered that he was obligated not to let pass this first opportunity that he had ever had to make money. He would for a time take advantage of the sudden golden tide, and then return to college. . . .

But the weeks bore on, and though Phil gradually drew abreast of his bills, no more parts were forthcoming. Unfamiliar with the delays attendant upon production schedules and knowing only the haste and nervous tension of amateur theatricals, the long waits between pictures suffered patiently by veteran players were to him insupportable. He began to fear that the company had forgotten all about him, and he was ready to ask for his release when he received notice that, due to his prolonged absence, he had been flunked out of Princeton.

That little slip of paper brought to him with a crash all that he had forfeited for the movie chimera. Without any wish to become an actor, he simply had let a tide of circumstances drift him into the trade. And now it had taken from him his chance for a college education. . . . Thoroughly shaken, grief-stricken by his loss, unhappy in Hollywood now that its temporary glamor had worn thin, his nerve snapping by the enforced idleness of waiting for a part, he recalled the refuge which he had taken in liquor in Princeton, and went on one of those grand and extended benders calculated to bring relief to the most jangled set of nerves.

IT was during this time that Phil established his reputation for wildness. Hollywood, having seen countless boys "go bad," shook its collective head. I remember feeling a trifle dubious myself when, chasing him half one night, he finally was located sitting dejectedly on a fence outside Culver City. His car was wrapped negligently about a nearby telephone pole. That sort of thing.

A psycho-analyst doubtless would have seen at once that in his youthful way Phil was merely seeking to erect a defense mechanism against the slings and arrows of what he considered particularly outrageous fortune. But psychoanalysts don't go about Hollywood explaining the eccentric behavior of its people. If they did, they doubtless soon would all be breaking down from overwork. Thus, in a town where but few are patient with the troubles of the rest, and every morning-born rumor finds itself an established fact by nightfall, Phil soon was being credited with roistering abilities that would have made the classic brawlers of the ages hang their heads in envy.

And then, quite abruptly, it was all over. He was given something to do—a part in the local production of "The Silver Cord"—and was himself again overnight; the demands of his high-strung nature finding an outlet in the at-

tention which he gave his characterization in the Sidney Howard play.

THE studio, reminded of his great promise by his splendid performance, started giving him small parts in a variety of pictures. He worked in a horse-opera, had bits in several other program affairs, then larger parts in larger pictures culminating in the juvenile lead in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," for which it was necessary that he go to New York.

That trip did Phil inestimable good. It gave him a change of scene and a chance to renew his friendships in the east; and when he returned to Hollywood he was in good shape physically and mentally, determined to clean up the debts contracted during his playboy period, and make good in pictures. He did both.

What he did not do, however, was to recall that success is an empty thing when your heart isn't in the work. Gradually the smile which his vacation had granted him faded from his face. He did not fall off the wagon; for his previous experience with liquor had taught him that it could offer no permanent relief. Too, he knew that if he were to continue to get parts like the lead in "The Devil's Holiday" he must be sober and early-to-bed.

But progressing though he was, his success offered him little satisfaction. He didn't like the parts he was doing; for one of them he had to bleach his hair. He wanted to do characterizations, strong things in which he could set his teeth. He made tests for one of the leads in "All Quiet on the Western Front," and was bitterly disappointed when he was considered too good looking for the part.

IT was at the opening of that interesting production that Phil gave me another glimpse of the fact that he had not yet adjusted himself to the business of painting his face and gesturing for a camera. Encountering him during the intermission, I told him that I was leaving the next week for France. He looked far more envious than if I had told him that I had just been elected President.

"I'd give the shirt off my back to go with you," he said.

"Well, why not come along?"

He shrugged. But we both knew the answer. He was making so much money in Hollywood that it would have been mad to leave.

"Life's funny," he went on after a moment. "Sometimes I think we're all nothing but a bunch of silly puppets, playing for some immense unseen audience. Does anyone do what he really wants to? We're grabbed up and put on a certain track, given a certain work, and there we are. I never wanted theatricals. Something just—picked me for them. You know I wanted to be a business man—in New York. Well, here I am—a movie actor in Hollywood.

And in Hollywood, I venture, he will for sometime remain. For liking the work or not, within the past year Phil suddenly has found himself as an actor. And given rugged dramatic parts that allowed his natural ability a chance, he turned in smash performances in "Her Man," "The Criminal Code" and "Stolen Heaven." With the release of "An American Tragedy" and "The Man I Killed," he may join the very front rank of stars. Where, intelligent, charming, and a thoroughly fine gentleman in every translation of the word, he will be a distinct asset to

the world of the modern screen. He has all the essential requirements.

But high as he may go in this profession, in Phil's heart I think there will always remain something of the same rebellion, the same vague discontent, that was the portion of the small boy who was chosen to take part in school plays because he looked like an actor and was the son of an actor. . . .

And that is why I consider this young man a figure of ineffable sadness. He has been granted every gift which the gods may bestow—save the important one: happiness. This has eluded him.

Why Are They Fought For?

(Continued from page 37)

Janet suffered a relapse while resting at Palm Springs when she learned of the marriage of Charlie and Virginia Valli.

From a close friend of Charlie's we learned that he has been in love with Virginia for the past six or eight years . . . and never once loved Janet. All this in the face of the report that Janet was supposed to be so romantically inclined toward the same young man since they played "Seventh Heaven."

Not that Charlie isn't the answer to many a movie-goers' prayer. But these girls in Hollywood don't have to fall in love with a "shadow" . . . they can have the real flesh and blood! And taken in that cold light of actuality, Charlie is a whale of a nice young fellow (who is said to be about twenty-four . . . but who will never see thirty again) with a sweet personality and a huge crop of brown hair. His features are pleasant and manly, but by no means does he approach in real life the "Charlie Farrell of the screen."

And Prince Mdivani is also a member!

Of course, we're not speaking of Mae Murray's tried-and-true marital companion. We mean the royal brother who earned the deep affections of Pola Negri! Since Pola has just signed a new contract for the talkies with RKO-Pathé, those of you who are too young to remember Pola will get a chance to see her. Suffice it to say that she is a beautiful woman . . . one who would cause the average male's heart to skip a beat.

And now her Prince has been won by none other than Mary McCormick, one of the prettiest stars of the American Opera. And the rumor in Hollywood has it that our favorite singer knew the Prince long before Pola finally divorced him. It is even hinted that Mary and Pola put up quite a heart battle for the "other brother."

And since the novelty of titles means nothing in the film colony these days (or at least we hope we have proved that now) there must be some other and

stronger reason behind this Frenchman's extra appeal to the fair ladies of the country. Certainly he has been the "added purse" in a heart skirmish between two of the really beautiful women of this or any other day.

And for *why*?

AND even tall, lean Gary Cooper!

Lupe, in our presence, talked to Gary over the phone one day as Gary lay in the hospital. He told her that they had just finished weighing him and that he had lost thirteen pounds. This must have been more than even his adoring Lupe could stand . . . what with Gary almost "gaunt" as it is . . . and she was heard to say, "You better watch out . . . if you lose any more poun's, nothing will be left of you but your initials!"

And Gary wasn't much of a "heart-breaker" when he was at his best . . . that is, not in real life. Overly-thin features draped on a typical cowboy face . . . long, lean body . . . no more grace than a ranch hand generally has . . . never quite at home in a drawing room and far from the common conception of the "Romeo."

Clara Bow put up quite a fight for him when he was held in the firm grasp of Evelyn Brent. And Evelyn is no mean shakes at pickin' 'em. But after Clara had him, she couldn't hold him . . . Lupe wanted him! When one has Clara and Lupe at opposite ends of the tug of war, I'd venture to guess that the *raison d'être* would come pretty close to "perfect." And even since Lupe has had Gary there have been rumors started and denied that June Collyer was raring to throw her hat in the romance ring in favor of Gary!

What is it that these boys have? What makes the "hard-to-get" Hollywood beauties go to bat for their favors? If it were the dashing John Gilbert or the charming and gallant John Boles or even the boyishly attractive Charles Rogers, I might be able to understand it! But no. . . .

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OCTOBER ISSUE



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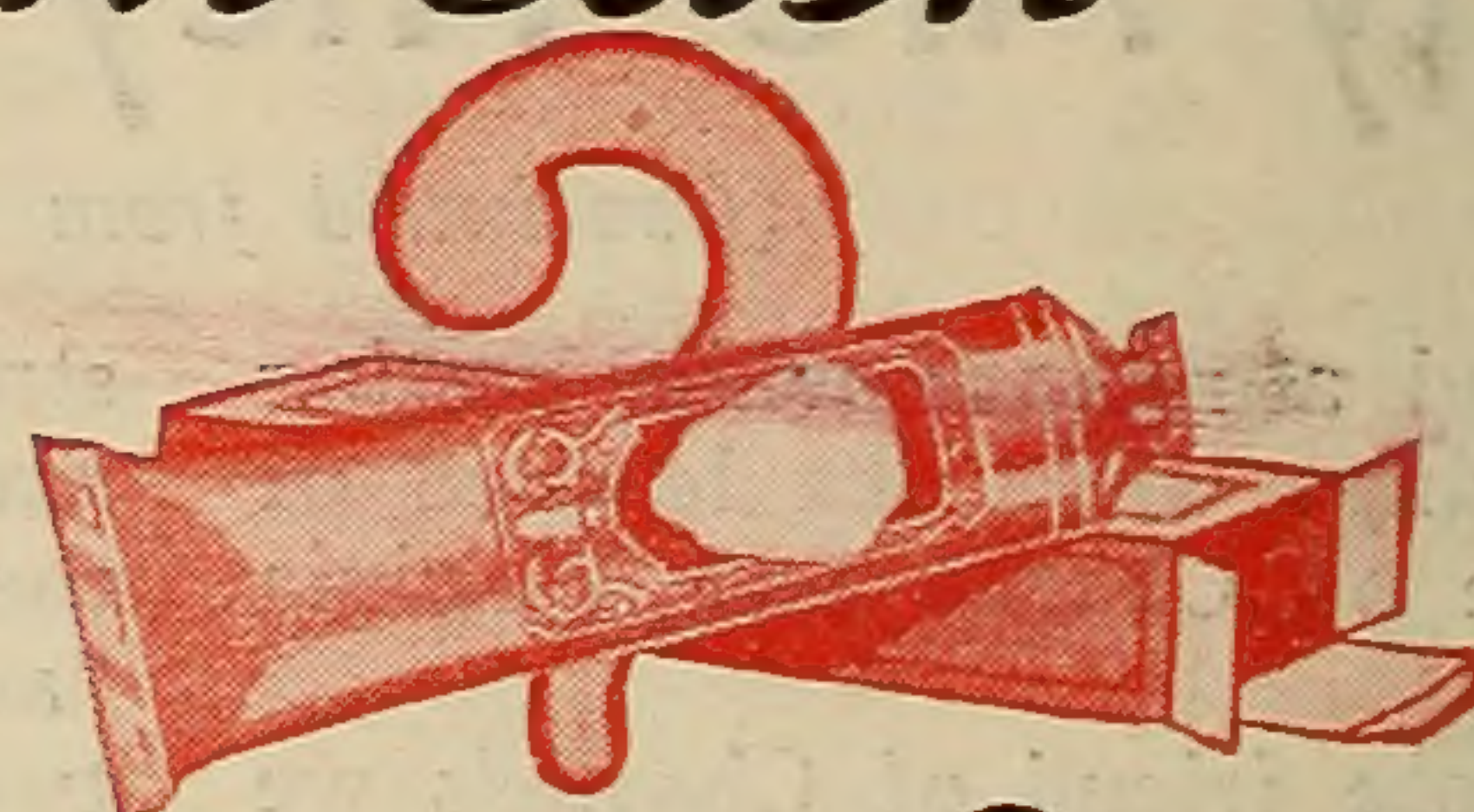
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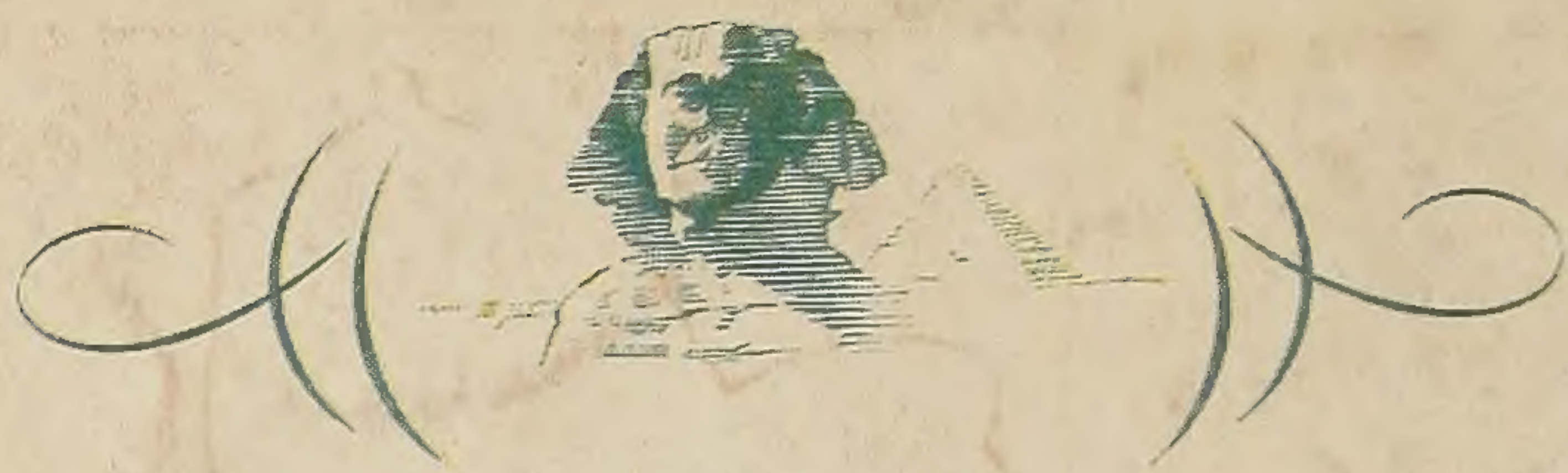
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